Great True Adventures

SELECTED BY

LOWELL THOMAS

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Introduction to Adventure

WHAT IS AN ADVENTURE?

"A remarkable or hazardous experience; an unexpected or exciting occurrence befalling anyone; as, the adventures of Robinson Crusoe." Thus reads the unabridged dictionary.

While an adventurer is "One who seeks adventures, or engages in perilous or hazardous enterprizes; hence, one who seeks his fortune in new and untried fields."

This definition is so broad as to imply that an adventure is what *you* make of it, and over the years that is exactly what I have come to consider true. Not long ago, I had an *adventure* when I journeyed to far-off Tibet with my son, Lowell Thomas, Jr., and spent sometime among those little-known and mysterious people. I have adventured in many lands and on the shores of all the seven seas.

And yet I have had remarkable *adventures* right in the heart of New York City and in London and Paris in the form of "remarkable, unexpected or exciting occurrences"; while the adventures of some of our most history-changing personages have occurred in the cities and towns of our lands.

I suppose it is fortunate that men have always wanted to think of themselves as adventurous spirits. And what a vast company they include! Whenever a call has gone out for adventure-seekers, the response has been overwhelming. Take, for instance, this advertisement placed by my friend, Sir Ernest Shackleton, the polar explorer, in the London newspapers in 1900:

"MEN WANTED for Hazardous Journey. Small wages, bitter cold, long months of complete darkness, constant danger, safe return doubtful. Honor and recognition in case of success—Sir Ernest Shackleton."

Shackleton, in speaking of it later, said: "It seemed as though

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Adventure of the Air and Sand

ANTOINE DE SAINT EXUPÉRY was a French aviator-air pioneer and a commercial airline pilot for eight years. As one of the most famous writers about flying, he writes as though he loved equally to be in a plane and to share his flying adventures with others who are earth-bound.

"Wind, Sand and Stars" is truly an adventure—one that carries its chair-bound readers along the establishment of the first mail route from France to Dakar, and even—as in our section—makes the reader, along with "Saint Ex," a "prisoner of the Sand."

Thus, as a prisoner of the desert, the reader, along with the flyer and his radio-operator, comes from frightening depths—with magnificent effort and a good deal of difficulty—back to the essentials of water and life once more.

This section, as the entire book, shows the extent of the adventurous spirit of the aviator, a man whose airplane carries a broadening view of humanity wherever it flies. His book is dedicated "in homage to the Airplane Pilots of America and their Dead."

all the men in Great Britain were determined to accompany me, the response was so overwhelming."

Why? You might well ask. Why would anyone seek such difficulties with such doubtful returns? The answer, no doubt, is partially instinct; for mankind has learned that it is *adventure* that will preserve the human race. Adventure has discovered new lands, climbed new peaks, explored uncharted deserts, crossed new oceans. The adventurer is man at his most alive, his strongest, his wiliest.

An adventurer is a man who dares to combat nature, to meet it on his own ground. "Nature" to him may take the form of dangerous wild beasts, dangerous oceans, sometimes even dangerously new ideas. He is a history maker . . . a map changer.

His exploits serve to inspire others and to lift mankind to its highest pinnacle.

Obviously, it would be hopeless to try to include in a single book every great adventure. Obvious, and regrettable. We nod an apology to Columbus and Balboa . . . to Peary, Amundsen and Byrd, the Wright Brothers, those who were first to sail and fly around the world—and to all those hero-adventurers of our wars, who have been excluded here for lack of space.

Our selections have been chosen on three bases: the "greatness" of the adventure involved, the interesting style of the adventure-teller, the variety of the different *kinds* of man's adventures.

If—by the reading of this book—somewhere, just one person is inspired to the heights, just one great new adventurer is born whose exploits will be recorded in tomorrow's anthologies, then we shall consider this an exciting editorial adventure for which we have had ample reward.

to fail. I am giving up the landmarks by which I might be taking my bearings. I am giving up the profiles of mountains against the sky that would warn me of pitfalls. I am plunging into the night. I am navigating. I have on my side only the stars.

The diurnal death of the world is a slow death. It is only little by little that the divine beacon of daylight recedes from me. Earth and sky begin to merge into each other. The earth rises and seems to spread like a mist. The first stars tremble as if shimmering in green water. Hours must pass before their glimmer hardens into the frozen glitter of diamonds. I shall have a long wait before I witness the soundless frolic of the shooting stars. In the profound darkness of certain nights, I have seen the sky streaked with so many trailing sparks that it seemed to me a great gale must be blowing through the outer heavens.

Prévot was testing the lamps in their sockets and the emergency torches. Round the bulbs he was wrapping red paper.

"Another layer."

He added another wrapping of paper and touched a switch. The dim light within the plane was still too bright. As in a photographer's dark-room, it veiled the pale picture of the external world. It hid that glowing phosphorescence which sometimes, at night, clings to the surface of things. Now night has fallen, but it is not yet true night. A crescent moon persists.

Prévot dove aft and came back with a sandwich. I nibbled a bunch of grapes. I was not hungry. I was neither hungry nor thirsty. I felt no weariness. It seemed to me that I could go on like this at the controls for ten years. I was happy.

The moon had set. It was pitch dark when we came in sight of Benghazi. The town lay at the bottom of an obscurity so dense that it was without a halo. I saw the place only when I was over it. As I was hunting for the airdrome, the red obstruction lights were switched on. They cut out a black rectangle in the earth.

I banked, and at that moment the rays of a floodlight rose into the sky like a jet from a fire-hose. It pivoted and traced a golden lane over the landing-field. I circled again to get a clear view of what might be in my way. The port was equipped with everything

FROM:

"WIND, SAND AND STARS"

by Antoine de Saint Exupéry

Off to Benghazi! We still have two hours of daylight. Before we crossed into Tripolitania, I took off my glare glasses. The sands were golden under the slanting rays of the sun. How empty of life is this planet of ours! Once again, it struck me that its rivers, its woods, its human habitations were the product of chance, of fortuitous conjunctions of circumstance. What a deal of the earth's surface is given over to rock and sand!

But all this was not my affair. My world was the world of flight. Already I could feel the oncoming night within which I should be enclosed as in the precincts of a temple—enclosed in the temple of night for the accomplishment of secret rites and absorption in inviolable contemplation.

Already this profane world was beginning to fade out: soon it would vanish altogether. This landscape was still laved in golden sunlight, but already something was evaporating out of it. I know nothing, nothing in the world, equal to the wonder of nightfall in the air.

Those who have been enthralled by the witchery of flying will know what I mean—and I do not speak of the men who, among other sports, enjoy taking a turn in a plane. I speak of those who fly professionally and have sacrificed much to their craft. Mermoz said once, "It's worth it, it's worth the final smash-up."

No question about it; but the reason is hard to formulate. A novice taking orders could appreciate this ascension towards the essence of things, since his profession, too, is one of renunciation: he renounces the world; he renounces riches; he renounces the love of woman. And by renunciation he discovers his hidden god.

I, too, in this flight, am renouncing things. I am giving up the broad golden surfaces that would befriend me if my engines were

anything other than the compass and the artificial horizon. I might blot the world out of my mind and concentrate my attention upon the slow pulsation of the narrow thread of radium paint that ran along the dark background of the dials.

Whenever Prévot stirred I brought the plane smoothly back to plumb. I went up to six thousand feet where I had been told the winds would be favorable. At long intervals I switched on a lamp to glance at the engine dials, not all of which were phosphorescent; but most of the time I wrapped myself closely round in darkness among my miniature constellations, which gave off the same mineral glow as the stars, the same mysterious and unwearied light, and spoke the same language.

Like the astronomers, I too was reading in the book of celestial mechanics. I too seemed to myself studious and uncorrupted. Everything in the world that might have lured me from my studies had gone out. The external world had ceased to exist.

There was Prévot, who, after a vain resistance, had fallen asleep and left me to the greater enjoyment of my solitude. There was the gentle purr of my beautiful little motor, and before me, on the instrument panel, there were all those tranquil stars. I was most decidedly not sleepy. If this state of quiet well-being persisted until tomorrow night, I intended to push on without a stop to Saigon.

Now the flight was beginning to seem to me short. Benghazi, the only troublesome night-landing on the route, had banked its fires and settled down behind the horizon in that dark shuttering in which cities take their slumber.

Meanwhile I was turning things over in my mind. We were without the moon's help and we had no wireless. No slightest tenuous tie was to bind us to earth until the Nile showed its thread of light directly ahead of us. We were truly alone in the universe—a thought that caused me not the least worry. If my motor were to cough, that sound would startle me more than if my heart should skip a beat.

Into my mind came the image of Sabathier, the white-haired engineer with the clear eye. I was thinking that, from one point of view, it would be hard to draw a distinction in the matter of human values between a profession like his and that of the painter,

to make a night-landing easy. I throttled down my engine and dropped like a diver into black water.

It was eleven o'clock local time when I landed and taxied across to the beacon. The most helpful ground crew in the world wove in and out of the blinding ray of a searchlight, alternately visible and invisible. They took my papers and began promptly to fill my tanks. Twenty minutes of my time was all they asked for, and I was touched by their great readiness to help. As I was taking off, one of them said:

"Better circle round and fly over us; otherwise we shan't be sure you got off all right."

I rolled down the golden lane toward an unimpeded opening. My *Simoon* lifted her overload clear of the ground well before I reached the end of the runway. The searchlight following me made it hard for me to wheel. Soon it let me go: the men on the ground had guessed that it was dazzling me. I turned right about and banked vertically, and at that moment the searchlight caught me between the eyes again; but scarcely had it touched me when it fled and sent elsewhere its long golden flute. I knew that the ground crew were being most thoughtful and I was grateful. And now I was off to the desert.

All along the line, at Paris, at Tunis, and at Benghazi, I had been told that I should have a following wind of up to twenty-five miles an hour. I was counting on a speed of 190 m.p.h. as I set my course on the middle of the stretch between Alexandria and Cairo. On this course I should avoid the danger zones along the coast, and despite any drifting I might do without knowing it, I should pick up either to port or to starboard the lights of one of those two cities. Failing them I should certainly not miss the lights of the Nile valley. With a steady wind I should reach the Nile in three hours and twenty minutes; if the wind fell, three hours and three-quarters. Calculating thus I began to eat up the six hundred and fifty miles of desert ahead of me.

There was no moon. The world was a bubble of pitch that had dilated until it reached the very stars in the heavens. I should not see a single gleam of light, should not profit by the faintest landmark. Carrying no wireless, I should receive no message from the earth until I reached the Nile. It was useless to try to look at

three thousand, and the bouquet of flowers was still with me, motionless and growing brighter.

Well, there it was, and there was nothing to do about it. I would think of something else and wait to get clear of it. Just the same, I did not like this sinister glitter of a one-eyed grog-shop.

"Let me think," I said to myself. "I am bouncing round a bit, but there's nothing abnormal about that. I've been bumped all the way, despite a clear sky and plenty of ceiling. The wind has not died down, and I must be doing better than the 190 m.p.h. I counted on." This was about as far as I could get. Oh, well, when I got through the cloud-bank I would try to take my bearings.

Out of it we flew. The bouquet suddenly vanished, letting me know I was in the clear again. I stared ahead and saw, if one can speak of "seeing" space, a narrow valley of sky and the wall of the next cumulus. Already the bouquet was coming to life again. I was free of that viscous mess from time to time but only for a few seconds each time. After three and a half hours of flying it began to get on my nerves. If I had made the time I imagined, we were certainly approaching the Nile. With a little luck I might be able to spot the river through the rifts, but they were getting rare. I dared not come down, for if I was actually slower than I thought, I was still over high-lying country.

Thus far, I was entirely without anxiety; my only fear was that I might presently be wasting time. I decided that I would take things easy until I had flown four and a quarter hours. After that, even in a dead calm (which was highly unlikely) I should have crossed the Nile. When I reached the fringes of the cloud-bank, the bouquet winked on and off more and more swiftly and then suddenly went out. Decidedly, I did not like these dot-and-dash messages from the demons of the night.

A green star appeared ahead of me, flashing like a lighthouse. Was it a lighthouse? Or really a star? I took no pleasure from this supernatural gleam, this star the Magi might have seen, this dangerous decoy.

Prévot, meanwhile, had waked up and turned his electric torch on the engine dials. I waved him off, him and his torch. We had just sailed into the clear between two clouds and I was busy

the composer, or the poet. I could see in the mind's eye those watchmaker's hands of his that had brought into being this clockwork I was piloting. Men who have given their lives to labors of love go straight to my heart.

"Couldn't I change this?" I had asked him.

"I shouldn't advice it," he had answered.

I was remembering our last conversation. He had thought it inadvisable, and of course that had settled it. A physician; that's it! Exactly the way one puts oneself into the hands of one's doctor—when he has that look in his eye. It was by his motor that we hung suspended in air and were able to go on living with the ticking of time in this penetrable pitch. We were crossing the great dark valley of a fairy-tale, the Valley of Ordeal. Like the prince in the tale, we must meet the test without succor. Failure here would not be forgiven. We were in the lap of the inexorable gods.

A ray of light was filtering through a joint in the lamp shaft. I woke up Prévot and told him to put it out. Prévot stirred in the darkness like a bear, snorted, and came forward. He fumbled for a bit with handkerchiefs and black paper, and the ray of light vanished. That light had bothered me because it was not of my world. It swore at the pale and distant gleam of the phosphorescence and was like a night-club spotlight compared to the gleam of a star. Besides, it had dazzled me and had outshone all else that gleamed.

We had been flying for three hours. A brightness that seemed to me a glare spurted on the starboard side. I stared. A streamer of light which I had hitherto not noticed was fluttering from a lamp at the tip of the wing. It was an intermittent glow, now brilliant, now dim. It told me that I had flown into a cloud, and it was on the cloud that the lamp was reflected.

I was nearing the landmarks upon which I had counted; a clear sky would have helped a lot. The wing shone bright under the halo. The light steadied itself, became fixed, and then began to radiate in the form of a bouquet of pink blossoms. Great eddies of air were swinging me to and fro. I was navigating somewhere in the belly of a cumulus whose thickness I could not guess. I rose to seventy-five hundred feet and was still in it. Down again to

I am quite sure that this was all I said. I am quite sure that all I felt was a terrific crash that rocked our world to its foundations. We had crashed against the earth at a hundred and seventy miles an hour. I am quite sure that in the split second that followed, all I expected was the great flash of ruddy light of the explosion in which Prévot and I were to be blown up together. Neither he nor I had felt the least emotion of any kind. All I could observe in myself was an extraordinary tense feeling of expectancy, the expectancy of that resplendent star in which we were to vanish within the second.

But there was no ruddy star. Instead, there was a sort of earthquake that splintered our cabin, ripped away the windows, blew sheets of metal hurtling through space a hundred yards away, and *filled our very entrails with its roar. The ship quivered like* a knife-blade thrown from a distance into a block of oak, and its anger mashed us as if we were so much pulp.

One second, two seconds passed, and the plane still quivered while I waited with a grotesque impatience for the forces within it to burst it like a bomb. But the subterranean quakings went on without a climax of eruption while I marveled uncomprehendingly at its invisible travail. I was baffled by the quaking, the anger, the interminable postponement. Five seconds passed; six seconds. And suddenly we were seized by a spinning motion, a shock that jerked our cigarettes out of the window, pulverized the starboard wing—and then nothing, nothing but a frozen immobility. I shouted to Prévot:

"Jump!"

And in that instant he cried out:

"Fire!"

We dove together through the wrecked window and found ourselves standing side by side, sixty feet from the plane. I said:

"Are you hurt?"

He answered:

"Not a bit."

But he was rubbing his knee.

"Better run your hands over yourself," I said. "Move about a bit. Sure no bones are broken?"

He answered:

staring below. Prévot went back to sleep. The gap in the clouds was no help: there was nothing below.

Four hours and five minutes in the air. Prévot awoke and sat down beside me.

"I'll bet we're near Cairo," he said.

"We must be."

"What's that? A star? Or is it a lighthouse?"

I had throttled the engine down a little. This, probably, was what had awakened Prévot. He is sensitive to all the variations of sound in flight.

I began a slow descent, intending to slip under the mass of clouds. Meanwhile I had had a look at my map. One thing was sure: the land below me lay at sea level, and there was no risk of conking against a hill. Down I went, flying due north so that the lights of the cities would strike square into my windows. I must have overflown them and should therefore see them on my left.

Now I was flying below the cumulus. But alongside was another cloud hanging lower down on the left. I swerved so as not to be caught in its net and headed north-northeast. This second cloud-bank certainly went down a long way, for it blocked my view of the horizon. I dared not give up any more altitude. My altimeter registered 1200 feet, but I had no notion of the atmospheric pressure here. Prévot leaned towards me and I shouted to him, "I'm going out to sea! I'd rather come down on it than risk a crash here."

As a matter of fact, there was nothing to prove that we had not drifted over the sea already. Below that cloud-bank, visibility was exactly nil. I hugged my window, trying to read below me, to discover flares, signs of life. I was a man raking dead ashes, trying in vain to retrieve the flame of life in a hearth.

"A lighthouse!"

Both of us spied it at the same moment, that winking decoy! What madness! Where was that phantom light, that invention of the night? For at the very second when Prévot and I leaned forward to pick it out of the air where it had glittered nine hundred feet below our wings, suddenly, at that very instant . . .

"Oh!"

straight out, scrutinizing the ground in the light of my own torch as I went.

I went forward slowly, swung round in a wide arc, and changed direction a number of times. I kept my eyes fixed on the ground like a man hunting a lost ring.

Only a little while before I had been straining just as hard to see a gleam of light from the air. Through the darkness I went, bowed over the traveling disk of white light. "Just as I thought," I said to myself, and I went slowly back to the plane. I sat down beside the cabin and ruminated. I had been looking for a reason to hope and had failed to find it. I had been looking for a sign of life, and no sign of life had appeared.

"Prévot, I couldn't find a single blade of grass."

Prévot said nothing, and I was not sure he had understood. Well, we could talk about it again when the curtain rose at dawn. Meanwhile I was dead tired and all I could think was, "Two hundred and fifty miles more or less in the desert."

Suddenly I jumped to my feet. "Water!" I said.

Gas tanks and oil tanks were smashed in. So was our supply of drinking-water. The sand had drunk everything. We found a pint of coffee in a battered thermos flask and half a pint of white wine in another. We filtered both and poured them into one flask. There were some grapes, too, and a single orange. Meanwhile I was computing: "All this will last us five hours of tramping in the sun."

We crawled into the cabin and waited for dawn. I stretched out, and as I settled down to sleep I took stock of our situation. We didn't know where we were; we had less than a quart of liquid between us. If we were not too far off the Benghazi-Cairo lane, we should be found in a week; and that would be too late. Yet it was the best we could hope for. If, on the other hand, we had drifted off our course, we shouldn't be found in six months. One thing was sure: we could not count on being picked up by a plane; the men who came out for us would have two thousand miles to cover.

"You know, it's a shame," Prévot said suddenly.

"What's a shame?"

"That we didn't crash properly and have it over with."

It seemed pretty early to be throwing in one's hand. Prévot

"I'm all right. It's that emergency pump."

Emergency pump! I was sure he was going to keel over any minute and split open from head to navel there before my eyes. But he kept repeating with a glassy stare:

"That pump, that emergency pump."

He's out of his head, I thought. He'll start dancing in a minute.

Finally he stopped staring at the plane, which had not gone up in flames, and stared at me instead. And he said again:

"I'm all right. It's that emergency pump. It got me in the knee."

Why we were not blown up, I do not know. I switched on my electric torch and went back over the furrow in the ground traced by the plane. Two hundred and fifty yards from where we stopped, the ship had begun to shed the twisted iron and sheet-metal that spattered the sand the length of her traces. We were to see, when day came, that we had run almost tangentially into a gentle slope at the top of a barren plateau. At the point of impact there was a hole in the sand that looked as though it had been made by a plough. Maintaining an even keel, the plane had run its course with the fury and the tail-lashings of a reptile gliding on its belly at the rate of a hundred and seventy miles an hour. We owed our lives to the fact that this desert was surfaced with round black pebbles which had rolled over and over like ball-bearings beneath us. They must have rained upward to the heavens as we shot through them.

Prévot disconnected the batteries for fear of fire by short-circuit. I leaned against the motor and turned the situation over in my mind. I had been flying high for four hours and a quarter, possibly with a thirty-mile following wind. I had been jolted a good deal. If the wind had changed since the weather people forecast it, I was unable to say into what quarter it had veered. All I could make out was that we had crashed in an empty square two hundred and fifty miles on each side.

Prévot came up and sat down beside me.

"I can't believe that we're alive," he said.

I said nothing. Even that thought could not cheer me. A germ of an idea was at work in my mind and was already bothering me. Telling Prévot to switch on his torch as a landmark, I walked

Adventure of the Mountains

AMONG books about mountain climbing none that I can recall has quite the epic quality of "Annapurna." It is not only the story of high adventure; it also is the record of a unique achievement.

For Maurice Herzog and his companion, Louis Lachenal, were the first men ever to conquer an 8,000 meter peak, every mountaineer's dream.

Herzog, author of "Annapurna," led a French Himalayan expedition. Mountaineers and those familiar with mountains know how difficult it is to reach any mountain peak that stands over 25,000 feet and how unlikely of achievement is such a climb. At this writing one can still count on a single hand the peaks of this height conquered thus far, and each one was done only after lengthy and considerable advance reconnaissance usually in previous years, and often after many failures.

Herzog and his team had to not only work out the best method of *climbing* their peak, but they had also to discover for themselves the best *approaches* to the mountain. This hardy little band managed on their *first* attempt to achieve both feats in the brief span after the melting of the winter snow and yet before the beginning of the Himalayan monsoon season.

Herzog led his team of nine of Europe's most experienced climbers through snow storms and a fiercely burning tropical sun that took a heavy toll. In our section they—Herzog and Lachenal—are making a final assault on the 26,493-foot peak of Annapurna.

and I pulled ourselves together. There was still a chance, slender as it was, that we might be saved miraculously by a plane. On the other hand, we couldn't stay here and perhaps miss a near-by oasis. We would walk all day and come back to the plane before dark. And before going off we would write our plan in huge letters in the sand.

With this I curled up and settled down to sleep. I was happy to go to sleep. My weariness wrapped me round like a multiple presence. I was not alone in the desert: my drowsiness was peopled with voices and memories and whispered confidences. I was not yet thirsty, I felt strong, and I surrendered myself to sleep as to an aimless journey. Reality lost ground before the advance of dreams.

covered the tracks afresh every day, and the slopes, which had to be mastered yard by yard, and with the deterioration of mind and body brought on by altitude. But he did not care to dwell on all these obstacles; he had no wish to undermine our solid morale.

"We're going up," I said without the least hesitation. "When we come down it'll mean the top's been reached. It's all or nothing."

And I felt that Lachenal was as determined as myself. The other two wished us good luck, but I read doubt in their faces. Now it was up to us.

We set to on the slope. Sarki, Ang-Tharkey, Lachenal and myself took it in turns to go ahead to improve the tracks fortunately left by Terray and Rébuffat on their way down. The going wasn't too bad, but all the same Ang-Tharkey was amazed at the difficulty of the ground.

Pansy had already told him that neither on Kanchenjunga nor on Everest had they ever struggled with such difficult terrain. It was the first time these Sherpas had done any climbing on ice and been obliged to get up vertical walls. But all went well. We pushed on steadily and found the going much easier than the previous times, which showed just how vital acclimatization is on Himalayan expeditions. It was now burningly hot, and by the time we reached Camp III we were sweating. What a truly magnificent camp this was, lost in the very heart of the mountains in a tiny snow-blocked crevasse! How snug and comfortable it appeared!

We had to conserve our strength; there would be no going further today. Most of the time we just lay in our sacks, and the Sherpas handed us our meals through the entrance of the other tent. The weather was fine. This time everything was in our favor and we would get to the top.

It took the Sherpas a long time to make tea because of the decreased heating power of the stoves at this height. A few cigarettes, followed by the ration of pills, which both Sahibs and Sherpas obediently swallowed; and before dark everybody at Camp III was already asleep.

In the morning we waited placidly for the sun, since the day's program consisted of going only as far as Camp IV, which would take us barely four hours. But we should also have to move that

FROM:

"ANNAPURNA"

by Maurice Herzog

WHY HAD THEY given up? We could not understand it. Lachenal, who was moving at a fair pace and appeared to be going much more easily than during the last few days, was the first up the avalanche cone and across the couloir. It was the third time I had been over this route and I knew it well by now, but again, as I went to meet them, I found it both difficult and dangerous. On the little platform beneath the ice wall where we had left a fixed rope, we came upon Terray and Rébuffat.

"What's happened?" I asked Terray.

He seemed disheartened. "We'd have been crazy to go on. What with the wind and this hellish snow it took us more than seven hours yesterday to get from Camp III to Camp IV."

"Did you find the tent?"

"Sure, but we had to straighten the poles which had been bent over by the avalanche. We got the other tent up in a tearing wind. Rébuffat felt his feet beginning to freeze."

"I thought I'd had it," put in Gaston. "Fortunately, Lionel rubbed me and flogged me with an end of rope, and at last got the blood circulating again."

"This morning," Terray went on, "the cold was worse than in Canada and the wind even stronger. I figured it out like this: if yesterday, when we were quite fit, we covered only just over a thousand feet in seven hours, we wouldn't have a hope of climbing the last four thousand feet under present conditions. I know we must do all we can, up to the limit, but I'm beginning to have doubts about our success."

Although Lachenal and I protested vigorously, the other two did not seem to be affected by our enthusiasm. Terray, for all his strength, had only just managed to cope with the snow, which

who was leading, had a look around up there; and I did the same down below. Our choice fell upon an inviting site at the base of a serac just where we had emerged from the ice slope. It was an ideal place, protected from the wind both by the serac itself and by a little ice ridge which formed a natural screen. Lachenal was delighted:

"Once we've fixed things up we'll be as snug as in my own little chalet at Chamonix."

We set to work at once and the tent was soon in position. As it was already late afternoon I packed Ang-Tharkey and Sarki off to the lower camp, none too happy at the prospect of going down such a difficult slope. But I knew that Ang-Tharkey would not hesitate to cut extra steps and, if necessary, to make a staircase the whole way.

"Good night, sir!"

We shook hands warmly and our two Sherpas disappeared down the slope. Meanwhile we arranged our shelter. Mist closed around us and an icy wind got up, stinging our faces with blown snow. Neither of us had much appetite, but we forced ourselves to eat, and when the tea was ready I set out in a row the collection of pills that Oudot had strictly ordered us to swallow. For all Lachenal's assertions, we were only relatively comfortable. We put our boots into our sleeping-bags to prevent them from freezing and settled ourselves in for an excellent night.

When dawn came I poked my head anxiously through the opening of the tent. The sun was rising and it was fine and cold. It looked as though the monsoon would not arrive that day; and I felt much relieved, for the latest news had worried me. We were embarked upon a race against time. As soon as Ang-Tharkey and Sarki arrived we shared out the loads and made up our sacks. We were shivering and could not leave our serac quick enough. Leaving one tent where it was, we set out; the other was for Camp V.

A traverse to the left across the Sickle glacier enabled us to avoid an area of broken-up seracs. In this way we reached the base of a wide valley of large, steep snow fields with few obstacles in the way. Nobody said anything; every one of us was tense with effort, and the loads weighed us down. We thought of

camp again and re-pitch it right on the Sickle glacier. We each set about getting our things ready, and I took a few movie shots. Down below, the plateau on which Camp II was pitched appeared to have become a regular village. Big valley tents and high-altitude tents stood side by side and it looked altogether like an advanced Base Camp.

"Lionel and Gaston must be resting now," said Lachenal.

We decided to move off, taking advantage of the relatively good state of the snow, and we reached the site of Camp IV more rapidly than we had expected. On the way I took more movie shots, in particular of the bergschrund by the plateau on which the camp was situated. The weather was still very fine. Ang-Tharkey and Sarki had gone splendidly, one of them on Lachenal's rope, the other on mine. It was still early and we should therefore be able to move Camp IV right up on the Sickle glacier. We were pleased about this, for beyond this camp there would be no further technical difficulties to keep us back. We quickly took down one tent, which we ourselves would be carrying, as well as food and equipment.

"In less than an hour we ought to be up the big ice slope leading to the edge of the Sickle," I said to Lachenal. "It's not all that long." Ang-Tharkey and Sarki would come back to the present camp, where we were leaving the other tent. The following morning they would have to dismantle it and carry it up to the new Camp IV. From there we would start out for the next one, Camp V.

Laden like donkeys, we sank up to our waists in new snow on the first few yards of the great ice slope. But shortly there was far less snow, and very soon only a thin layer of loose snow lying on ice. The angle was comparable with that of the steepest Alpine slopes. Now and again we cut a few steps, but most of the time we just went straight up on our crampons—though cramponing at this height was not exactly restful, and we puffed away like steam engines.

The Sherpas were not at all happy. They were not expert on this sort of ground; but as they were afraid of getting left behind, they made all possible speed. After a couple of hundred yards of this exhausting work we came to the edge of the Sickle. Lachenal,

and we did not sink so far. We had the feeling that we were climbing on an enormous roof. The slope was constant; and though it was at an angle of about forty degrees, we were able to crampon up it. Every ten yards we halted in cold so intense that our feet grew numb. But we could not afford any unnecessary delay. "On to Camp VI" became for us a kind of refrain. The going became terribly exhausting, for the surface crust of the snow broke through beneath our crampons, and again we sank in at each step.

With a final spurt of energy we gained the rib of rock.

"Hell!"

What a disappointment! Those fine, clear-colored rocks were plastered with ice. There were no ledges, no holds. We should have to pitch camp right on the slope.

The Sherpas joined us. We were at 24,600 feet and the height laid them out completely. They couldn't speak a word and made signs that their heads were hurting, but we all had to set to work. With our axes we made a level space. In order to accomplish this on such a steep slope we had to move great quantities of snow. Every thirty seconds I had to rest. I felt as though I were suffocating, my breathing was out of control, and my heart was pounding away. Yet the Sherpas, who were not in such good shape as we were, managed to carry on for five minutes without a break. An hour later the shelf was ready. It was close to the rib and we were able to anchor the tent to the two pitons which Lachenal drove into cracks in the rock.

I had a brief conversation with Ang-Tharkey in pidgin-English.

"Tomorrow morning Lachenal Sahib and Bara Sahib go to the summit of Annapurna."

"Yes, sir."

"You are the Sirdar and the most experienced of all the Sherpas. I should be very glad if you will come with us."

"Thank you, sir."

"We must have the victory *together*. Will you come?"

At that moment I felt it my duty to take into consideration the Sherpas' very understandable feelings. After a pause Ang-Tharkey replied. He was grateful for the choice of action I had given him, but he held back.

what lay ahead. For me, the main question was the monsoon. It was now June 2, and we could not reasonably hope for more than four days of fine weather. That would just give us time, but there was not a moment to lose. Now that we had only this great snow field before us, we held the advantage; there were no technical obstacles—or at least hardly any. Not for a single moment did either Lachenal or myself entertain the slightest doubt about our victory.

We stopped frequently and ate a bit of candy or nougat, for which we always had a great craving. When we looked back down the mountain the sight was enough to make us dizzy. The plateau of Camp II was a mere pocket handkerchief; and the great Annapurna glacier, which took an hour to cross, was reduced to a small tongue of ice. In the distance, over the top of the Great Barrier, we could distinctly see Tibet. On the extreme left Dhaulagiri was partially hidden by the great rock wall of Annapurna. Our wigwagging upward tracks were visible the whole way.

The jagged ice ridge at the summit produced a curious effect. A snow-laden wind blew through it as if through the teeth of a comb. Mist straggled right across the sky over our heads. One of the buttresses of Annapurna towered above us in rose-red rock. It was the shape of a bird's beak and looked like the *Bec d'Oiseau* on the Grepon in the Mont Blanc massif. A thin rib of rock in the shape of a spearhead ran up to it.

"We're pretty sure," I told Lachenal, "to be able to find a place somewhere on that rib big enough for our 'coffin'."

Lachenal agreed, "We'll use as many pitons as necessary, and anyhow we shall be on dry ground."

With dogged perseverance he and I took turns in making the trail. The two Sherpas got terribly winded and we kept stopping to regain our breath. Two or three times we made long traverses to avoid the seracs and one particularly long crevasse. Often we sank in the snow and each step seemed an eternity. Although we progressed upwards the rib always appeared to remain just as far off.

"Enough to take the heart out of you," complained Lachenal.

Gradually the difficulties lessened, the snow became firmer,

noisily. Several times we feared that the wind would blow the tent away, and at each gust we clung to the poles as a drowning man clings to a plank. It began to snow; the storm howled and moaned around us. The air was fraught with terror, and in the end we became terrified too.

Every movement demanded a tremendous effort of will. There was no question of undressing. Pushing our boots to the bottom of our wonderful sleeping-bags, we tucked ourselves in. Good old Pierre Allain! How we blessed him that night! And away flew our thoughts to the friend who had designed our marvelous equipment.

Lachenal settled himself on the outer side of the tent while I curled up against the slope. It wasn't pleasant for either of us. Lachenal, on the edge of the precarious platform, felt as though he were slipping off into space, while I was threatened with suffocation under the snow which slid down and piled up persistently on the roof of the tent.

"It's made of nylon and it's elastic," I tried to reassure Lachenal, "otherwise the fabric would give way. Hell! I've forgotten to put my camera inside my sleeping bag."

I stretched out a hand for the precious object and slid it down beside me to the bottom of my sack, which was already cluttered up with my boots.

What a night! Lachenal slid further and further towards the edge, and I felt more and more suffocated. We looked at the time repeatedly. The situation was beginning to be alarming. I could no longer breathe. The weight of the snow was literally crushing me. Like a boxer on guard I held both arms to my chest and so made a small space which allowed me to expand my lungs. The noise of the wind was ear-splitting, and every onslaught was accompanied by a high-pitched whistling. The tent poles bent over dangerously, while with the strength of desperation we tried to hold them in place. Why the tent was not blown down, I don't know. Our very worst Alpine bivouacs were nothing compared with this unequal and exhausting struggle.

We were worn out and utterly weary, but the storm saw to it that we were kept wide awake.

Rébuffat and Terray, skeptical about the success of our attempt,

"Thank you, very much, Bara Sahib, but my feet are beginning to freeze . . ."

"I see."

". . . and I prefer to go down to Camp IV."

"Of course, Ang-Tharkey, it's as you like. In that case go down at once as it is late."

"Thank you, sir."

In a second their sacks were packed and, just as they were setting off, they turned around; and I could guess their anxiety at leaving us alone.

"Salaam, sir. Good luck!"

"Salaam—and be careful!"

A few minutes later two black dots were on their way down the slope we had just come up. How strangely their minds worked. Here were these men, proverbial for their trustworthiness and devotion, who quite certainly enjoyed going high on the mountains; and yet, when on the point of reaping the victory from their labors, they prudently held back. But I don't doubt that our attitude struck them as even more strange.

Not a word did Lachenal and I speak. Our silence had something heavy and obsessive about it. This time we would not turn back.

It would be a grim night. The site was dangerous and the ground unstable. Under the action of the wind the snow slid down the length of the slope and piled up above our shelter. We hoped it would not weigh too much on the tent. The pitons, driven into the limestone, and the axes, driven right into the snow, gave us only moral support; and we had no illusions. We said nothing but we both feared that the edge of the platform would collapse and carry the tent away.

Our minds worked slowly during this last night before the final assault. I had great difficulty in concentrating and I couldn't get up an interest in anything. Conversation languished. With great effort, and only because we urged each other on, we managed to make some tea on the stove and swallow our pills with military discipline. It was impossible to swallow any food down at all.

A fierce wind sprang up and the nylon fabric of the tent flapped

and it was unlikely that many flashlights had been taken on Himalayan expeditions.

After dinner the sky cleared and the stars shone and the Great Barrier was clothed in a mantle of white, lit up by the moon. The latest news on the radio was alarming. The monsoon had reached the north of Bengal; and, moreover, considerable disturbances were forecast from the west.

The following morning, June 2, the sky was brilliant; it was going to be a glorious day. As usual Lionel Terray had timed his departure for an early hour. He left camp with Rébuffat and two Sherpas at six o'cock, before the sun was up. (At Camp IV we were still sleeping soundly.) Ichac took some telephotos of them as they went up the avalanche cone.

Now the whole mountain was inhabited, and as the hours went by activity increased. An onlooker would have seen an astonishing sight. At Camp II men were swarming round the settlement of tents. A little higher up Terray and Rébuffat with their two Sherpas, Pansy and Aila, were cutting fresh steps up the first slopes. Above at Camp III, Schatz and Couzy, accompanied by Angawa and Foutharkey, were preparing to cross the great couloir. And finally, Lachenal and myself, with Ang-Tharkey and Sarki, were once again ploughing through snow on the slope of the Sickle glacier.

During the afternoon clouds appeared along the bed of the Miristi Khola, and even on the plateau by Camp II. Through a rent in them Ichac was able to see, at the foot of the spear-shaped rib, a new black speck which he guessed must be Camp V. Would the final assault be made the following morning? That would be decided by the weather.

The mist grew thicker and calls for help were heard. Noyelle and Ichac went out to see who it was and found Angawa and Foutharkey wandering in the mist. Having only one tent at Camp IV—the other was at Camp V—Couzy and Schatz had had to send their two Sherpas down.

The rest of the equipment for Camp IV was to be brought up the following day by the Rébuffat-Terray party, who would strike Camp III and take it up with them. And the group at Camp II would move up the day after and reestablish Camp III.

went down toward Camp II. When they arrived there they found Couzy and Schatz, who gave them the latest news. Then they dropped with fatigue and so, no doubt, did Pansy and Aila; for they disappeared into the Sherpas' tent and were seen no more that day. Couzy and Schatz, in excellent trim, were pleased to be on a rope together again. Early the following morning they left Camp II, and as arranged, they followed us up, one camp behind.

At Camp II Terray gradually recovered. He felt that the final attack was imminent and set about his preparations with his usual meticulous care. Rébuffat was busy writing. Early in the afternoon sleet began to fall.

"Hello, everybody!"

The white ghost who had just come in was Ichac!

"The others are coming up."

Oudot and Noyelle then appeared, shaking the snow off inside the tent with the cheerful carelessness of people coming from outside. It was five-thirty.

"What, it's you!" exclaimed Ichac. "We were expecting to see Schatz and Couzy."

"No, it's only us."

And Terray went on to explain how they had had to retrace their steps the day before without having been able to establish Camp V because of Rébuffat's feet showing signs of frostbite.

"We'll be off again tomorrow morning," said Terray.

Outside the sleet had turned to snow. Oudot was impatient to find out to what extent oxygen would be of use. Displaying his usual authority, he insisted upon our liaison officer, Noyelle, going around with a mask on. His face became a snout connected by a tube to cylinders of duralumin full of compressed oxygen. He might have been exploring the moon! Poor Noyelle. With his ridiculous hat pulled down over his nose and ears, he was the only one unable to appreciate the comic figure he cut.

After the tests everyone collected in the tent and Ichac took some flashlight photographs.

"Right now I'm going to establish a record for the highest flashlight shot."

As a matter of fact this camp was not far off 20,000 feet high,

Which of us would have the energy to make tea? Although our minds worked slowly we were quite able to envisage all the movements that would be necessary—and neither of us could face up to it. It couldn't be helped; we would just have to go without. It was quite hard enough work to get ourselves and our boots out of our sleeping-bags—and the boots were frozen stiff so that we got them on only with the greatest difficulty. Every movement made us terribly breathless. We felt as though we were being stifled. Our gaiters were stiff as a board, and I succeeded in lacing mine up; Lachenal couldn't manage his.

"No need for the rope, eh, Biscante?"

"No need," replied Lachenal laconically.

That was two pounds saved. I pushed a tube of condensed milk, some nougat and a pair of socks into my sack. One never knew; the socks might come in useful—they might even do as Balaclavas. For the time being I stuffed them with first-aid equipment. The camera was loaded with a black and white film; I had a color film in reserve. I pulled the movie camera out from the bottom of my sleeping-bag, wound it up and tried letting it run without film. There was a little click; then it stopped and jammed.

"Bad luck after bringing it so far," said Lachenal.

In spite of photographer Ichac's precautions taken to lubricate it with special grease, the intense cold, even inside the sleeping-bag, had frozen it. I left it at the camp rather sadly; I had looked forward to taking it to the top. I had used it up to 24,600 feet.

We went outside and put on our crampons, which we kept on all day. We wore as many clothes as possible; our sacks were very light. At six o'clock we started off. It was brilliantly fine, but also very cold. Our super-lightweight crampons bit deep into the steep slopes of ice and hard snow, up which lay the first stage of our climb.

Later the slope became slightly less steep and more uniform. Sometimes the hard crust bore our weight, but at others we broke through and sank into soft powder snow, which made progress exhausting. We took turns in making the track and often stopped without any word having passed between us. Each of us lived in a closed and private world of his own. I was suspicious of my mental processes; my mind was working very slowly, and I was

At Camp IV morale was good. Rébuffat and Terray had just arrived and everyone was in good form. Terray meditated upon the unpredictable nature of conditions in the Himalaya. Four days ago he and Rébuffat had climbed to Camp III with the greatest difficulty, taking seven hours to crawl up. This time they had successfully carried out an ambitious program of which it would be hard to find the equivalent in the history of Himalayan climbing. Leaving Camp II at dawn they had succeeded in reaching Camp III at about eleven o'clock in the morning; they had struck this camp and then carried everything on up to Camp IV, in this way gaining one precious day. Although there were only four of them they carried two high-altitude units as well as twenty-two pounds of food. Rébuffat, like Lachenal, had made a magnificent comeback.

There were two people who were mighty pleased to see them, and these were Couzy and Schatz. Otherwise, the next day, these two would have had to carry up a complete camp themselves; and they had not found this prospect particularly attractive. Thanks to aspirin and sleeping tablets and thanks also to a sense of tremendous well-being caused partly by good physical condition and partly by the imminence of a happy outcome, everybody passed an excellent night.

On the third of June, 1950, the first light of dawn found us still clinging to the tent poles at Camp V. Gradually the wind abated, and with daylight, died away altogether. I made desperate attempts to push back the soft, icy stuff which stifled me, but every movement became an act of heroism. My mental powers were numbed, thinking was an effort, and we did not exchange a single word.

What a repellent place it was! To everyone who reached it, Camp V became one of the worst memories of his life. We had only one thought: to get away. We should have waited for the first rays of the sun, but at half-past five, we felt we couldn't stick it any longer.

"Let's go, Biscante," I muttered. "Can't stay here a minute longer."

"Yes, let's go," repeated Lachenal.

them, but that was nothing new in the mountains, and if I kept on moving them, it would keep the circulation going.

Lachenal appeared to me as a sort of specter; he was alone in his world, I in mine. But—and this was odd enough—any effort was slightly *less* exhausting than lower down. Perhaps it was hope lending us wings. Even through dark glasses the snow was blinding, the sun beating straight down on the ice. We looked down upon precipitous ridges, which dropped away into space, and upon tiny glaciers far, far below. Familiar peaks soared arrow-like into the sky. Suddenly Lachenal grabbed me:

"If I go back, what will you do?"

A whole sequence of pictures flashed through my head: the days of marching in sweltering heat, the hard pitches we had overcome, the tremendous efforts we had all made to lay siege to the mountain, the daily heroism of all my friends in establishing the camps. Now we were nearing our goal. In an hour or two, perhaps, victory would be ours. Must we give up? Impossible! My whole being revolted against the idea. I had made up my mind, irrevocably. Today we were consecrating an ideal, and no sacrifice was too great. I heard my voice clearly:

"I should go on by myself."

I would go alone. If he wished to go down it was not for me to stop him. He must make his own choice freely.

"Then I'll follow you."

The die was cast. I was no longer anxious. Nothing could stop us now from getting to the top. The psychological atmosphere changed with these few words, and we went forward now as brothers.

I felt as though I were plunging into something new and quite abnormal. I had the strangest and most vivid impressions, such as I had never before known in the mountains. There was something unnatural in the way I saw Lachenal and everything around us. I smiled to myself at the paltriness of our efforts, for I could stand apart and watch myself making these efforts. But all sense of exertion was gone, as though there were no longer any gravity. This diaphanous landscape, this quintessence of purity—these were not the mountains I knew; they were the mountains of my dreams.

perfectly aware of the low state of my intelligence. It was easiest just to stick to one thought at a time—safest, too. The cold was penetrating. For all our special eiderdown clothing we felt as though we'd nothing on. Whenever we halted, we stamped our feet hard. Lachenal went as far as to take off one boot which was a bit tight; he was in terror of frostbite.

"I don't want to be like Lambert," he said. Raymond Lambert, a Geneva guide, had to have all his toes amputated after an eventful climb during which he got his feet frostbitten.* While Lachenal rubbed himself hard, I looked at the summits all around us. Already we overtopped them all except the distant Dhaulagiri. The complicated structure of these mountains, with which our many laborious explorations had made us familiar, was now spread out plainly at our feet.

The going was incredibly exhausting, and every step was a struggle of mind over matter. We came out into the sunlight and by way of marking the occasion made yet another halt. Lachenal continued to complain of his feet. "I can't feel anything. I think I'm beginning to get frostbite." And once again, he undid his boot.

I began to be seriously worried. I realized very well the risk we were running; I knew from experience how insidiously and quickly frostbite can set in if one is not extremely careful. Nor was Lachenal under any illusions. "We're in danger of having frozen feet. Do you think it's worth it?"

This was most disturbing. It was my responsibility as leader to think of the others. There was no doubt about frostbite being a very real danger. Did Annapurna justify such risks? That was the question I asked myself; it continued to worry me.

Lachenal had laced his boots up again, and once more we continued to force our way through the exhausting snow. The whole of the Sickle glacier was now in view, bathed in light. We still had a long way to go to cross it, and then there was that rock band. Would we find a gap in it?

My feet, like Lachenal's, were very cold; and I continued to wriggle my toes, even when we were moving. I could not feel

* In May 1952, Lambert, with the Sherpa, Ang-Tsering, reached 28,215 feet on Mount Everest, possibly the highest point yet attained. (Translator's note.)

opening out on to . . . well, we didn't quite know, probably a ridge. But where was the top, left or right? Stopping at every step and leaning on our axes, we tried to recover our breath and to calm down our racing hearts, which were thumping as though they would burst. We knew we were there now—that nothing could stop us. No need to exchange looks—each of us would have read the same determination in the other's eyes. A slight detour to the left, a few more steps. The summit ridge came gradually nearer; a few rocks to avoid. We dragged ourselves up. Could we possibly be there?

Yes!

A fierce and savage wind tore at us.

We were on top of Annapurna! 8,075 meters, 26,493 feet.

Our hearts overflowed with an unspeakable happiness.

"If only the others could know . . ."

If only everyone could know!

The summit was a corniced crest of ice; and the precipices on the far side, which plunged vertically down beneath us, were terrifying, unfathomable. There could be few other mountains in the world like this. Clouds floated halfway down, concealing the gentle, fertile valley of Pokhara, 23,000 feet below. Above us there was nothing!

Our mission was accomplished. But at the same time we had accomplished something infinitely greater. How wonderful life would now become! What an inconceivable experience it is to attain one's ideal and, at the very same moment, to fulfill oneself. I was stirred to the depths of my being. Never had I felt happiness like this, so intense and yet so pure. That brown rock, the highest of them all, that ridge of ice—were these the goals of a lifetime? Or were they, rather, the limits of man's pride?

"Well, what about going down?"

Lachenal shook me. What were his own feelings? Did he simply think he had finished another climb, as in the Alps? Did he think one could just go down again like that, with nothing more to it?

"One minute! I must take some photographs."

"Hurry up!"

I fumbled feverishly in my sack, pulled out the camera, took out the little French flag which was right at the bottom, and the

The snow, sprinkled over every rock and gleaming in the sun, was of a radiant beauty that touched me to the heart. I had never seen such complete transparency and I was living in a world of crystal. Sounds were indistinct, the atmosphere like cotton wool.

An astonishing happiness welled up in me, but I could not define it. Everything was so new, so utterly unprecedented. It was not in the least like anything I had known in the Alps, where one feels buoyed up by the presence of others—by people of whom one is vaguely aware, or even by the dwellings one can see in the far distance.

This was quite different. An enormous gulf was between me and the world. This was a different universe—withered, deserted, lifeless; a fantastic universe where the presence of man was not foreseen, perhaps not desired. We were braving an interdict, overstepping a boundary, and yet we had no fear as we continued upward. I thought of the famous ladder of St. Teresa of Avila. Something clutched at my heart.

Did Lachenal share these feelings? The summit ridge drew nearer, and we reached the foot of the ultimate rock band. The slope was very steep and the snow interspersed with rocks.

"Couloir!"

A finger pointed. The whispered word from one to another indicated the key to the rocks—the last line of defense.

"What luck!"

The couloir up the rocks though steep was feasible.

The sky was a deep sapphire blue. With a great effort we edged over to the right, avoiding the rocks; we preferred to keep to the snow on account of our crampons, and it was not long before we set foot in the couloir. It was fairly steep, and we had a minute's hesitation. Should we have enough strength left to overcome this final obstacle?

Fortunately the snow was hard, and by kicking steps we were able to manage, thanks to our crampons. A false move would have been fatal. There was no need to make handholds; our axes, driven in as far as possible, served us for an anchor.

Lachenal went splendidly. What a wonderful contrast to the early days! It was a hard struggle here, but he kept going. Lifting our eyes occasionally from the slope, we saw the couloir

Blanc, which so tremendously impressed me! I was a child when I first saw "the Mont Blanc people" coming home, and to me there was a queer look about them; a strange light shone in their eyes.

"Come on, straight down," called Lachenal.

He had already done up his sack and started going down. I took out my pocket aneroid: 8,500 meters. I smiled. I swallowed a little condensed milk and left the tube behind—the only trace of my passage. I did up my sack, put on my gloves and my glasses, seized my ice-axe. One look around and I, too, hurried down the slope. Before disappearing into the couloir I gave one last look at the summit which would henceforth be all our joy and all our consolation.

Lachenal was already far below; he had reached the foot of the couloir. I hurried down in his tracks. I went as fast as I could, but it was dangerous going. At every step, one had to take care that the snow did not break away beneath one's weight. Lachenal, going faster than I thought he was capable of, was now on the long traverse. It was my turn to cross the area of mixed rock and snow. At last I reached the foot of the rock-band. I had hurried and I was out of breath. I undid my sack. What had I been going to do? I couldn't say.

"My gloves!"

Before I had time to bend over, I saw them slide and roll. They went further and further straight down the slope. I remained where I was, quite stunned. I watched them rolling down slowly, with no appearance of stopping. The movement of those gloves was engraved in my sight as something irredeemable, against which I was powerless. The consequences might be most serious. What was I to do?

"Quickly! Down to Camp V."

Rébuffat and Terray would be there. My concern dissolved like magic. I now had a fixed objective again: to reach the camp. Never for a minute did it occur to me to use as gloves the socks which I always carry in reserve for just such a mishap as this.

On I went, trying to catch up with Lachenal. It had been two o'clock when we reached the summit. We had started out at six in the morning, but I had to admit that I had lost all sense of

pennants. Useless gestures, no doubt, but something more than symbols—eloquent tokens of affection and goodwill. I tied the strips of material—stained by sweat and by the food in the sacks—to the shaft of my ice-axe, the only flagstaff at hand. Then I focused my camera on Lachenal.

"Now, will you take me?"

"Hand it over! Hurry up!" said Lachenal.

He took several pictures and then handed me back the camera. I loaded a color-film and we repeated the process to be certain of bringing back records to be cherished in the future.

"Are you mad?" asked Lachenal. "We haven't a minute to lose; we must go down at once."

And in fact, a glance round showed me that the weather was no longer gloriously fine as it had been in the morning. Lachenal was becoming impatient.

"We must go down!"

He was right. His was the reaction of the mountaineer who knows his own domain. But I just could not accustom myself to the idea that we had won our victory. It seemed inconceivable that we should have trodden those summit snows.

It was impossible to build a cairn. There were no stones; everything was frozen. Lachenal stamped his feet; he felt them freezing. I felt mine freezing too, but paid little attention. The highest mountain to be climbed by man lay under our feet! The names of our predecessors on these heights raced through my mind: Mummery, Mallory and Irvine, Bauer, Welzenbach, Tilman, Shipton. How many of them were dead? How many had found on these mountains what, to them, was the finest end of all?

My joy was touched with humility. It was not just one party that had climbed Annapurna today, but a whole expedition. I thought of all the others in the camps perched on the slopes at our feet, and I knew it was because of their efforts and their sacrifices that we had succeeded. There are times when the most complicated actions are suddenly summed up, distilled and strike you with illuminating clarity; so it was with this irresistible upward surge which had landed us two here.

Pictures passed through my mind: The Chamonix valley, where I had spent the most marvelous moments of my childhood; Mont

Adventure in Africa

IT IS A coincidence that John A. Hunter, born in Scotland near the end of the Nineteenth Century, should become one of the most respected and best-known *hunters* in British East Africa. He says, "There was a tradition in the family that our name, 'Hunter,' was derived from the profession of a remote ancestor, and certainly the love of hunting ran in our veins."

He writes as one who loves hunting and loves Kenya. As one of the last of the old-time hunters, he saw an Africa that is already becoming virtually non-existent. It was an Africa filled with great elephant herds, with roving bands of warring spearmen and with land yet untouched by the feet of white men.

Here we find John Hunter engaged in a remarkable mission. He had been asked by the Kenya Game Department, as a professional hunter, to rid the territory of a recently-increased lion population that was raiding the natives' cattle and threatening their whole way of life. Those natives who had attempted to kill the beasts had been mauled and killed themselves by the dozens; so a famous white hunter was called in.

Writes Captain A.T.A. Ritchie, O.B.E., M.C., Game Warden of Kenya, "I can pay no greater tribute to his prowess than is provided by the fact that he is still alive . . ."

His special task in our section: to kill perhaps a hundred lions within a three-month period!

time. I felt as though I were running, whereas in actual fact I was walking normally, perhaps rather slowly, and I had to keep stopping to get my breath. The sky was now covered with clouds; everything had become gray and dirty-looking. An icy wind sprang up, boding no good. We must push on! But where was Lachenal? I spotted him a couple of hundred yards away, looking as though he was never going to stop. And I had thought he was in indifferent form!

The clouds grew thicker and came right down over us; the wind blew stronger, but I did not suffer from the cold. Perhaps the descent had restored my circulation. Should I be able to find the tents in the mist? I watched the rib ending in the beak-like point which overlooked the camp. It was gradually swallowed up by the clouds, but I was able to make out the spearhead rib lower down. If the mist should thicken I would make straight for that rib and follow it down, and in this way I should be bound to come upon the tent.

Lachenal disappeared from time to time, and then the mist was so thick that I lost sight of him altogether. I kept going at the same speed, as fast as my breathing would allow.

The slope was now steeper; a few patches of bare ice followed the smooth stretches of snow. A good sign! I was nearing the camp. How difficult to find one's way in thick mist! I kept the course which I had set by the steepest angle of the slope. The ground was broken. With my crampons I went straight down walls of bare ice. There were some patches ahead, a few more steps. It was the camp all right, but there were *two tents!*

So Rébuffat and Terray had come up. What a mercy! I should be able to tell them that we had been successful, that we were returning from the top. How thrilled they would be!

I got there, dropping down from above. The platform had been extended, and the two tents were facing each other. I tripped over one of the guy-ropes of the first tent. There was movement inside; they had heard me. Rébuffat and Terray put their heads out.

"We've made it! We're back from Annapurna!"

The old people clustered eagerly around us while the young Masai, with many whoops and much spear waving, told how I had killed two fine lions within a few minutes of each other. I could see the old people literally beam at the news; and the children with them danced around, going into a miniature version of the "shakes" in their excitement. It seemed I had come to the right spot; for only a few days before, lions had killed six head of their precious cattle as well as two herdsmen who had tried to defend the animals.

The enthusiastic crowd conducted me to their village. I expected to see a large cluster of thatched huts like the villages of the Kikuyu but I was almost on top of the place before I realized it was a village at all. It looked like nothing but an unusually thick mass of brush. The "village" was surrounded by a boma of thorn bushes, piled high as a man's head; and the huts within were no higher than my chest. They were made of cow dung, plastered like clay over a wattle frame. The dung had been baked as hard as brick by the hot sun and was quite odorless. To enter the huts, I had to bend nearly double. Unlike most native homes, each hut was divided into small rooms by wattle partitions. There were no windows except thin slits in the wall and the interiors were dark but cool and comfortable.

As the Masai were subject to occasional retaliatory raids from other natives, they constructed their homes in this manner to escape notice. The buildings seemed crude, but they were easy to heat during the night and pleasantly cool in the day.

After we had rested and the women had brought us milk in orange-colored, goosenecked gourds, I went out to see the bodies of the cattle that had been killed. The Masai had removed most of the meat. This was unfortunate, for a lion's own kill makes a perfect bait as he will almost invariably return to the carcass to feed. I explained this to the Masai, and one of the old men told me that there was a dead heifer still in the bush some fifty yards away that they had not disturbed. I inspected the dead animal and found that, although the stomach had been partly eaten by the lions, there was still plenty of flesh left. The bodies of the two herdsmen killed by the lions had also been left out in the bush, but these had already been devoured by lions and hyenas. The

FROM:

"HUNTER"

by J. A. Hunter

AT DAYBREAK the next morning we started off, the Masai trotting ahead with their spears and balancing their huge buffalo-hide shields on their shoulders. These shields are bulky affairs weighing fifty odd pounds and yet the moran carry them like feathers. They are painted with elaborate designs in black, red and white, the patterns serving somewhat the same purpose as the heraldic devices of our forefathers. By glancing at another man's shield, a Masai can tell what section of the country he comes from, to what moran club he belongs, his rank and position in a war party, his age grade, his name and what honors he has won in battle or in lion spearing.

By noon we had reached the foothills of the Embarasha Mountains. The mountains threw out great spurs into the valley, each spur covered with fine, short grass dotted with tiny wild flowers. The slopes of the spurs were not precipitous but they made a steep climb. The moran bounded up them like springbok, but with our heavy-footed oxen we had to zigzag back and forth up the grades. When we reached the top of a spur we would follow along it for a mile or two until it dropped away into the next valley. That meant another climb—this time down. Then we followed the valley to the next rise.

Late in the afternoon, while we were toiling through some open brush, the moran began to give their curious yodeling calls, which were answered from just ahead. We came through the bush onto the banks of a muddy stream where a group of old men and women were watering a herd of the long-horned native cattle. These animals resemble the Brahman cattle, having humps on their backs. They were covered with a network of complicated brands, which, to a Masai, told the animal's entire pedigree.

sembled a snarl but was really a contortion of the features to enable him to smell to better advantage.

They were still just out of range. While I was waiting, a vulture came sweeping down and lit on the ground a few feet away from me. He had evidently seen my form in the bush and thought I was something to eat. I kept absolutely still for I knew if I frightened the vulture, the lions would take alarm

The lions also saw the vulture and thinking he had found food came trotting toward me. Their heads were up and they sniffed the air like pointers trying to identify what the bird had seen. I held my fire until they were within thirty yards. Then the vulture which had been studying me with his little black eyes suddenly took alarm and, with a whisk of his great wings, leaped into the air. Instantly the lions stopped, looking after the alarmed vulture, and then turned to examine me more carefully.

I was still in a prone position and I had to raise myself slightly to fire. It seemed to take years while I gradually lifted my body enough to bring the rifle into position. Still keeping my eyes on the lions, I turned over the safety catch with my thumb and aimed at the leader. At the shot he dropped as though pole-axed. The others leaped back but did not run. Wild animals that have never heard firearms before apparently think the noise is thunder, for often they are not particularly alarmed by it. I fired at the next lion and hit him in the shoulder. He spun around in a circle, roaring with rage; and the third lion instantly sprang on him and they began to fight. This uninjured beast seemed to be in a maniacal rage, tail lashing, hair bristling, and mouth gaping open as he tried to crush the skull of his comrade.

I fired again and hit this animal in the shoulder. He reared like a bucking horse, and while he was still on his hind legs I fired again into his neck. He dropped without a quiver. The second lion was now also dead; whether from the effects of my bullet or the mauling he had taken from his friend, I cannot say.

In the distance I could hear the whoops and yells of the Masai who had heard my shots. They came pouring through the bush and would have been overjoyed to find one of their enemies dead. But when they found all three animals lying stretched out in front of me, the whole community went mad with delight. We

Masai make no attempt to bury their dead, leaving the job to the scavengers that roam the plains.

I should add that these lions were not man-eaters in the true sense of the word. They had killed the herdsmen because the men had attempted to drive them away. It is a curious fact that a man can usually drive a lion off its kill if the quarry is wild game, but when a lion kills domestic stock, he will fight to the death rather than abandon his prey to its rightful owners.

I trailed the lions and found they had entered a thick patch of sansevieria. They were evidently waiting in the undergrowth for night to fall so they could return to their kills. The Masai told me that when they drove their cattle into the kraal in the evening, they shouted to urge the herd along. The lions recognized these shouts and came out soon after, knowing the coast would be clear.

I asked the men if they could drive their cattle to the kraal earlier this evening while I waited in ambush beside the dead heifer. The old men were greatly amused at this idea and remarked it should work; the same system had always worked when they were fighting the Nandi. The Nandi were another warlike people who occasionally attacked the Masai. If the Masai knew that a Nandi war party was in the neighborhood, they would drive their cattle to the kraal with additionally loud shouts; and the Nandi, thinking that the Masai had now retired to their village for the night, would stage a raid, only to fall into an ambush of warriors.

I took up my stand in some thick bush near the dead cow and waited for evening. Just as the sun was setting, I heard the high-pitched, unmusical cries of the herdsmen as they drove the cattle in from pasture. While I was still listening to the fading sounds, I suddenly saw three maned lions sitting dog-fashion on their haunches with their ears cocked as they also listened to the faint yells. When the cries died away, the lions rose and trotted toward me in single file. I felt every nerve in my body grow tense as I waited for them to come within gunshot. They stopped at the spot where they had killed a bull and sniffed around; but the animal had been removed. As each lion finished smelling, he raised his head with a curious expression on his face that re-

plenty of lions. I started out with my oxen and dogs for the next village, where lions had killed several cows in the last week and badly mauled an old man. A group of spear-carrying moran went with me, as they still did not like to see a man risking his life hunting lions with no protection but a gun.

When we reached the village where the latest stock killings had taken place, the natives showed me what was left of the kills. Lions, vultures and hyenas had been at work on the carcasses so there was little meat upon them. I was interested to see the lions kill domestic stock exactly as they do wild game; that is, by leaping on the animal's back and turning his head with a quick twist of the forepaw, thus dislocating the neck. Blood immediately collects in the rupture and the lion bites through the break and laps the blood.

There was not enough flesh on the bones to tempt the lions back, so I set out with moran and the dogs to spoor them. There were so many lion tracks in the vicinity that it was difficult to follow these particular cats; yet, if we did not settle on one group of tracks, we would be spending all our time going around in circles. The tracks we were following were the freshest, although it is not always easy to tell the age of a track. Old pug marks made in the lee of a bunch of grass and sheltered from the wind will often seem fresher than new tracks made in the open and full of drifted sand. Generally, old marks are covered by the tracks of small animals that have run over them, but the only sure way to tell that you are on a fresh spoor is to find some of the lion's droppings. A good tracker can tell at once from the condition of the droppings how long it is since the animal passed.

The moran were excellent at spooring. Often they would lift the branches of some low bush with their spears to show me marks that I would have missed. I noticed they did not go from pug mark to pug mark but seemed to follow the trail ten or fifteen feet ahead of them. They knew the habits of lions so perfectly they could roughly tell where the animals were likely to go. When at fault, they would stop and cast around, much like a pack of hounds that have lost the scent, examining every sandy spot nearby that might bare the impression of a pug mark until they had picked up the trail again.

returned to the village in triumph. A sheep was killed in my honor, its spitted ribs were roasted over a fire and tasted better to me than the best sirloin. The women brought out native beer called "pombe" in an earthen pot. Each man grasped the bowl in his two hands, took a swig and then passed it on. As the liquor took effect the men gathered in a close-knit group and started a strange kind of dance that consisted simply in leaping up and down in the air. I watched, drinking my beer and chewing on my sheep rib while the dogs lay around me under the star-covered sky. Near us the cattle were lowing, and from afar off I could hear the calls of more lions as they moved through the brush on their night's hunting. Truly, this was my country and my kind of people.

When the time came to retire, I was ushered into the largest of the huts and shown a big bed in one of the compartments. It was made of soft rushes and covered with bullock skins, the hair worn off with continuous use. The chief's two buxom young wives entered with me and obviously intended to share the bed. I wondered where the chief would spend the night as there was clearly only room in the bed for three people. However, it turned out he was staying with some friends so as not to interfere with any plans I might have for the evening.

I noticed the younger girl place four gourds of milk in a rack behind my skin pillow. I did not quite catch the full meaning of this act, but I afterward found it was to serve as a restorative in case I became exhausted with my night's work. The girls, clad in Eve's attire, except for a thin string of beads around their waistlines, remained at the end of the hut. They lay quietly and said nothing; for, according to ancient custom, the male has to make the advances. But I was tired after my long trek and soon fell into a heavy sleep.

In the next few days I was besieged by Masai runners who had come for miles to beg me to kill their lions. Each runner vied with the others in making wild claims for his particular district. One man assured me that near his village the lions were more numerous than leaves on the trees. Another said that in his valley a man could hardly walk fifty yards without seeing several of the beasts. It seemed that no matter where I went I was sure to find

Masai had also formed a circle and were beginning to close in with their spears.

I shouted to the fools to stop. They hesitated and I raised my rifle, trying to get in a shot without killing one of the hysterical dogs. The lion saw me. Suddenly he charged. He leaped right over the dogs to get at me. I waited until he was clear of the pack and then fired. My first shot sent him down in a whirl of sand and dust. In an instant he was on his feet again but now he was motionless and a perfect target. My second shot him in the chest and he died instantly.

In the next few weeks I killed over fifty lions with the dogs. After seeing a number of their friends killed, the pack became more cautious and kept well away from the lions' paws. I never saw a lion attempt to bite one of the dogs. They always used their claws, striking at their tormentors with those lightning-quick blows. Apparently they didn't consider dogs worthy of a bite. When the dogs fastened on a lion to pull him off one of their friends, they grabbed him by the mane rather than the hide. I suppose the mane offered a better grip.

In the bush, the advantage was all with the lions. I began to lose so many dogs that I did not dare to use the pack except to pick up a special animal that was a confirmed cattle killer. Most of the time I left the pack in camp and continued to hunt as best I could.

One evening, while I was out alone, I became lost in the tangle of spurs and ravines that laced the foothills. I tried to backtrack myself but before I reached camp, night came on and I could no longer follow my trail. A storm had been brewing during the late afternoon and now it broke over the distant ridges. For a while I could guide myself by the flashes of lightning, for I knew the approximate position of the storm in relation to the mountains. But by midnight the storm had blown away and I could only go on blindly through the darkness. Then I heard the distant tinkle of cowbells in a kraal, a lovely sound to me at that moment. I headed toward the noise, shouting as I went. In a few minutes my shouts were answered. A light appeared and I saw ahead a small Masai cow-dung hut with the usual thorn-bush kraal nearby. The

After several hours of spooring, we tracked down the lions into a small belt of bush, the kind of dense cover that is the hunter's nightmare. There was no way of getting in to the lions, and yet I knew that unless they were destroyed they would be back in a few days killing more cattle and maybe the herdsmen as well. Here was the place where the dogs must prove their worth. I sent the pack into the cover.

The Masai and I waited outside. The moran leaned on their shields, the tips of their long spears resting on the ground in front of them. I stood with my rifle ready, waiting for the charge I knew must come. Suddenly all hell broke loose. I could hear the excited screaming of the dogs and the savage growling of the lions. The dogs were slowly retreating from the angry beasts, trying to lure them into the open. The Masai took a firm grip on the handles of the shields and raised their spears. I stood ready for the first lion to break cover.

The dogs began to appear, backing out of the bushes and barking furiously. Most of the pack formed a half circle outside the undergrowth, while the braver Airedales and the two collies remained in the bushes, trying to chivvy the lions into the open.

Without an instant's warning, one of the lions charged out of the bush and went for the dogs. They opened out to let him through, but he managed to knock over one of the pack with a swing of his paw. The motion was so swift I could hardly follow it. I simply saw the dog go down. At once the rest of the pack charged in, snapping at the lion's rear to distract him from their friend. The lion whirled on them, cuffing left and right, as fast as an expert boxer could use his fists. I fired. The lion gave one great bound into the air. The second he hit the ground, he was covered by the dogs. Before I could call them off, a second lion bolted out some distance from us. Instantly the Masai were after him with upraised spears, giving their wild, yodeling whoops. The lion went bounding across the plain in great leaps that must have easily been twenty feet long, with the dogs and Masai on his tail. For a while the lion kept ahead, but eventually the dogs caught up to him. I was panting in the rear and by the time I came up, the dogs had formed a circle around the lion to hold him. The

Not only was he absolutely trustworthy, but he was a marvelous bushcraftsman and could think in the same manner that an animal thinks, thus often foreseeing the quarry's next move and preparing for it.

With Kirakangano as leader, I formed small groups of spearmen to make organized drives down gullies that lay between the mountain ridges. These gullies were full of thick brush and here the lions would lie up during the day. I stayed at one end of the gully, and the moran drove the lions down to me, shouting and waving their spears and shields as they forced their way through the brush. By lying on the top of the ridge so the lions passed below me, I kept out of their sight and also above the level of scent. From one such ambush, I shot seven lions in quick succession. As one lion after another dropped to my shots, the others would whirl around snarling to see where the firing was coming from. But it never seemed to occur to them to look upward.

Although Kirakangano was invaluable to me, the man cost me one of the finest lions I have ever seen. It happened like this.

The natives in a village had complained that a lion was killing their stock, so Kirakangano and I set out to investigate. It was evening before we arrived at the village. After listening to the herdsmen's accounts, I decided to shoot a zebra and leave the animal out for bait to lure the lion in. Kirakangano and I went out to look for a zebra herd. We found one just at dusk and fired at a fine stallion. I hit the animal too far back and in the fading light we were unable to follow him up. Next morning, we took up the trail, confident that we would soon locate the carcass by the circling vultures.

While we were skirting some bush, the Masai stopped and pointed with his spear. I saw a fine-maned lion in possession of the zebra, slowly dragging him off toward the shade of an acacia tree, where he could eat at his leisure. The lion would straddle the zebra, lift him by the neck, and walk clumsily with him a few paces. Then he would stop to rest, panting like a huge dog.

As the zebra must have weighed seven or eight hundred pounds, I was greatly impressed by the strength the old fellow displayed. We cut through the brush toward the acacia tree,

Masai couple took me in and promptly started a fire in the tiny hut. The man was in his early forties, too old to be considered a moran, and so from the Masai point of view, already started on the downhill grade that would finally lead to his being left out for the lions. He had heard about my exploits as a lion killer and eagerly asked me questions about my gun, myself and how many animals I had killed. I found his name was Kirakangano and that his father had been killed by a rhino years before. Kirakangano had developed a hatred for dangerous wild animals and had devoted his life to hunting them. He told me stories of lion and buffalo spearings in which he had taken part that sounded incredible, yet I knew that the Masai never lie. Most Masai take great pride in their cattle or in the number of their wives, but Kirakangano had no interest in anything but tracking big game through the tangled intricacies of the bush and then meeting the charge of some infuriated beast with his shield and spear. Here was a man who liked hunting as I did.

I had learned something of the language by this time and I asked Kirakangano if he would like to come with me as a guide and helper. Without a word he rose, took up his spear and shield, and asked when we were leaving. This was a little sudden and I asked him what would happen to his wife and cattle. He shrugged. "My wife will take care of the cows and I have a good friend who will look after my wife." I inquired whether he had no objection to having another man live with his wife. He seemed mildly surprised. "Why should I? She'll still be the same woman when I come back, won't she?" Thus the whole matter was satisfactorily settled. The wife offered no objections, which did not surprise me; for I suspected that Kirakangano must have made a very indifferent husband.

Kirakangano became my right hand—the second barrel to my rifle, so to speak. A magnificent tracker and absolutely fearless, I relied on him as I did on myself. Such men are all too rare. Several times I have had the terrible experience of firing both barrels of my rifle at a charging beast to no avail and then turning to snatch my second rifle from the hands of my gunbearer only to find the man has run. But Kirakangano never let me down.

reached the point of death and became too enfeebled to move about.

To bait out the swamp dwellers I shot a hartebeest some distance away to make sure that the noise of shooting would not disturb the lions. Then I had my oxen drag the carcass around the entire swamp. No matter where the lions left their refuge, they would cross the blood trail and probably follow it. I left the carcass of the hartebeest under the acacia tree and had my boys build a hide in the branches. These tree hides are called "machans" by hunters and are widely used for shooting the larger cats over a bait. Personally, I do not care for them, preferring to shoot from a boma built on the ground, because when shooting down from a height, you are very apt to shoot over your quarry. However, there were a great number of elephants in this district that might very well blunder into a boma during the night, so I decided on the machan. I considered myself perfectly safe and did not foresee that I would be closer to death within the next two nights than at any other time on the entire trip.

The first night's vigil was a failure. The lions came, but as I raised myself to shoot, I disturbed a bird that had roosted in the upper branches of the acacia. The bird broke out of the foliage with a great noise and frightened the lions. There was nothing to do but take up my position in the machan the following evening.

As darkness set in,* a heavy rain began to fall. I sat in misery, soaked to the skin, while mosquitoes wafted by a breeze from

* I remember one occasion when with Major David Sheldrick, a professional big game hunter and now a warden of the great Tsavo National Park, I sat up all night by a fine zebra, hoping to get a lion or two. No luck attended us, although, during the night, we heard lions grunting and the giggling sounds hyenas make when on something they like particularly. Our bait was not touched. I had thought it represented what lions and hyenas were most attracted by. I had something to learn. Masai natives laid our failure to an elderly Masai lady who had died the previous evening. It was she upon whom the *liwaru* and *majeannies* (lions and hyenas) had been feeding. Maybe that dear departed, in the flush of her youth, had been a graceful, dainty damsel for whom the Masai vied. To me the hard way of life among primitive people seems stickily grim. Beasts of the wild preferred an old Masai woman to a fat juicy zebra.

Kirakangano going ahead to show me the easiest way. There we waited for the lion to come closer. He was a magnificent beast, his mane covering the whole forepart of his body and even hiding his ears. Such fine manes are rare on wild lions, as most of them tear out the hair going through brush. I could see Kirakangano fidgeting beside me as the lion came closer.

Suddenly the Masai gave a whoop and charged the lion with his spear. The big cat stared at him in astonishment for a moment and then dropped the zebra and ran. Kirakangano ran parallel to him, feinting for a thrust, but the lion was too fast for him and disappeared in some bush. When I reprimanded the Masai for attacking, he innocently replied, "Ah, but he was such a big one."

I did not entirely stop using the dogs during these hunts. If a wounded lion managed to escape into the bush, I sent the dogs in to locate him. Otherwise, I knew he would be pulled down by hyenas--a dreadful fate. Lions hate and despise these scavengers. A lion will not let hyenas approach his kill while he is feeding, though lions seem quite fond of the little, doglike jackals and often drop them tidbits much as man might throw a scrap of his meal to a pet dog. The hyenas seem to resent the lions' haughty superiority; and when the noble animals are wounded or too old to defend themselves, the hyenas close in to revenge themselves. No lion dies a natural death. In the end, he is always destroyed by hyenas. It seems to me that hyenas would rather feast on lion than any other meat.

The Masai complained particularly about a group of lions that lived in a swamp where it was impossible to reach them. One member of this pride was a lioness with three cubs. She had seriously mauled a native who tried to defend his herd from the pride. As this group were confirmed cattle killers, I felt it necessary to destroy them, especially the lioness, as by all reports she was becoming increasingly more aggressive. As I could not get into the swamp, I decided to bait them out.

I had had my troubles in baiting lions on the reserve. The Masai had a custom of putting the elderly members of their tribe out in the bush for hyenas to eat when the old folk

bait and the cubs bolted off into the darkness. I had now accomplished my task. I climbed down from the machan and grabbing the lioness by the tail, I started to drag her over beside the other two lions.

I had put down my electric torch so I could use both hands to drag the carcass over to the trees. Suddenly, I saw a form in the darkness ahead of me. For a moment I thought it was one of the cubs. Then I saw this object was far too big to be a cub. I stopped to stare at it. I was face to face with a big male lion, probably the mate of the lioness I had just killed.

I had left my rifle in the machan. For an instant the lion and I stood looking at each other. That lion seemed as big as a bull. He never uttered a sound. He just stood and watched me. I could see his great shaggy mane and black muzzle not fifteen feet away. If I started to run he might charge. But flesh and blood could not stand the strain. I made a bolt for the tree. There were no branches but I went up the trunk like a squirrel. When I reached the machan, I was covered with sweat—not from the exertion of the climb but from fear. In my fright, I nearly knocked the rifle out of the machan as I climbed over the side. I still could see nothing for I had left my electric torch below.

After a few minutes, I could hear the lion move over to the bait and begin to eat noisily. After listening for some time, I could judge his position. I aimed as carefully as I could and fired. There was no sound after the report of the shot had died away, but I could faintly see him lying beside the bait. He had died instantly. Much as I wanted to inspect his mane, I stayed in the machan the rest of the night; and not all the black-maned lions in Africa could have tempted me down.

I kept dozing off and waking with the most vivid of horrible dreams, imagining myself being torn apart by the peaceful beasts lying beneath me. When morning came, I went down to examine my lions. The last lion had a fine oaten-colored mane and I considered it one of the best trophies of the whole trip.

Kirakangano and I set out at dawn the next morning to look for the lioness' cubs. We found all three of them hiding under some tufts of dried grass. They looked like woolly teddy bears but snarled and spit at us with a vengeance. We carried them

the swamp buzzed around me constantly. I could not even slap at the pests for fear of alarming the lions. But the shower also served a useful purpose, for the smell of rain always inspires lions with confidence. I could hear them giving tongue to their hunting grunts and semi-roars in the bush around me. About three o'clock in the morning, I knew they were very near. I could hear their long-drawn sighs, a sound that cannot be confused with any other African noise. I was feeling cramped, having lain all night in an uncomfortable position, and I moved slightly to get my rifle into place. Instantly I heard the lions go bounding off. Although a lion is absolutely noiseless when stalking, he makes a surprising amount of noise when he runs, his big pads thumping distinctly as he leaps along the ground. I knew they had not gone far and were probably standing nearby in the brush, watching and listening. I settled myself to wait.

Luck plays a large part in hunting. The night before, I had missed my chance because of a bird. Now a tree hyrax began to call from the hollow of a tree near my machan. The hyrax gave the lions confidence, as they knew he would not be calling if he suspected danger. Slowly they approached the bait, using the greatest caution and stopping frequently to look around. I lay on my stomach in the machan with the rifle snugged to my shoulder so I could fire without any disturbing movement.

There were two lions, both males. Holding my electric torch alongside my gun barrel, I aimed for the right-hand one and fired, knowing it would be easier to swing the rifle at the left beast from my prone position. The lion dropped. His comrade stood there watching him.

I fired at the other lion. Down he flopped and I gave him another bullet to make sure. Still no sign of the lioness. I crawled down from my machan and pulled the two dead lions under the tree, covering them with my raincoat to keep the hides from being ruined by hyenas.

I fell asleep on my perch with some branches over me for weight if not for warmth. I was awakened by the sound of something feeding at the bait. There was the lioness with her three cubs beside her. Making as little sound as I could, I raised my rifle and shot her through the head. She dropped across the

me. I did not dare to move. My rifle was in my tent where I had left a Dietz lantern burning. I could only sit motionless and watch them. The lions studied me carefully. Then they walked around my sleeping boys to the other side of the campfire and attacked the dead zebra. They fell on the carcass with growls and snarls, ripping off great strips of hide as though the thick zebra skins were so much paper.

I faded out of the camp chair and inched for the tent flap, my flesh tingling with every move. The lions stopped eating to glare at me. I felt dwarfed by the great beasts. In a couple of bounds they could have been on top of me. Meanwhile my boys lay soundly sleeping only a few feet from them. I wanted to make a dash for the tent but was afraid that any sudden movement might bring on a charge. I waited until the lions had returned to their feeding, then moved foot by foot until I was opposite the tent flap. Quickly I stepped inside and grabbed my rifle. The touch of the cold steel had never felt so welcome.

Now I was in another dilemma. If I fired, my porters would leap to their feet and be between me and the lions. The trek chain which had been used for dragging the zebra to camp was still around his neck and as the lions fought over the carcass, they banged the chain up and down, making a terrible din. I was afraid this nose would awaken the porters, and when they saw the lions they would panic. To have terror-stricken natives bolting about amid nine lions was not a pleasant prospect. I decided to take the chance and shoot. I aimed at the chest of the largest lion and fired, hitting him squarely. He died without a murmur. At the report, the other lions drew back a few feet and then sprang again on the carcass. The natives continued to sleep. For a moment I wondered if they were all dead.

I began firing steadily into the pride. The back blast of my rifle put out the Dietz lantern behind me, and I aimed by the light of the fire. Four lions went down, the last one hit rather low in the chest. He leaped up and began to bound about stiff-legged as though on springs. I hastily jammed another cartridge into the chamber of my rifle and finished him. The rest of the pride dropped back into the fringe of darkness. I reloaded singly,

back to camp and I fed them by sticking their noses into a bowl of milk. The cubs did not know how to lap as they were used to getting their meals direct from their mother, but they licked their milky noses and got a taste of the warm fluid. For a long time after that they got their substance by sticking their noses or paws into the bowl and then licking the milk off their fur. But they eventually learned how to drink and became very tame. I kept them tied to the foot of my camp cot and a great nuisance I found them, fighting and squalling most of the night. Yet they were plucky little chaps and always ready for a fight or a frolic. Once, they got loose during the day and had a fine fight with my only pillow. When I returned to camp, my tent looked as though a blizzard of white feathers had struck the place. Later, I gave them to a friend of mine who liberated them in a district where they could live without doing harm to native stock.

I have often heard it said that wild animals have an instinctive dread of fire. This old saying has been repeated so often that most people accept it as a fact. I was no exception and took it for granted that lions would never approach a campfire. An incident that occurred one night while I was on the Masai Reserve taught me differently.

I had shot a zebra for bait that afternoon and had the oxen drag the animal to my camp. I usually let a carcass "ripen" for twenty-four hours or more before putting it out. I told the boys to leave the zebra near our campfire, for I was confident that no animals would come close to the blaze.

Kirakangano went off to spend the night at a nearby Masai kraal, taking the dogs and oxen with him. We never left these animals in camp if we could avoid it. The oxen scented the odor of prowling lions and would stampede if they were not in a kraal; and we had lost two dogs to leopards, which will go to any lengths to obtain dog meat, their favorite food. After Kirakangano had left, my porters curled up around the fire in their blankets and fell asleep. I sat in my camp chair watching the fire and smoking my pipe, my thoughts far away among the sand pits of Lochar and scenes of my youth.

Suddenly I realized that I was looking into the faces of nine lions that had come out of the shadows and were standing facing

lioness and at any moment she might burst out of the cover on top of us.

The dogs were growing increasingly more restless. My Airedales were whining with excitement, and at last I told them to go ahead. They sprang forward. Almost at once a din of savage snarls and growls broke out directly in front of us. The other dogs dashed past me, going in single file through the dense cover. I could hear the familiar sound of a fight raging through the bush, the deep-throated growls and harsh grunts of the lion mixed with the yelling cries of the dogs.

Kirakangano and I forced our way through the bushes to reach them. We had hardly taken a dozen steps when we came on a rounded lair in the high grass streaked with dried blood. Here the lioness had been resting. Beside the lair two of my brave Airedales were lying dead, their mouths and eyes still open. They had burst in on her and taken the brunt of her attack. Kirakangano and I owed our lives to the dogs, for the lioness was so cunningly concealed we would never have seen her in time.

The other dogs were still fighting with her; and we could hear them racing through the brush, stopping to bark frantically when she turned at bay. We hurried toward the sound. The dogs were driving the lioness from the thicket into open bush. We followed. The Masai was carrying his spear at the ready, the long shaft beautifully balanced between thumb and forefinger. His every muscle was tense and quivering.

One of the collies came limping back to me, horribly torn. I saw nothing could be done for the poor brute and shot him quickly, for he was in great pain. At the sound of my shot, the wounded lioness suddenly leaped up from a tuft of dead grass a few feet away. At the same instant, a second lioness broke from the cover on my right and charged us.

There was no time to think. Both the cats were nearly on us, each coming from a different direction. I fired at the second lioness as she seemed more determined. The bullet hit her half an inch over the left eye. At the same moment, I saw Kirakangano plunge his spear into the body of the wounded animal beside us. She turned fiercely, grabbing the spear shaft with her teeth, and tried to pull it out of her body. Kirakangano started to draw his

as there was no time to do otherwise. Stepping forward to get a better aim, I fired at a big lioness. She gave her tail an upward flick as the bullet hit her and then turned and vanished into the darkness. The rest followed her.

It seems incredible but my porters were still fast asleep. Neither the noise made by the lions nor my shots had disturbed them in the least. I had many times noted this almost trancelike sleep of natives but never before had I seen such a remarkable example of it.

I built up the fire and then went around kicking the soles of the porters' feet. One of them awoke, stretched, and sat up. He yawned, and then saw the four dead lions lying within a few feet of him. The man gave a frantic yell and leaped straight up into the air. Screaming like a lunatic, he bolted into the tent, followed sheeplike by the rest of the porters, who had no idea what the trouble was about. They sat in the tent shivering until I explained what had happened. In a few minutes they were all asleep again, lying on the floor of my tent. Insomnia was not their failing.

Kirakangano returned with the dogs next morning and we started out at once on the trail of the wounded lioness. We left the porters singing their cheerfully indecent songs and skinning out the lions. They carefully collected the already smelling fat from the covering of the stomach, heart and kidneys, as the natives believe this fat can be used to prearrange the sex of a child. If the man eats a tablespoon of lion's fat before sexual intercourse, the child will be a boy. Half a tablespoon produces a girl. Natives care little about the hide of a lion, but prize this fat highly.

We hit the blood spoor a hundred yards from camp. The lioness was badly wounded. She had lain down several times, the rest of the pride stopping to wait for her. For a while the trail led through open bush, perfect hunting country; for you could see twenty yards ahead of you. We pressed on eagerly, hoping to come upon the lioness in this easy cover. But the spoor made a circuit toward a thick, nasty tangle of brush. Here was real trouble.

It was deathly quiet in the thicket. Not so much as the chirp of a bird could be heard. I knew we must be close to the wounded

Adventure on a Small Boat

"Last Voyage" is the story of Ann Davison's remarkable marriage which led her into a most remarkable and adventurous voyage.

For Ann and Frank Davison had no ordinary marriage. They spent every cent they could scrape together and every moment for two years in refitting their small sail boat, the *Reliance*. To these two this frail craft represented hope, adventure and—flight.

As it turned out, it was the last voyage for Frank and almost the last for Ann in the strangest journey of the *Reliance's* forty-five years of seafaring.

After I wrote the above and put aside "Last Voyage," I came across a story in the New York *Herald Tribune* of Tuesday, November 30, 1954, which gives us further insight into the adventures of Ann Davison. The story read:

"Norfolk, Va. . . . (UP)—A British widow was found safe today after riding out a night-long storm alone in her disabled twenty-three-foot sloop off the Virginia Coast.

"Mrs. Anne (sic) Davison, thirty-nine, of Gloucestershire, England, was sailing from New York down the east coast to Florida in her sloop, the *Felicity Ann*, in which she crossed the Atlantic alone earlier this year.

"She was reported two days overdue last night, and the Coast Guard prepared an air search for her. However, a fishing vessel, the Sea Hawk, out of Hampton, Va., took the disabled sloop in tow this morning and headed for port.

"Mrs. Davison was reported to be uninjured. It was not known how severely the *Felicity Ann* was damaged."

I was not surprised to learn that Ann Davison is still a seafaring adventurer.

double-bladed knife from his belt, but before he could get the knife free I finished her with a shot in the neck.

Kirakangano and I silently shook hands. Without him, one or the other of the two lionesses would surely have gotten us. Of all the natives I have known in Africa, this man was undoubtedly the bravest and the coolest head in a tight spot.

centaur, he and the ship were one. Full of admiration, I thought of my own ham-fistedness, how *Reliance* would react in such conditions with me, and was filled with envy.

Another bay opened out: a thickly wooded coast, and a vista of coast line, bays and headlands stretched, illimitably it seemed, toward the east.

"God," said Frank with a sideways glance, "what a hell of a sea . . . some race or other."

Race? That was the key I wanted. I sped down to the chart-room, the door in my brain unlocked at last. One corner of England neither of us knew, had never seen, visited, or flown over. I hastily turned over the charts, found the one I wanted, English Channel West, and went straight to the spot now I knew what I was looking for. Yes, there it all was, Newlyn, the lights, the bay. Obvious, of course. Just too tired to think straight. I returned to the wheelhouse with my tidings.

"That was Land's End where we nearly piled up the night before last."

"Not in the least surprised," said Frank. "End of the world, if you ask me."

"I am not fooling. I've found us at last. That point there is the Lizard." I looked at the compasses and the lie of the coast, at home now. "If we go on as we are we'll sail slap into the Eddystone."

"Oh. And how far off is this Eddystone?"

I took the wheel, *Reliance* restively impatient with the change of helmsman; and Frank studied the chart, one eye on the sea.

"But, Frank, why are we going *up* the Channel?"

He chivvied me out of the way and took the wheel again. "Because," he said, somewhat dryly, "we have no alternative."

I could not think what he was driving at. Now our position was clear, there seemed no reason why we should not turn about and head for the Atlantic, renew the voyage in earnest, surround ourselves with searoom. Thousands of miles of blessed landless ocean. Frank snorted, pointed out that it was blowing a gale: sou'wester that blocked any passage west for us as surely as if there was a solid barrier at our back. It took a minute or two for this to sink

FROM:

"LAST VOYAGE"

by Ann Davison

"Did you ever see anything like it?" marveled Frank. He was at the helm, and I was standing behind him, perched on the hatch coaming, holding onto a window sill with one hand and the doorknob with the other; a stance you automatically took up in the wheelhouse, when not at the wheel, to keep your balance. I was waiting with inordinate anxiety to see what lay round the point, as if it hid something of supreme importance.

With engine throttled down, borne there by wind and tide, we were nearing the point: high brownish cliffs, fearsome outlying rocks; the lighthouse; and outspread, sprawling coastguard building. But it was the sea that brought forth Frank's comment. It boiled and frothed, a hideous devil's caldron of a sea. The wind was dead aft, and again I was aware of that unearthly silence, an evil silence that transcended sound. White serpentine waves snaked swiftly past the ship. I felt myself pressing against the starboard side of the wheelhouse as though by doing so I could push the ship out to sea, away from the coast and its monstrous waters.

A light winked down from the clifftop. Slowly it delivered its message, as one speaks to a foreigner. I stared stupidly at the winking light, heavy lidded with fatigue. I could not read what the coastguards had to say, but I could guess.

"Aren't we getting too close?" I ventured.

Frank said, as though he had been thinking the matter out for some time and had come to a sudden decision, "Hold tight. I'm going out to sea."

With the quiet confidence always manifest when he was at the helm, he turned and edged out across the precipitously vicious waves, handling *Reliance* superbly. Transformed into a nautical

"The farther off from England . . ."

What a coast! Rocks and rocks, and lights and islands. It would be dark by the time we got to the other side.

The ship lurched violently and the chair went over backwards. I grabbed at the desk to save myself. The chart, rulers, everything, slid past me onto the floor.

"Fussy man . . . fussy man."

"Shut up!" I shouted.

Was it possible? Could anyone be so tired?—I scrabbled through the chaos, found the things, and started again.

"We're here." I made a pencil mark on the chart, and fell forward on the desk asleep. I raised my heavy head and blinked. "Why am I here? Oh, my God, yes." The chart was on the floor again. I was holding onto the edge of the desk. This would never do. I must make an effort.

I forced my eyes to stay open—it was a physical effort—and they would not focus. I forced my wandering brain to attend; it registered that there was a lump of France sticking out into the Channel, making a fearful bag with the Channel Islands therein: a bag to be avoided in the dark . . . in this state of fatigue. The whole coast looked lousy anyway, and with that my wretched brain tried to shut down again. I drove it back to the problem. If we followed a course to miss that lump we could stooge around till daylight (what's another night of this among so many?), then find somewhere, when we could see what we were doing. I struggled with the parallel rule. Everything slid. The rule slid. The chart slid. The chair slid, I slid. In a flash of temper I threw the rule away. And found it again in a panic. Then I dug out my old Douglas protractor, relic of flying, and felt comforted.

With brow raised, taut, to keep my eyes open, I puzzled over variation, which meant nothing. Somewhere at the back of my mind there were warnings about the tides round Le Havre. And that meant nothing either. Nothing had any meaning at all, except that I was hovering on the edge of a deep, dark pit of unconsciousness. A pit into which I must not fall, though I was longing, longing to. Then my brain brought out a new dodge to get the rest it was determined to have. I was in the act of picking up the dividers when I blacked out and came to, still picking up

in, which was not due to bravado or stupidity on my part; it was just that I had got so used to bad conditions, I could not recognize when they worsened. Even so, I petulantly argued the advisability of turning and fighting our way out, for gales weighed nothing with me beside the calamity of being trapped in the Channel. Frank said patiently that that would simply be an exhausting waste of time and, most important of all at this stage, fuel.

"We have got to conserve it now," he said. "I reckon there won't be more than two and a half days left."

This was a point I had overlooked entirely. Problems piled up and seemed insuperable, so insuperable that my brain shut down and refused to consider them. I was engulfed in an awful tide of weariness. Frank, with some sense left, realizing how beat we were and that the necessity for rest was urgent if we were to carry on, said we would make for France. "Stress of weather, we'll bluff it out somehow. Go down, look out a port, and work out a course I can steer in this." It seemed a stupendous responsibility in my half-witted state, I was reluctant to take it. But he would not leave the wheel. "You won't be able to hold her," he said. "You'll have to look after the engine today. And bring back the tidal atlas for the Channel when you come. It's a large flat blue book . . . somewhere in the chartroom."

"All right," I said, "'the farther off from England the nearer is to France,'" and kept on saying it all the way to the chartroom. The chartroom was knee deep in books and papers, surging back and forth with the swivel chair, adrift and rolling on its side. ("Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?")

"Look at you," I shouted at the mess, "all over the place again," and peevishly hunted among the heaving papers for the charts and things I wanted. The refrain in my head changed: "No one, he said, could call me a fussy man . . . fussy man . . . fussy man."

"What is this," I said aloud, infuriated, "a chartroom or a kindergarten?"

I found the buried chart, the dividers, parallel rule, pencil, paper, put them on the desk, righted the chair, sat at the desk. And stared at the chart.

knew perfectly well how he was feeling, which was why I went out myself. I just could not face that worry.

We each ate a packet of dates. They were horribly cloying, but cooking was out. The stove was still half full of water and refused to keep alight, and this was no time to fiddle about with a recalcitrant stove.

Much of my time was spent in the engine room. The header tank needed frequent attention, of course, and filling the lubricator box was a lengthy process. Lubricating oil was stored in a 40-gallon oil drum, lashed to the bilge pipe that went up to the hand pump on deck. This had to be unlashed, upended, and oil poured into a wide-lipped gallon can, a job that wanted about six hands in a seaway. The drum was about half full. For some reason the black-outs were more persistent below, and I frequently came to, one arm round the bilge pipe, in the very act of pouring oil from drum to can. Temporary unconsciousness added considerably to the difficulty of the maneuver, but strangely enough I did not lose much oil. The procedure was further complicated by the dismal discovery of water in the oil drum, and then it had to be filtered as well. How the water had got in I had no idea. But what really got me worried was the amount of water in the ship—and still coming in.

Reliance was indeed taking a pasting; she had sprung a leak somewhere under the counter, and water was spurting in around the mizzen step. It streamed down the alleyway, rose in the engine bilges until the flywheel threw up a jet as it spun. Floorboards were afloat in the cabins. Throughout the stormy voyage *Reliance* had been wholly admirable, all that the old men said she was, and more. The hammering she had withstood would have pulverized a lesser vessel long before. And although she had been a damned uncomfortable ship, she had been an exceptionally buoyant one, like a lifeboat. But there is a limit to everything. Now she was losing some of her buoyancy, there was a sluggishness in her movements.

The bilge pump coupled to the main engine chose this moment to choke. I took it down and tried to clear it but failed. I was running the auxiliary engine at the time to charge the batteries and thought I would turn it over to the auxiliary bilge pump, but

the dividers. There was no warning, the black-out was as sudden and complete as the snapping of a shutter.

It was terrifying, absolutely uncontrollable, and happened again and again. The whole of that day was a fantasia of flickering film.

Eventually I took a sheet of note paper up to Frank on which I had written a course, a distance and E.T.A. Though how long it had taken to do and what sort of nonsense it was in fact, I have no means of telling. And in any case it had all been a waste of time. The problem of going anywhere in particular was submerged in the greater one of survival.

It was a mighty weighty wind that blew that day. Great gray perpendicular walls of water reared up and rushed the ship. Each one presented a special problem. And they came relentlessly, steep and swift, breaking with spray, blowing off their crests in hard horizontal streams. So there was not much visibility and no horizon to speak of, only the top of the next wave, and the next, and the next.

Between black-outs, which I could not mention to Frank, I was comparatively alert. I read, aloud, the Channel tide book, all its warnings and portents, from cover to cover, and was immeasurably depressed.

By about midday conditions were appalling. We were caught up in a frightful sea raised by opposing wind and tide. And while we were plunging and rolling in this mix-up, we saw a large brown buoy, which we thought rather disturbing, because it did not seem to serve any definite purpose according to the rules; but we could not think that it had come there of its own accord. Concluding, from the white fury that raged round us, that we had been swept on to the fringes of the Portland Race, and remembering all the tide book had had to say about it, we were more depressed than ever. But there was nothing we could do about it.

The steering chain jammed again. Seeing what the trouble was from the aft window, I seized the crowbar, kept on hand for just this emergency, went out into the bluster and roar, and fixed it. Frank was livid when I got back. It was the only time I saw him really upset; otherwise he seemed such a tower of strength. I

the air. I went over backwards onto the flywheel—fortunately the safety gate was shut.

Frank is weakening, I thought, hastening to get the Primus going. The prickers were found, the jet cleaned, the stove lit. Inevitably, despite careful filtering, some water from the kerosene storage tank had found its way into the Primus. It was dark by the time I took a mug of coffee, stiffly laced with rum, to the wheelhouse.

Frank downed it in one. "That's *good!*" His voice was a croak. I offered to give him a break at the wheel, but he refused, almost savagely. I had to go back to the engine room then; it was time to refuel, and I told him I would try to cook up a can of soup. He said, "Good. Don't be long coming back. I'm so damned tired. Can hardly keep my eyes open. Helps to concentrate to have . . . someone to talk to."

But it was two hours before I could get back. Two hours of juggling with the watered oil in the drum, with the watered kerosene, with the temperamental stove. And half the time it seemed as though I was unconscious, black-outs followed so swiftly one upon another. Grown supersensitive to the movements of the ship, I noticed a change in her antics: they were wilder, more erratic.

I had been working with the lights on below. By contrast the wheelhouse was pitch dark.

"Soup," I said, holding the mug out and touching the back of his hand with it.

"Soup?" said Frank.

"Hullo," I said, "there's a light. Over there, port bow."

A pale bluish light shone faintly through the salt-sprayed windows.

"Light?" said Frank.

Then we were both flung across the wheelhouse and the soup was spilt. Back to the galley I went and refilled the mug.

"Here, drink this before you lose it."

He drank it, holding the mug in both hands, leaving the ship to herself. Then placing the mug carefully on the shelf from which it promptly slid onto the floor, he stepped back and took my hand.

"Tell me," he said gently, "there's something wrong. What is it?"

it was such a complicated setup I could not sort it out and went along to Frank to find out how it worked.

It was late afternoon by then and worse than ever. He said, when I entered the wheelhouse, "There is something I want to tell you. One of these chaps may get us." I was too concerned with problems of my own to take that in, and I asked him to explain the layout of the auxiliary pump. He was silent for a while and then said he was too tired to explain. I made to go on deck to the hand pump, my mind running along a single track, whereat Frank roused himself in a fury and roared that under no circumstances was I to go on deck. I offered to take the wheel so that he could go down and sort out the bilge pump, but he would not have that either. "You couldn't possibly hold her," he said.

"But the ship's half full of water," I said. "She must be pumped out."

"Can't be helped," he said thickly, "have to put up with it, hope for the best."

My God, I thought, he's shot. The only useful thing I could think of to help him was a hot drink. I searched feverishly in the turmoil in the spare cabin where we had stored oddments that would not stow in lockers. I found an old Primus and gimbals, and set them up in the galley. It should have been done before, but somehow there had never been opportunity. With some difficulty I filled the Primus with kerosene and essayed to clean the jet, blacked out holding the jet to the light, came to holding the jet to the light, pricker poised. But the pricker was broken. I went into the engine room, now pretty well awash, where I knew there was a tube of spares on the workbench.

All the time there were resounding crashes on deck. The motion of the ship was indescribable. Yet in spite of the fact that I was exhausted almost beyond reason, I moved about with a sureness as though *Reliance* was a chromium-plated motor cruiser plowing up the London River. I seemed to have acquired a sense of balance that operated without conscious direction. Nonetheless, I went for six in the engine room looking for the spare prickers. *Reliance* gave a monstrous lurch. It *felt* as though she had fallen off the top of a cliff, crack on her beam-ends forty feet below. Everything movable in the engine room detached itself and flew through

natural, and he did not seem to understand. He stood looking down through the hatch so long that the horror of it was like a creeping paralysis and made me say sharply, "What's the matter? Don't you know the way to the stateroom?"

Whereat he snapped, "Of course," and went, climbing very slowly down, and leaving the lights burning as he went forward. The galley light went on and I wondered anxiously what he was doing there. Then the lights went off one by one and he was back in the wheelhouse saying, "All in the dark?" as he switched on the light.

The lost look had gone from his eyes but his expression was very strange. Keeping a tight hold on myself so that I should appear calm, I said that the light was dazzling and asked him to turn it off. I said, as we swung and lurched to the tossing ship, that the gale was moderating and he might as well take the opportunity of turning in. Ignoring all that, he said, "Had a bit of a party haven't you?" Then he shouted menacingly, "Ship's a shambles!"

Mildly I pointed out that she was bound to be: it was blowing a gale. He snarled, "Don't think you can get away with that. You can't fool me."

The wheelhouse reeked of soup. It was all over the place, on the shelf, on the wheel, on the bulkheads, on the deckhead even. I wondered at one mugful spilling so far. Suddenly he sprang at me, gripped my arms, raved, shouting at the top of his voice, wild eyed.

Reliance staggered wearily, unresilient, dazed by the ceaseless onslaught of the sea.

What am I to do? I thought. I can't handle this alone. Not Frank *and* the ship.

The blue light still gleamed, wraith-like, ranging from astern to ahead on the port hand as the ship plunged aimlessly. The light was blue only because of the water-laden atmosphere. I was sure it was an outlying shore light. A lighthouse light. And to this vague agency I intended to appeal. Breaking from his grasp, I sprang down the companion, seized the rocket tin from behind the ladder and was back in the wheelhouse, not daring to leave him alone.

"Something wrong?" I could hear my voice climbing. "I should say so. It's blowing one hell of a gale."

He shook his head. "Please tell me . . . what is it?" He moved forward to the wheel, leaned on it, then abruptly said, "See those yachts?"

Wave crests were breaking white as they sped past the wheelhouse window. He caught my arm. "Tell me. *What is it?* What's wrong? I can't remember . . . only darkness . . . and the rain in my face."

Shocked beyond belief or comprehension, torn by an overwhelming pity, sick with fear, I did not know what to do. I listened to my mind, accusing, "You left him too long, you left him too long," reminding, "The header tank needs filling, the header tank needs filling."

"The header tank," I said aloud, "needs filling. I must go and fill the header tank. Do you understand? The header tank . . . I won't be long."

Under the shadow of horror I pumped up the header tank. There was enough oil in the glass gauge to last awhile, so I left that and hurried back to the wheelhouse. Frank was crouching in a corner, and I gave him a cigarette, wanting an excuse to see his face by the light of a match. I had to know.

Reliance battled on alone, sluggishly. The pale light danced ahead.

The match flared. I held it to the end of his cigarette and raised my eyes to his face. And dropped the match. Frank had driven himself beyond the breaking point. There was piteous blank unreason in his eyes.

I stood at the wheel, oblivious of the sea thunder, automatically easing the ship into the tumult, watching the lights go on below, one by one, throwing yellow pools on the dark deck as they shone up through the round decklights. It had been extraordinarily difficult to persuade Frank below. How long a breakdown of this nature might last I had no idea, but I knew there would be no cure without rest and sleep. I dared not beg or entreat; the suggestion that he should turn in had to be made as though it was the most natural thing in the world. Only his world was not

and heavier. But I dared not go down to see where the water had risen to, nor yet go on deck to pump her out.

Suddenly he caught me off my guard as I was racking my brain for some solution to this dreadful problem, and was out of the wheelhouse door, shouting he was going ashore and I could not stop him. I was after him, terror stricken, and had him by a bulldog grip on the arm. But he would not come back, and it was no place to fight out there. I thought if he saw what it was like, felt the force of it, perhaps the truth might penetrate to his tired, blind brain. We made our way, step by step, up the heaving, pitching deck, with spray stinging our faces, wind tearing our hair, clutching our clothes, water swirling about our feet—nothing of which he seemed to realize. Right to the stemhead we went. It had moderated, of course, or we should never have got there. We stood, I holding fast to his arm, he shouting to imaginary boatmen to take him ashore.

I wondered what they might reply, but they would not, could not, hear. I suggested he should go below and wait for daylight when it would surely be easier to get a lift ashore. And hoped that in his other world it was also night.

Unexpectedly he acquiesced. He allowed himself to be led to the main companion. I halted there and stood back to let him go down first, fearing that otherwise he might make some unpredictable and unpreventable move and go over the side. But I, O God, had become a foe of incalculable designs. He hesitated, laughed, and with indescribably heartbreaking bravado led the way down into the saloon.

Getting help was uppermost in my mind. I did not follow but went into the galley, snatched up the towels and tea towels there, the bottle of meths and returned to deck. In my pocket was the box of waterproof matches. They were not proof against anything but lighting. I threw them overboard and dived into the galley for a box of ordinary matches. I returned to find the towels washed away. Of course, they would be. What was I thinking of? Down again for more material. This time through the wheelhouse, along the alleyway, into the stateroom, hastily gathering the first materials to hand: woolen sweaters, pajamas, anything. Then back on deck, pouring meths over the articles

He watched narrowly as I opened the tin. They were flares, and I wondered why I had always been under the impression they were rockets. Then before I could stop him he had seized the lot and was making for the door. Terrified lest he should get on deck, I grabbed him by the coat and we fought, horribly. He got the door open, threw the flares out, over the side, where they were whisked away by the screeming wind. With a supreme effort I thrust him aside and slammed the door. He threw himself upon the wheel, opened the throttle wide, and in a paroxysm of frenzy pulled the wheel first one way and then the other.

Something had to be done. With the vain hope that a counter-shock might restore his senses, I screamed at the top of my voice, simulating hysterics. And I thought at first it had succeeded, for he quieted and slowly throttled down, said, "Ann, Ann, this isn't like you."

At this point the engine stopped.

"My God, you've stopped it." The words were out, in a whisper, my hysterical act forgotten. He had turned the throttle wheel too far.

He said in a perfectly normal voice, "I'll tell you something." I turned to him hopefully. "We are not at sea at all. We're in harbor. Tied up along a quay."

Anguished, I could only stare helplessly. Then the whole ghastly nightmare started up again: shoutings, ravings, preposterous accusations against which I had no defense; for there is no reasoning with hallucination. Frenzied emotions that I could not pacify, having become an enemy. Pitiable struggles, for he was bent on "going ashore." Between the struggles with me, he held his head in his hands and said, "What a horrible dream."

It went on for hours. A lifetime. I dared not leave him, and so I could not get stuff to make flares. Nor could I signal with the navigation lights, for the switch was in the engine room. I thought of signaling with the stern light, the wheelhouse and the deck-lights; but he was leaning against the switch panel and any move I made, anything I said, was suspect and enough to drive him into terrible furies.

All the time the ship rose and fell, rose and fell, growing heavier

no closer. There she rolled and wallowed horribly but did not take such a pounding. I lashed the wheel and went on deck to the hand pump.

Frank appeared through the main hatch. Uncertainly I went to meet him, not knowing what there would be to contend with. He looked inexpressibly haggard. We smiled at each other and I said, "Hullo, are you you—or two other people?"

He seemed somewhat surprised and said, "Why, me, of course."

He stood holding on to the shrouds, gazing round as if he had just come aboard and was looking things over for the first time.

Blue hills of land were visible now, a few miles to leeward. How far, it would be difficult for me to say; but in our thoroughly helpless state, the coast looked a lot too near. There was a lighthouse to seaward of us. It was the Eddystone, and we were off Plymouth; but I did not register that at the time, being wholly concerned with Frank.

Watching him closely, I could see the dazed expression fading from his face as he came to himself; but he stemmed the rising flood of my relief by asking how I had managed to anchor on my own.

At once every nerve was strung out to breaking point.

"Anchor?" I cried. "Look about you, man—"

It was just enough to bring him right back to normal.

"What has been going on I don't know," he said. "You can tell me later . . . but I can see what will happen if something is not done about it."

There was no uncertainty about him now. The situation was his and he was in control of it and himself as though last night had never been.

What happened after that I do not know, for I blacked out completely. It was the reaction, I suppose, the shock of relief at Frank's amazing recovery. It was no longer necessary for me to keep my wits about me; therefore I could not, and the exhaustion that had been simply shelved during the night overwhelmed me. Frank said afterward that I went below under my own power, but I have no recollection of doing so. I remember standing on deck, looking at Frank, saying he's back, he's back, and then the next

wholesale. A boarding sea swept them out of my hand, carried them away and me into the scuppers. I picked myself up and clung to the mizzen shrouds to get my breath back and wondered whether I would ever do anything right.

Think, I ordered myself, think. Use your wits.

I knew one should use kerosene for flares, but there was no time to fiddle about filtering it. Frank might appear on deck any moment, and the kerosene was too mixed with water to be much use without filtering. Petrol! That was it. But the petrol can was below . . . oddly enough, in the bathroom. It would be wise, first, to find out what Frank was doing. Cautiously I opened the main hatch doors. He was leaning against the steps, absolutely out. In his state of exhaustion, he was likely to remain so for some time. Quietly closing the doors, I went below via the wheelhouse for the petrol can and more material.

With a petrol-soaked flare bundle tide to the lee mizzen shrouds, I was crouching to light a match, when the next thing I knew, I was being flung into the bulwarks by a welter of water, and the bundle was gone. Defeated, I crawled into the wheelhouse and there I realized that I could signal with the lights.

Snapping the switches off and on, flashing an S.O.S., I appealed to an empty world. The light shone palely back at me, seen and unseeing. Slowly realization came: there would be no help. There *is* no help, save what comes from within; and searching there, I found none. All I knew was that somewhere on our lee was land, and there was danger of drifting onto it.

At least I could prepare for that eventuality. I unlashed the Carley float from the side of the wheelhouse, moved it over to the side and leaned it there, propped against the bulwarks with the painter fast to the mizzen shrouds. I put the paddles into the wheelhouse together with the life-jacket and postponed facing the problem of how to get us both into the float if and when the need arose.

By this time it was dawn. The wind had abated considerably, but *Reliance* was drifting stern on to the seas. They rose high, broke and crashed on her counter with the repetitive force of a steam hammer. I did not see that she could stand much of that and brought her round so that she was broadside; she would go

Adventure in Arabia

THE spectacular achievements of Thomas Edward Lawrence, a young graduate of Oxford University, were unknown when World War One ended. Yet it was he who quietly brought the disrupted nomadic tribes of Holy and Forbidden Arabia into a well-organized campaign against their Turkish oppressors. This was an extremely difficult task and one that sultans, statesmen and caliphs had been trying hopelessly to accomplish over the centuries.

Here are the achievements of this mystery man: He placed himself as head of the Bedouin army of the shereef of Mecca, who was later proclaimed king of the Hedjaz. He brought together the wandering tribes of the Arabian desert, returned the sacred places of Islam to the descendants of the Prophet and expelled the Turks from Arabia once and for all time. Allenby liberated Palestine, the Holy Land of the Jews and Christians. Lawrence freed Arabia, the Holy Land of millions of Mohammedans.

I first heard of Lawrence while I was traveling from Italy to Egypt. I was told that an unknown Englishman was said to be in charge of an army of wild Bedouins—and was roaming somewhere in the vast, trackless deserts of Omar and Abu-Bekr; I heard fantastic stories of his exploits. This youth who stood only five-foot-three was then virtual ruler of the Holy Land of the Mohammedans, leader of many thousands of Bedouins and terror of the Turks.

Thomas was born in 1888 at Tremadoc, Carnarvonshire, North Wales. County Galway, on Ireland's west coast, was the original home of the Lawrences. This may partly account for his great powers of physical endurance, for the inhabitants of Galway are some of the hardiest of a strong race. In his veins there also flowed Scotch, Welsh, English and Spanish blood. Among his ancestors was Sir Robert Lawrence, who went to the Holy Land with Richard the Lion-Hearted and distinguished himself at the siege of Acre, just as young T. E. Lawrence went with Allenby to the Holy Land and distinguished himself in its deliverance.

thing I knew I was waking, alert and panic stricken, lying on the bunk.

I had no idea of how long I had been there, and terrified at what might have happened meantime, I leapt off the bunk and was swinging up the engine-room companion when I heard a strange voice hailing the ship and Frank's footsteps on deck. Peeping through a port in the coaming, I saw a small fishing boat making toward us. The sea (heavens, how long had I been out?) had moderated considerably; it was calm compared with what we had become used to. Frank was standing by the bulwarks, hands on hips, a stance of incredible ease and confidence.

A fisherman shouted, "Want any help?"

Frank shouted back with a cheer in his voice that warmed me through to hear, "No, thanks. Just drying out after a bit of a pasting last night."

and swarmed upon the round head of Tell Arar to look over their plain, whose rimmed flatness the early sun speciously relieved by yet throwing more shadow than light. Our soldiers could see Deraa, Mezerib and Ghazale, the three key-stations, with their naked eyes.

I was seeing farther than this: northward to Damascus, the Turkish base, their only link with Constantinople and Germany, now cut off; southward to Amman and Maan and Medina, all cut off; westward to Liman von Sandars isolated in Nazareth; to Nablus; to the Jordan Valley. To-day was September the seventeenth, the promised day, forty-eight hours before Allenby would throw forward his full power. In forty-eight hours the Turks might decide to change their dispositions to meet our new danger, but they could not change them before Allenby struck.

Bartholomew had said, "Tell me if he will be in his Auja line the day before we start, and I will tell you whether we will win."

Well, he was; so we would win. The question was by how much.

I wanted the whole line destroyed in a moment, but things seemed to have stopped. The army had done its share. Nuri Said was posting machine-guns about the Arar mound to keep back any sortie from Deraa. But why was there no demolition going on? I rushed down, to find Peake's Egyptians making breakfast. It was like Drake's game of bowls, and I fell dumb with admiration.

However, in an hour they were mustered for their rhythmic demolition by numbers; and already the French gunners, who also carried guncotton, had descended with intention upon the near bridge. They were not very good, but at the second try did it some hurt.

From the head of Tell Arar, before the mirage had begun to dance, we examined Deraa carefully through my strong glass, wanting to see what the Turks had in store for us this day. The first discovery was disturbing. Their aerodrome was alive with gangs pulling machine after machine into the open. I could count eight or nine lined up. Otherwise, things were as we expected. Some few infantry were doubling out into the defence-position, and their guns were being fired towards us; but we were four miles off. Locomotives were getting up steam but the trains were unarmoured. Behind us, towards Damascus, the country lay still

FROM:

"REVOLT IN THE DESERT"

by T. E. Lawrence

DULY, before dawn, we drove upon the track of Stirling's cars, eager to be with them before their fight. Unfortunately the going was not helpful. At first we had a bad descent and then difficult flats of jagged dolerite, across which we crawled painfully. Later we ran over ploughed slopes. The soil was heavy for the cars, for with summer drought this red earth cracked a yard deep and two or three inches wide. The five-ton armoured cars were reduced to first speed and nearly stuck.

We overtook the Arab army about eight in the morning on the rest of the slope to the railway as it was deploying to attack the little bridge-guarding redoubt between us and the mound of Tell Arar, whose head overlooked the countryside to Deraa.

Rualla horsemen, led by Trad, dashed down the long slope and over the liquorice-grown bed of the watercourse to the line. Young bounced after them in his Ford. From the ridge we thought the railway taken without a shot, but while we gazed, suddenly, from the neglected Turkish post, came a vicious spitting fire; and our braves, who had been standing in splendid attitudes on the coveted line, wondering privately what on earth to do next, disappeared.

Nuri Said moved down Pisani's guns and fired a few shots. Then the Rualla and troops rushed the redoubt easily, with only one killed. So the southern ten miles of the Damascus line was freely ours by nine in the morning. It was the only railway to Palestine and Hejaz and I could hardly realize our fortune, hardly believe that our word to Allenby was fulfilled so simply and so soon.

The Arabs streamed down from the ridge in rivers of men

only hope of safety, as the plain had not overhead cover for a rabbit; and our hearts misgave us when we saw what thousands of men we had, dotted out below. It was strange to stand on the hill-top, looking at these two rolling square miles, liberally spread with men and animals and bursting out irregularly with lazy silent bulbs of smoke where bombs dropped (seemingly quite apart from their thunder) or with sprays of dust where machine-gun groups lashed down.

Things looked and sounded hot, but the Egyptians went on working as methodically as they had eaten. Four parties dug in tulips, while Peake and one of his officers lit each series as it was laid. The two slabs of guncotton in a tulip-charge were not enough to make a showy explosion, and the aeroplanes seemed not to see what was going on; at least, they did not wash them particularly with bombs. And as the demolition proceeded, the party drew gradually out of the danger area into the quiet landscape to the north. We traced their progress by the degradation of the telegraph. In virgin parts its poles stood trimly, drilled by the taut wire; but behind Peake they leaned and tottered anyhow or fell.

Nuri Said, Joyce and myself met in council and pondered how to get at the Yarmuk section of the Palestine line to top off our cutting of the Damascus and Hejaz Railways. In view of the reported opposition there, we must take nearly all our men, which seemed hardly wise under such constant air observation. For one thing, the bombs might hurt us badly on the march across the open plain; and, for another, Peake's demolition party would be at the mercy of Deraa if the Turks plucked up the courage to sally. For the moment they were fearful, but time might make them brave.

While we hesitated, things were marvellously solved. Junor, the pilot of the B.E. 12 machine, now alone at Azrak, had heard from the disabled Murphy of the enemy machines about Deraa, and in his own mind decided to take the Bristol Fighter's place and carry out the air programme. So when things were at their thickest with us he suddenly sailed into the circus.

We watched with mixed feelings, for his hopelessly old-fashioned machine made him cold meat for any one of the enemy scouts or

as a map. From Mezerib on our right there was no movement. We held the initiative.

Our hope was to fire six hundred charges, tulip fashion, putting out of commission six kilometres of rail. Tulips had been invented by Peake and myself for this occasion. Thirty ounces of gun-cotton were planted beneath the centre of the central sleeper of each ten-metre section of the track. The sleepers were steel, and their box-shape left an air-chamber, which the gas expansion filled, to blow the middle of the sleeper upward. If the charge were properly laid, the metal would not snap, but would hump itself, bud-like, two feet in the air. The lift of it would pull the rails three inches up; the drag of it would pull them six inches together; and, as the chairs gripped the bottom flanges, would warp them inward seriously. The triple distortion would put them beyond repair. Three or five sleepers would be likewise ruined and a trench driven across the earthwork, all this with one charge, fired by a fuse so short that the first, blowing off while the third was being lighted, cast its debris safely overhead.

Six hundred such charges would take the Turks a fair week to mend. This would be a generous reading of Allenby's "three men and a boy with pistols." I turned to go back to the troops, and at that moment two things happened. Peake fired his first charge, like a poplar-tree of black smoke, with a low following report; and the first Turkish machine got up and came for us. Nuri Said and I fitted admirably under an outcrop of rock fissured into deep natural trenches on the hill's southern face. There we waited coolly for the bomb; but it was only a reconnaissance machine, a Pfalz, which studied us, and returned to Deraa with its news.

Bad news it must have been, for three two-seaters and four scouts and an old yellow-bellied Albatross got up in quick succession and circled over us, dropping bombs or diving at us with machine-gun fire. Nuri put his Hotchkiss gunners in the rock cracks and rattled back at them. Pisani cocked up his four mountain guns and let fly some optimistic shrapnel. This disturbed the enemy, who circled off, and came back much higher. Their aim became uncertain.

We scattered out the troops and camels, while the irregulars scattered themselves. To open into the thinnest target was our

Five minutes later Junor was asking for another job. Joyce gave him a Ford for himself, and he ran boldly down the line till near Deraa and blew a gap in the rails there before the Turks saw him. They found such zeal excessive and opened on him with their guns; but he rattled away again in his Ford, unhurt for the third time.

My bodyguard waited in two long lines on the hillside. Joyce was staying at Tell Arar as covering force with a hundred of Nuri Said's men, the Rualla, the Ghurkas and the cars; while we slipped across to break the Palestine Railway. My party would look like Bedouins; so I determined to move openly to Mezerib by the quickest course, for we were very late. Unfortunately we drew enemy attention. An aeroplane crawled over us, dropping bombs: one, two, three, misses; the fourth into our midst. Two of my men went down. Their camels, in bleeding masses, struggled on the ground. The men had not a scratch and leaped up behind two of their friends.

We opened out and rode greatly, knowing the ground by heart, checking only to tell the young peasants we met that the work was now at Mezerib. The field paths were full of these fellows, pouring out afoot from every village to help us. They were very willing, but our eyes had rested so long on the brown leanness of desert men that these gay village lads with their flushed faces, clustering hair and plump pale arms and legs seemed like girls. They had kilted up their gowns above the knee for fast work; and the more active raced beside us through the fields, chaffing back my veterans.

As we reached Mezerib, Durzi ibn Dughmi met us with news that Nuri Said's soldiers were only two miles back. We watered our camels and drank deeply ourselves; for it had been a long, hot day and was not ended. Then, from behind the old fort, we looked over the lake and saw movement in the French railway station.

Some of the white-legged fellows told us that the Turks held it in force. However, the approaches were too tempting. Abdulla led our charge; for my days of adventure were ended, with the sluggard excuse that my skin must be kept for a justifying emergency. Otherwise, I wanted to enter Damascus. This job was too easy.

two-seaters; but at first he astonished them as he rattled in with his two guns. They scattered for a careful look at this unexpected opponent. He flew westward across the line; and they went after in pursuit, with that amiable weakness of aircraft for a hostile machine, however important the ground target.

We were left in perfect peace. Nuri caught at the lull to collect three hundred and fifty regulars with two of Pisani's guns and hurried them over the saddle behind Tell Arar on the first stage of their march to Mezerib. If the aeroplanes gave us a half-hour's law they would probably notice neither the lessened numbers by the mound nor the scattered groups making along every slope and hollow across the stubble westward. This cultivated land had a quilt-work appearance from the air; also the ground was tall with maize stalks, and thistles grew saddle-high about it in great fields.

We sent the peasantry after the soldiers, and half an hour later I was calling up my bodyguard that we might get to Mezerib before the others, when again we heard the drone of engines; and, to our astonishment, Junor reappeared, still alive, though attended on three sides by enemy machines and spitting bullets. He was twisting and slipping splendidly, firing back. Their very numbers hindered them, but of course the affair could have only one ending.

In the faint hope that he might get down intact, we rushed towards the railway, where there was a strip of ground not too boulder-strewn. Every one helped to clear it at speed, while Junor was being driven lower. He threw us a message to say his petrol was finished. We worked feverishly for five minutes and then put out a landing signal. He dived at it, but as he did so the wind flawed and blew across at a sharp angle. The cleared strip was too little in any case. He took ground beautifully, but the wind puffed across once more. His undercarriage went and the plane turned over in the rough.

We rushed up to rescue, but Junor was out with no more hurt than a cut on the chin. He took off his Lewis gun and the Vickers and the drums of tracer ammunition for them. We threw everything into Young's Ford and fled as one of the Turkish two-seaters dived viciously and dropped a bomb by the wreck.

the indignation. The Turks' hopeless lack of initiative made their army a "directed" one, so that by destroying the telegraphs we went far towards turning them into a leaderless mob. After the telegraph we blew in the points and planted tulips; not very many, but enough to annoy. While we worked a light engine came down the line from Deraa on patrol. The bank and dust clouds of our tulips perturbed it. It withdrew discreetly. Later an aeroplane visited us.

Among the captured rolling-stock, on platform trucks, were two lorries crammed with delicacies for some German canteen. The Arabs, distrusting tins and bottles, had spoiled nearly everything; but we got some soups and meat, and later Nuri Said gave us bottled asparagus. He had found an Arab prizing open the case and had cried "pigs' bones" at him in horror when the contents came to light. The peasant spat and dropped it, and Nuri quickly stuffed all he could into his saddle-bags.

The lorries had huge petrol tanks. Beyond them were some trucks of firewood. We set the whole afire at sunset, when the plundering was finished, and the troops and tribesmen had fallen back to the soft grass by the outlet from the lake.

The splendid blaze spreading along the line of wagons illuminated our evening meal. The wood burned with a solid glare; and the fiery tongues and bursts of the petrol went towering up, higher than the water-tanks. We let the men make bread and sup and rest before a night attempt on the Shehab bridge, which lay three miles to the westward. We had meant to attack at dark, but the wish for food stopped us; and then we had swarms of visitors, for our beacon-light advertised us over half Hauran.

Visitors were our eyes and had to be welcomed. My business was to see every one with news and let him talk himself out to me, afterwards arranging and combining the truth of these points into a complete picture in my mind. Complete, because it gave me certainty of judgment; but it was not conscious nor logical, for my informants were so many that they informed me to distraction, and my single mind bent under all its claim.

Men came pouring down from the north on horse, on camel, and on foot, hundreds and hundreds of them in a terrible grandeur of enthusiasm, thinking this was the final occupation of the

Abdulla found grain, also flour and some little booty of weapons, horses, ornaments. These excited my hangers-on. New adherents came running across the grass like flies to honey. Tallal arrived at his constant gallop. We passed the stream and walked together up the far bank knee-deep in weeds till we saw the Turkish station three hundred yards in front. We might capture this before attacking the great bridge below Tell el Shehab. Tallal advanced carelessly. Turks showed themselves to right and left.

"It's all right," said he, "I know the stationmaster." But when we were two hundred yards away, twenty rifles fired a shocking volley at us. We dropped unhurt into the weeds (nearly all of them thistles) and crawled gingerly back, Tallal swearing.

My men heard him, or the shots, and came streaming up from the river; but we returned them, fearing a machine-gun in the station buildings. Nuri Said was due. He arrived with Nasir, and we considered the business. Nuri pointed out that delay at Mezerib might lose us the bridge, a greater objective. I agreed but thought this bird in hand might suffice, since Peake's main line demolition would stand for a week, and the week's end bring a new situation.

So Pisani unfolded his willing guns and smashed in a few rounds of point-blank high explosive. Under their cover, with our twenty machine-guns making a roof overhead, Nuri walked forward, gloved and sworded, to receive the surrender of the forty soldiers left alive.

Upon this most rich station hundreds of Haurani peasants hurled themselves in frenzy, plundering. Men, women and children fought like dogs over every object. Doors and windows, door-frames and window-frames, even steps of the stairs, were carried off. One hopeful blew in the safe and found postage stamps inside. Others smashed open the long range of wagons in the siding, to find all manner of goods. Tons were carried off. Yet more were strewn in wreckage on the ground.

Young and I cut the telegraph, here an important network of trunk and local lines, indeed the Palestine army's main link with their homeland. It was pleasant to imagine Liman von Sandars' fresh curse, in Nazareth, as each severed wire tanged back from the clippers. We did them slowly, with ceremony, to draw out

might work themselves up to the height of it and ensure their mounting quietly, without the disaster of a roaring camel. They played up. In a long, double line our force crept down a winding path beside an irrigation ditch on the crest of the dividing ridge. If there was treachery before us, this bare road would be a death-trap, without issue to right or left, narrow, tortuous, and slippery with the ditch-water. So Nasir and I went first with our men, their trained ears attentive to every sound, their eyes keeping constant guard. In front of us was the waterfall, whose burdening roar had given its character to that unforgettable night with Ali ibn el Hussein when we had attempted this bridge from the other wall of the ravine. Only to-night we were nearer, so that the noise flooded up oppressively and filled our ears.

We crept very slowly and carefully now, soundless on our bare feet, while behind us the heavier soldiery snaked along, holding their breath. They also were soundless, for camels moved always stilly at night, and we had packed the equipment not to tap, the saddles not to creak. Their quietness made the dark darker and deepened the menace of those whispering valleys on either side. Waves of dank air from the river met us, chilly in our faces; and then Rahail came down swiftly from the left and caught my arm, pointing to a slow column of white smoke rising from the valley.

We ran to the edge of the descent and peered over; but the depth was grey with mist risen off the water, and we saw only dimness and this pale vapour spiring from the level fog bank. Somewhere down there was the railway; and we stopped the march, afraid lest this be the suspected trap. Three of us went foot by foot down the slippery hill-side till we could hear voices. Then suddenly the smoke broke and shifted, with the panting of an opened throttle, and afterwards the squealing of brakes as an engine came again to a standstill. There must be a long train waiting beneath. Reassured, we marched again to the very spur below the village.

We extended in line across its neck and waited five minutes; ten minutes. They passed slowly. The murk night before moonrise was hushing in its solidity and would have compelled patience on our restless fellows without the added warnings of the dogs and the intermittent ringing challenge of sentries about the

country and that Nasir would seal his victory by taking Deraa in the night. Even the magistrates of Deraa came to open us their town. By acceding we should hold the water supply of the railway station, which must inevitably yield; yet later, if the ruin of the Turkish army came but slowly, we might be forced out again and lose the plainsmen between Deraa and Damascus, in whose hands our final victory lay. A nice calculation, if hardly a fresh one, but on the whole the arguments were still against taking Deraa. Again we had to put off our friends with excuses within their comprehension.

Slow work; and when at last we were ready, a new visitor appeared, the boy-chief of Tell el Shehab. His village was the key to the bridge. He described the position, the large guard, how it was placed. Obviously the problem was harder than we had believed, if his tale was true. We doubted it, for his just-dead father had been hostile, and the son sounded too suddenly devoted to our cause. However, he finished by suggesting that he return after an hour with the officer commanding the garrison, a friend of his. We sent him off to bring his Turk, telling our waiting men to lie down for another brief rest.

Soon the boy was back with a captain, an Armenian, anxious to harm his government in any way he could. Also, he was very nervous. We had hard work to assure him of our enlightenment. His subalterns, he said, were loyal Turks, and some of the non-commissioned officers. He proposed we move close to the village and lie there secretly, while three or four of our lustiest men hid in his room. He would call his subordinates one by one to see him; and, as each entered, our ambush might pinion him.

This sounded in the proper descent from books of adventure, and we agreed enthusiastically. It was nine at night. At eleven precisely we would line up round the village and wait for the sheikh to show our strong men to the commandant's house. The two conspirators departed, content, while we woke up our army, asleep with the sleep of exhaustion beside their loaded camels. It was pitch-dark.

My bodyguard prepared bridge-cutting charges of gelatine. I filled my pockets with detonators. Nasir sent men to each section of the Camel Corps to tell them of the coming adventure that they

men would have turned out in ludicrous hurry and shot hard into the bare, misty hill-side silent at their feet. The identical notion came independently to Nasir, Nuri Said and myself. We blurted it out together, and each promptly felt ashamed that the others had been as childish. By mutual cautions we managed to keep our respectability.

Before dawn Pisani's other guns and the rest of Nuri Said's troops arrived from Tell Arar. We had written to Joyce that on the morrow we would return southward, by Nisib, to complete the circle of Deraa. I suggested that he move straight back to Umtaiye and there wait for us; for it, with its abundant water, splendid pasture and equidistance from Deraa and Jebel Druse and the Rualla Desert, seemed an ideal place in which we might rally and wait news of Allenby's fortune. By holding Umtaiye, we as good as cut off the Turkish fourth army of beyond Jordan (our special bird) from Damascus and were in place quickly to renew our main-line demolitions whenever the enemy had nearly set them right.

Reluctantly we pulled ourselves together for another day of effort, called up the army and moved in a huge straggle through Mezerib station. Our fires had burned out and the place stood dishevelled. Young and myself leisurely laid tulips, while the troops melted into broken ground towards Remthe to be out of sight of both Deraa and Shehab. Turkish aeroplanes were humming overhead, looking for us; so we sent our peasants back through Mezerib for their villages. Consequently, the airmen reported that we were very numerous, possibly eight or nine thousand strong, and that our centrifugal movements seemed to be directed towards every direction at once.

To increase their wonderment, the French gunners' long-fused charge blew up the water-tower at Mezerib loudly, hours after we had passed. The Germans were marching out of Shehab for Deraa, at the moment, and the inexplicable shock sent these humourless ones back there on guard till late afternoon.

Meanwhile we were far away, plodding steadily towards Nisib, whose hill-top we reached about four in the afternoon. We gave the mounted infantry a short rest, while we moved our gunners

bridge. At length we let the men slip quietly from their camels to the ground and sat wondering at the delay and the Turk's watchfulness and the meaning of that silent train standing below us in the valley. Our woolen cloaks got stiff and heavy with the mist, and we shivered.

After a long while, a lighter speck came through the dark. It was the boy sheikh, holding his brown cloak open to show us his white shirt like a flag. He whispered that his plan had failed. A train (this one in the ravine) had just arrived with a German colonel and the German and Turk reserves from Afuleh, sent up by Liman von Sandars to rescue panic-stricken Deraa.

They had put the little Armenian under arrest for being absent from his post. There were machine guns galore, and sentries patrolling the approaches with ceaseless energy. In fact, there was a strong picket on the path not a hundred yards from where we sat. The oddity of our joint state made me laugh, though quietly.

Nuri Said offered to take the place by main force. We had bombs enough and pistol flares; numbers and preparedness would be on our side. It was a fair chance but I was at the game of reckoning the value of the objective in terms of life and, as usual, finding it too dear. Of course, most things done in war were too dear; and we should have followed good example by going in and going through with it. But I was secretly and disclaimedly proud of the planning of our campaigns, so I told Nuri that I voted against it. We had to-day twice cut the Damascus-Palestine railway; and the bringing here of the Afuleh garrison was a third benefit to Allenby. Our bond had been most heavily honoured.

After a moment's thought, Nuri agreed. We said goodnight to the lad who had honestly tried to do so much for us. We passed down the lines, whispering to each man to lead back in silence. Then we sat in a group with our rifles (mine Enver's gold inscribed Lee-Enfield trophy from the Dardanelles, given by him to Feisal years ago), waiting till our men should be beyond the danger zone.

Oddly enough, this was the hardest moment of the night. Now that the work was over we could scarcely resist the temptation to rouse the spoil-sport Germans out. It would have been so easy to have cracked off a Very light into their bivouac; and the solemn

down the angle of the ridges, its soft rays modelling them and their least contour in a delicate complexity of planes. Then the sun sank another second, and the surface became shadow, out of which for a moment there rose, starkly, the innumerable flints strewing it, each western (reflecting) facet tipped like a black diamond with flame.

The redoubt was indeed abandoned, so we dismounted and signalled Nuri to cease fire. In the silence we crept discreetly through the bridge-arches and found them also evacuated

Hurriedly we piled guncotton against the piers, which were about five feet thick and twenty-five feet high, a good bridge, my seventy-ninth, and strategically most critical, since we were going to live opposite it at Umtaiye until Allenby came forward and relieved us. Hence, I had determined to leave not a stone of it in place.

Nuri, meanwhile, was hurrying the infantry, gunners and machine gunners down in the thickening night towards the line with orders to get a mile beyond into the desert, form up into column and wait.

Yet the passing of so many camels over the track must take tediously long. We sat and chafed under the bridge, matches in hand, to light at once (despite the troops) if there was an alarm. Fortunately everything went well, and after an hour Nuri gave me my signal. Half a minute later (my preference for six-inch fuses!), just as I tumbled into the Turkish redoubt, the eight hundred pounds of stuff exploded in one burst; and the black air became sibilant with flying stones. The explosion was numbing from my twenty yards and must have been heard halfway to Damascus.

Nuri, in great distress, sought me out. He had given the "all clear" signal before learning that one company of mounted infantry was missing. Fortunately my guards were aching for service. Talal el Hareidhin took them with him up the hills, while Nuri and I stood by the yawning pit, which had been the bridge, and flashed an electric torch to give them a fixed point for their return.

Mahmud came back in half an hour triumphantly leading the lost unit. We fired shots to recall the other searchers and then

and machine-guns to the crest of the first ridge, from which the ground fell away hollowly to the railway station.

We posted the guns there in shelter and asked them to open deliberately upon the station buildings at two thousand yards. Pisani's sections worked in emulation so that, before long, ragged holes appeared in the roofs and sheds. At the same time we pushed our machine gunners forward on the left to fire long bursts against the trenches, which returned a hot obstinate fire. However, our troops had natural shelter and the advantage of the afternoon sun behind their backs. So we suffered no hurt. Nor did the enemy. Of course, all this was just a game, and the capture of the station not in our plan. Our real objective was the great bridge north of the village. The ridge below our feet curved out in a long horn to this work, serving as one bank of the valley which it was built to span. The village stood on the other bank. The Turks held the bridge by means of a small redoubt and maintained touch with it by riflemen posted in the village under cover of its walls.

We turned two of Pisani's guns and six machine guns on the small but deeply-dug bridge post, hoping to force its defenders out. Five machine guns directed their fire on the village. In fifteen minutes its elders were out with us, very much perturbed. Nuri put, as the condition of cease-fire, their instant ejectment of the Turks from the houses. They promised. So station and bridge were divided.

We redoubled against these. The firing from the four wings became violent, thanks to our twenty-five machine guns, the Turks also being plentifully supplied. At last we put all four of Pisani's guns against the redoubt and, after a few salvos, thought we saw its guard slipping from their battered trenches through the bridge into cover of the railway embankment.

This embankment was twenty feet high. If the bridge-guard chose to defend their bridge through its arches, they would be in a costly position. However, we reckoned that the attraction of their fellows in the station would draw them away. I told off the half of my bodyguard, carrying explosives, to move along the machine gun crest till within a stone's throw of the redoubt.

It was a noble evening, yellow, mild and indescribably peaceful; a foil to our incessant cannonade. The declining light shone

stronger wind; and they sent no word to the enemy, though next day they were bombed and shelled for such stubborn complicity with us.

We got back before dawn and stretched out to sleep, when there came a loud boom from the railway and a shell shattered beyond our sleeping host. The Turks had sent down an armoured train mounting a field gun. By myself, I would have chanced its aim, for my sleep had been just long enough to make me rage for more; but the army had slept six hours and was moving.

We hurried across horrible going. An aeroplane came over and circled round to help the gunners. Shells began to keep accurate pace with our line of march. We doubled our speed and broke into a ragged procession of very open order. The directing aeroplane faltered suddenly, swerved aside towards the line and seemed to land. The gun put in one more lucky shot, which killed two camels; but for the rest it lost accuracy, and after about fifty shots, we drew out of range. It began to punish Taiyibe.

Joyce, at Umtaiye, had been roused by the shooting and came out to welcome us. Behind his tall figure the ruins were crested by a motley band, samples from every village and tribe in the Hauran come to do homage and offer at least lip-service. To Nasir's tired disgust, I left these to him, while I went off with Joyce and Winterton, telling them of the landed aeroplane and suggesting that an armoured car beat it up at home. Just then two more enemy machines appeared and landed in about the same place.

However, breakfast, our first for some while, was getting ready. So we sat down and Joyce related how the men of Taiyibe had fired at him as he passed by, presumably to show their opinion of strangers who stirred up a hornet's nest of Turks and then hopped it!

Breakfast ended. We called for a volunteer car to investigate the enemy aerodrome. Everybody came forward with a silent goodwill and readiness which caught me by the throat. Finally Joyce chose two cars—one for Junor and one for me—and we drove for five miles to the valley in whose mouth the planes had seemed to land.

We silenced the cars and crept down its course. When about two thousand yards from the railway, it bent round into a flat

rode two or three miles into the open towards Umtaiye. The going became very broken over moraines of slipping dolerite, so we gladly called a halt and lay down in our ranks for an earned *sleep*.

However, it seemed that Nasir and I were to lose the habit of sleeping. Our noise at Nisib had proclaimed us as widely as the flames of Mezerib. Hardly were we still when visitors came streaming in from three sides to discuss the latest events. It was being rumoured that we are raiding and not occupying, that later we would run away, as had the British from Salt, leaving our local friends to pay the bills.

The night, for hour after hour, was broken by these newcomers challenging round our bivouacs, crying their way to us like lost souls, and, peasant-fashion, slobbering over our hands with protestations that we were their highest lords and they our deepest servants. Perhaps the reception of them fell short of our usual standard; but, in revenge, they were applying the torture of keeping us awake, uneasily awake. We had been at strain for three days and nights, thinking, ordering and executing; and now, on our road to rest, it was bitter to play away this fourth night also at the old lack-lustre, dubious game of making friends.

And their shaken *morale* impressed us worse and worse, till Nasir drew me aside and whispered that clearly there existed a focus of discontent in some centre near. I loosed out my peasant bodyguards to mix with the villagers and find the truth; and from their reports it seemed that the cause of distrust lay in the first settlement, at Taiyibe, which had been shaken by the return of Joyce's armoured cars yesterday, by some chance incidents and by a just fear that they were the spot most exposed in our retreat.

I called Aziz, and we rode straight to Taiyibe, over rough stretches of lava, trackless, and piled across with walls of broken stone. In the head-man's hut sat the conclave which infected our visitors. They were debating whom to send to implore mercy from the Turks, when we walked in unannounced. Our single coming abashed them, in its assumption of supreme security. We talked irrelevantly an hour of crops and farmyard prices and drank some coffee; then we rose to go. Behind us the babble broke out again, but now their inconstant spirits had veered to what seemed our

Adventure in Europe

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE—sometimes called the Little Corporal—lived from 1769 to 1821. He rose from days in military school . . . to the rank of second lieutenant in the La Fere regiment of artillery . . . to "general of the brigade" . . . to "commander of the Army of the Interior" . . . to Emperor of France, crowned at Paris on December 2, 1804. He managed, by military skill and shrewd diplomacy, to get most of Central Europe under his control. He extended France's boundaries, reorganized her government, established the Legion of Honor and negotiated the Concordat of 1801 with Pius VII, restoring the Catholic Church to something of its previous position.

To cite his deeds in brief words is impossible. Emil Ludwig has done so in his famous "Napoleon" in many thousands, in a historical account of this famous conqueror.

Our section from this book, "The Torrent," is perhaps one of the most concise and understanding explanations written of the driving spirit behind the actions of Napoleon Bonaparte. Here is the short, swarthy general at the very end of the Eighteenth Century, at a time when he has just forced the king of Sardinia to capitulate and come to truce terms. His soldiers and the world are just beginning to recognize the strength of this man.

meadow, by whose further side stood three machines. This was magnificent, and we leaped forward, only to meet a deep ditch with straight banks of cracking earth, quite impassable.

We raced frantically along it, by a diagonal route, till we were within twelve hundred yards. As we stopped, two of the aeroplanes started. We opened fire, searching the range by dust spurts; but already they had run their distance and were off, swaying and clattering up across the sky over our heads.

The third engine was sulky. Its pilot and observer savagely pulled the propeller round, while we ranged nearer. Finally, they leaped into the railway ditch as we put bullet after bullet into the fuselage till it danced under the rain. We fired fifteen hundred bullets at our target (they burned it in the afternoon) and then *turned home.*

Unfortunately, the two escaped machines had had time to go to Deraa, and return, feeling spiteful. One was not clever and dropped his four bombs from a height, missing us widely. The other swooped low, placing one bomb each time with the utmost care. We crept on defencelessly, slowly, among the stones, feeling like sardines in a doomed tin as the bombs fell closer. One sent a shower of small stuff through the driving slit of the car but only cut our knuckles. One tore off a front tyre and nearly lurched the car over.

Of all danger, give me the solitary sort. However, we reached Umtaiye well and reported success to Joyce. We had proved to the Turks that that aerodrome was not fit to use and Deraa lay equally open to car attack. Later, I lay in the shadow of a car and slept, all the Arabs in the desert and the Turkish aeroplanes which came and bombed us, having no effect upon my peace. In the clash of events men become feverishly tireless; but to-day we had finished our first round fortunately, and it was necessary that I rest to clear my mind about our next moves. As usual, when I lay down, I dropped asleep and slept till afternoon.

now forty-two, whom the new commander has taken over from his predecessor because Berthier has a good knowledge of the country. For two decades he is to be Bonaparte's slavishly devoted chief of general staff. Next to be mentioned comes Masséna, a man of ardent temperament, who had been a cabin boy and a vagrant and had served fourteen years under the Bourbons without rising to the rank of sergeant major; now, within a few weeks, he was to become a general. Augereau, too, a deserter from three armies, boaster, adventurer, and great thief. Such were the men drawn from the dregs of society out of whom their commander, the youngest of them all, was soon to make heroes and generalissimos, and subsequently princes and dukes.

In every dispatch, he recommends for promotion those, and only those, who have displayed courage. Thus, after three battles, a grenadier rises to the rank of colonel and will climb yet higher. On the other hand, many of the generals whom he has taken over with his command are dismissed with blunt censure: "Good enough for office work; knows nothing of war." His subordinates do not necessarily incur his displeasure because they are beaten: "The fortune of war, dear Masséna, changes from day to day. To-morrow, or later, we shall win back what you have just lost."

But a division which has done badly is paraded to hear a rating. He says that he will have a mocking inscription worked upon its colours. Then the soldiers cry to him from the ranks, "To-morrow we will lead the van." Next day, he has a thousand more enthusiasts among the troops. When they are victorious, in the orders of the day he calls them comrades and friends. Thus, does he lead the sons of the people.

For it is a people's army that he is leading; that is the second great factor of his success. This, too, he owes to the revolution. Indeed, the people's army is an expression of the revolution. The soldiers on the Austrian side must be used thriftily, for they cost a great deal; and it is not easy to replace them. They are drawn from a larger number of nationalities than the German emperor himself rules. Six different languages are spoken in the army, and there is no community of thought to hold it together. But the French are fighting as a united nation of thirty millions, and their

FROM:

"NAPOLEON"

by Emil Ludwig

WHY was he victorious? How can we explain that during the next few weeks he was able to deliver blow after blow? What is the solution of this riddle?

First of all, he owes his success to youth and health. A body that can endure interminable riding without fatigue, the power to sleep at any moment and to awake whenever he pleases; a stomach which can digest anything and makes no complaint at being put on short commons; eyes that see and arrange everything.

But it is to the revolution that he is indebted for the fact that at the age of twenty-seven, when his splendid powers are in their first vigour, he has risen to a leading place and can wield unrestricted dictatorship. Only, thanks to the new ideas of equality, in a world which prizes a man for what he does and not for his birth, can any one become a leader in the prime of youth and after so rough an apprenticeship.

Look at the men who are in the field against him. Archduke Charles, with his delicately shaped and decadent Habsburg nose, how can he, with his education, vie with the Corsican in indifference to hardships, rival Bonaparte in knowledge of men? How can Beaulieu, the Austrian commander, cope with the French general? The former is seventy-two; the latter, twenty-seven. General Colli suffers from gout and has to be carried throughout the campaign. Alvintzy is in the middle sixties. The king of Sardinia is an old man. What can the excellent General Wurmser, who is deaf and a slow, elderly gentleman, cautious in his movements, do against a commander who thinks nothing of changing his headquarters every day, who surrounds himself with young men, and who takes "Time is everything" for his motto?

The oldest man in Napoleon's circle is the faithful Berthier,

oppressor! The commander is well aware how much turns upon this. Will he be able to keep his famished army within bounds? Can he make his soldiers behave as well as though they were fresh from a well-provisioned garrison town?

"Looting is on the wane," he writes home. "The thirst of an army which lacked everything has been quenched. There is an excuse for the poor devils. They have spent three years in the marches of the Alps, and now I have led them into the Promised Land! A famished soldier perpetrates excesses which make one ashamed of being a man. . . . I intend to restore order, for I will not remain in command of a robber band. . . . To-morrow I am going to have several privates and a corporal shot for having looted the plate from a church. Discipline will be re-established within a day or two. Italy has been amazed at the valour of our soldiers and shall be amazed at their good behaviour. There have been terrible moments; things have happened which have made me shudder. Thank God, the retreating enemy behaved even worse!"

He puts his men on their honour. "Swear to me"—thus runs one of his early manifestoes—"to spare the peoples you are liberating; otherwise you will be the scourges of the people! Your victories, your courage, the blood of our fallen brothers, will be lost; honour and glory, too! I and my generals would blush at leading an undisciplined army!" Hard to carry out, despite his adjurations. Throughout the campaign, he is hampered by this problem of looting. Again and again he issues orders to his generals telling them they are to shoot any one who fails to hand over his plunder within twenty-four hours, even if the stolen goods be horses and mules.

There are revolts and counter-attacks. Priests and nobles, agents of the princes, incite a town to resist. He is pitiless in his shootings, ruthless in his reprisals, whenever, in the conquered territory, any one raises a hand against the new master. But this becomes increasingly rare, for in the towns he is skilful in enlisting the civic sense on the side of a new order which assumes imposing lineaments. He understands (and this is an additional factor of success) the Italian temperament; knows how to appeal to the sense of historic veneration: "Peoples of Italy, the army of France comes

army will be capable of perpetual regeneration for twenty years to come.

What is the French army fighting for? The new freedom of the republic, and to spread throughout the world the few and simple ideas which animate it! The French are fighting for the world revolution, and nothing short of that. But the army is not in pursuit of purely ideal aims. It has to defend liberty against the environing forces of legitimate monarchy, against the legitimists who are more concerned with self-defence than with the cause of the fallen Bourbons. The French cannot achieve their end by simply defending their own frontiers. They are surrounded by kings and emperors who wish to keep their peoples from any attempt to imitate the French revolution and are therefore trying to destroy the very focus of the new ideas. Thus, France is forced to assume the offensive as a means of self-defence. Those who in such a fashion become conquerors in spite of themselves are surely entitled to declare that their conquests are achieved in the name of liberty.

This brings us to the third factor of Napoleon's success. While the commander is engaged in the attempt to conquer Lombardy and then Italy for France, he issues a series of manifestoes to tell the inhabitants of the territories he is invading that he comes to free them from the Habsburgs and the Sardinians, from dukes and patrician senates. Will not all who have been discontented with the old order be roused to action by the torrential force of such appeals? Have not the oppressed masses long had it in mind to rid themselves of their rulers? Did not the ideas of the revolution cross the frontiers years ago, rousing, in many of the towns, students and burghers to revolt? Here in Italy were young people who longed for freedom, leaders who had been vainly clamouring for "Italia unità." The revolt, though still in chains, was rattling its chains outside the kings' palace doors. The malcontents were ready to welcome the invading army and to believe in its mission.

The commander, a man of Italian blood, bearing an Italian name and speaking Italian as his mother tongue, was not for them a French warrior. He was the herald of liberty and equality, and the two great words headed all his letters. How terrible would be the disillusionment should the invader prove, after all, a foreign

month or two, he will be urging them onward by reminding them that they are the victors of Arcola. "We have crossed the Po and have opened the second campaign," he writes to the Directors. All his reports to Paris are penned with consummate art. What he writes is the truth, but it is so skilfully adorned that it develops a life of its own as soon as the government communicates it to the press and when from France it makes its way into foreign lands.

With the pen, Bonaparte rounds off the victories he has won with the sword.

"I have received your peace treaty with Sardinia. The army has approved it."

The Directors quake as they read the words. The arrival of this dispatch cancels the joy they had felt at the coming of so many captured colours. When, before, had a general in the field dared to write in such a fashion to his government?

"For this letter, the young hero ought to be stood up before a firing squad," cry his opponents. But the fame of his victories, the glory of his conquest of Lombardy have already secured him so strong a position in the hearts of the people that no one dares attack him. Recently, when the governmental commissary, his fellow-Corsican Saliceti, came to his camp, Bonaparte ignored the official's authority and himself signed the truce with Sardinia. These negotiations were the first in which he proved his mettle as diplomatist. When the other side wanted to bargain, he took out his watch, named the hour at which he had decided to attack, and said they had better make up their minds quickly.

"I may lose battles," he said, "but no one will ever see me lose minutes either by over-confidence or by sloth." With this truce, he, for the first time, dispossessed a king. Without asking for instructions, he entered into negotiations with the dukes, with Tuscany. Was he not, before long, to do the same thing with the pope? What was the best way of dealing with this dangerous conqueror?

"We will send him a partner," thought the Directors with a smile. "Let him share the supreme command with Kellermann, while Saliceti decides upon political issues." Orders to this effect reached him at Lodi, on the day of battle.

That was the first real battle he had won. A colossal bluff and a

to break your chains. It is a friend to all the peoples. Have confidence! Your property, your customs, your religion shall be respected." He goes on to speak to them of Athens, Sparta, classical Rome.

History inspires him. While with rapid strokes he is making history, history gives his spirit wings. In boyhood, he had studied Plutarch; as lieutenant, he had read the history of all times; now, from moment to moment, he turns the knowledge to account. Knowing who has ruled in every part of these territories, understanding how the governments he has overthrown came into being, he has appropriate measures for each area. Time-honoured figures are ever present to his imagination; he wants to resemble them, to outdo them. Thus, whatever he does is conceived in a historic setting; and he compels his army, the country with which he is dealing, and, soon, Europe as a whole, to breathe the same atmosphere. These first victories, which in reality are nothing more than big skirmishes, are by the magic of his words transformed into battles; and the battles are magnified into history. In this way, half of what he achieves is achieved by the power of words. To the lands he is freeing, to his soldiers, he invariably suggests that they have done the whole thing themselves. Read his proclamation to the army in Milan.

"Soldiers, like a torrent you have rushed down from the heights of the Apennines. . . . Milan is yours. . . . We are the friends of all the peoples; but, above all, we are the friends of the offspring of Brutus and Scipio and the other great men who are our models. To re-establish the Capitol, to set up there the statues of the heroes, to awaken the Roman people which for centuries has been paralysed by servitude—that is the fruit of your victories that will amaze posterity. It is your title to immortal fame that you have given a new visage to the most beautiful land in Europe. . . . Then you will return to your homes, and your neighbours will point you out to one another, saying, 'He was with the army in Italy!' "

Did a commander ever before make such alluring appeals to soldiers and peoples, to friends and foes? Who understood so well as Napoleon how to influence people through their imaginations instead of through a sense of obedience? At Arcola he shouts to his men, "Are you cowards, or are you the victors of Lodi?" In a

as the best commander in Europe. For the rest, one bad general is better than two good generals. With war, as with governance, it is a question of tact."

The general does not seem inclined to yield up his place to any one. If the authorities in Paris insist on a divided command, is it not likely that he will march ahead on his own initiative, gain further victories with his unaided talents, then turn back to threaten France, and, as a condottiere, overthrow the government? The Directors think it will be better not to insist; with a smile, a wry one this time, they give way. After his first, noiseless victory over the government, Bonaparte feels he is master. Henceforward, he behaves, substantially, as a king who is his own commander-in-chief, but who can only secure reinforcements and other requisites by reiterated adjurations. For months and years, therefore, his dispatches are still written in the tone of a subordinate, of one who does not threaten, but advises. Yet in reality he acts all the time as though he were already in the land of the sultan, towards which his masterful character draws him.

The Paris courier has been sent off. Bonaparte's first "No" is on its way. Another restless night in camp, and then to Milan!

In everything, he imitates the Roman general celebrating a triumph. As of old, the prisoners lead the way, the only difference being that nowadays they are not in chains. They are followed by five hundred cavalrymen. The citizens, who are used to seeing brilliant uniforms, are astonished at the tattered tunics, the sorry screws, the jaded appearance of the riders; and they are still more amazed when they see the thin little man on the inconspicuous white nag, at the head of his weary-looking suite. How grey the whole procession looks in the light of this brilliant spring day. At the gate the venerable archbishop, with a train of counts and dukes, bids him welcome. He dismounts but does not draw near to the reception committee; he merely listens with forced politeness to the words of greeting. The onlookers are wondering what answer he will make. For a few seconds he keeps his lips pressed together and then contents himself with a single sentence to the effect that France wishes the Lombards well. Remounting, he salutes, and rides on.

Leaders and crowd are deeply impressed; no enthusiasm, only

bold movement enable him to storm the bridge over the Adda and to defeat the alarmed Austrians. There were to be much greater victories in days to come; but, in the history of the man's spiritual development, not one of them was to equal this in importance.

For now, after a battle which decided the first part of his campaign, having taken much booty and sustained only trifling losses and having made himself master of a territory opened to him by an hour's struggle on the bridge,—this evening, Bonaparte feels for the first time how obscure plans and brilliant exploits of war, dream and reality are interconnected. The consciousness of his own powers makes him realize that boundless possibilities lie before him. That was the first time on which a word concerning such aims crossed his lips. To his friend Marmont he said, "I feel that deeds await me of which the present generation has no inkling." Long afterwards, in retrospect, he declared, "That evening, after the battle of Lodi, I first became aware that I was an exceptional man; from then I date the awakening of an ambition to do the great things which hitherto had existed for me only as the fantasies of a dream."

Such was his mood when the new orders came from Paris. What? The conquest of two or three continents was looming before his imagination—and he was to go halves with Kellermann? He strode up and down the room, pursing his lips; and then he issued his fiat to the government:

"If you put hindrances in my path, if you make my actions dependent upon the commissary's decision, . . . you must not expect any more good results from me. . . . Here it is indispensable that you should have absolute confidence in your commander. If I do not enjoy that confidence, I shall without complaint endeavour to win your approval in some other post. Every one has his own way of making war. General Kellermann has more experience and would doubtless do it better; but, together, we should do it badly. I cannot serve the country unless I have your complete and undivided trust. Much courage, I know, is needed to write you this report, for it would be easy to charge me with ambition and pride! But you are responsible for my having to express my feelings. . . . I cannot serve jointly with a man who regards himself

Adventure in the South Seas

THE story of how Thor Heyerdahl and his five companions crossed the Pacific in a wooden raft is so exciting as to be almost unbelievable. Yet these six were no mere adventurers. They were *scientist*-adventurers trying to prove an important scientific idea.

Heyerdahl expresses his simple but fervently-believed theory in his letters to his fellow-explorers: "Am going to cross Pacific on a wooden raft to support a theory that the South Sea islands were peopled from Peru. Will you come? I guarantee nothing but a free trip to Peru and the South Sea islands and back, but you will find good use for your technical abilities on the voyage. Reply at once."

Thus in a primitive wooden raft made of forty-foot balsa logs, they set forth—knowing that they risked their lives every hour—just to prove that the ancient Peruvians traveling on a *similar* raft could have made a 4,300-mile-trip to reach the Polynesian islands.

Thor Heyerdahl's theory did not come to him lightly. He had previously seen for himself stone figures in the Polynesian jungles, which were remarkably like those left by extinct civilizations in South America. He heard legends in the South Seas of how the natives' ancestors had crossed the seas. He knew that when the first Europeans had come to these islands they had found to their surprise that every one of these mountainous islands was already populated with men, women, dogs and fowls. Where had they come from?

It took Heyerdahl and his friends 101 days on the open seas to prove his theory was not absurd. In our section, the raft, Kon-Tiki, named after a legendary sun king, has finally drifted from Peru to the South Sea islands....

astonishment. Not a sign of arrogance about this conqueror; nothing but resolution and a force of will before which all must bend. Was his conduct deliberately planned to produce such an impression, though never before had he experienced anything of the kind? Was he "play-acting"? If so, all the more remarkable his knowledge of men; all the more plain that he was a master of the ruler's art!

Nevertheless, he is absent-minded to-day, for he has not all that he wants.

Now, the streets echo to the shouts of the crowd, who cannot restrain their expressions of astonishment as they watch the men who follow the commander—marching in a slack and almost disorderly fashion, clad in scarecrow uniforms patched with many colours. These Frenchmen seem in almost sorrier case than the prisoners!

The commander is taking his ease in the archbishop's palace. He is having a bath. Hot baths are his one luxury, a luxury that he will continue to indulge in down to the day of his death, taking them hotter and hotter, staying in them longer and longer as time goes on. Nothing can break him of the habit, for a hot bath is the only thing which really refreshes him, soothes his nerves.

In the evening there is a reception. "You will be free, and in a safer position than the French. Milan will be the capital of this new republic, which has a population of five million. You shall have five hundred pieces of ordnance and the friendship of France. From among you I will choose fifty men, who shall rule the country in the name of France. Adopt our laws, modifying them to suit your own customs. . . . Be sagacious and united, and all will go well. Such is my will. If Habsburg should again seize Lombardy, I swear to you that I will take up your cause, that I will never desert you. If your land perishes, I shall be no more. Athens and Sparta did not last for ever!"

also would be washed ashore, so that we could try to pull in the raft if she were stranded out on the reef. And so we crept into bed and left the watch to the helmsman out in the rain.

As long as the north wind held, we glided slowly but surely down along the façade of the coral reefs which lay in ambush below the horizon. But then one afternoon the wind died away, and when it returned it had gone round into the east. According to Erik's position we were already so far down that we now had some hope of steering clear of the southernmost point of the Raroia reef. We would try to get round it and into shelter before going on to other reefs beyond it.

When night came, we had been a hundred days at sea.

Late in the night I woke, feeling restless and uneasy. There was something unusual in the movement of the waves. The *Kon-Tiki*'s motion was a little different from what it usually was in such conditions. We had become sensitive to changes in the rhythm of the logs. I thought at once of suction from a coast which was drawing near and I was continually out on deck and up the mast. Nothing but sea was visible. But I could get no quiet sleep. Time passed.

At dawn, just before six, Torstein came hurrying down from the masthead. He could see a whole line of small palm-clad islands far ahead. Before doing anything else we laid the oar over to southward as far as we could. What Torstein had seen must be the small coral islands which lay strewn like pearls on a string behind the Raroia reef. A northward current must have caught us.

At half-past seven palm-clad islets had appeared in a row all along the horizon to westward. The southernmost lay roughly ahead of our bow, and thence there were islands and clumps of palms all along the horizon on our starboard side till they disappeared as dots away to northward. The nearest were four or five sea miles away.

A survey from the masthead showed that, even if our bow pointed toward the bottom island in the chain, our drift sideways was so great that we were not advancing in the direction in which our bow pointed. We were drifting diagonally right in toward the reef. With fixed centerboards we should still have had some hope

FROM:

"KON-TIKI"

by Thor Heyerdahl

For three days we drifted across the sea without a sight of land.

We were drifting straight toward the ominous Takume and Raroia reefs, which together blocked up forty to fifty miles of the sea ahead of us. We made desperate efforts to steer clear to the north of these dangerous reefs, and things seemed to be going well till one night the watch came hurrying in and called us all out.

The wind had changed. We were heading straight for the Takume reef. It had begun to rain, and there was no visibility at all. The reef could not be far off.

In the middle of night we held a council of war. It was a question of saving our lives now. To get past on the north side was now hopeless; we must try to get through on the south side instead. We trimmed the sail, laid the oar over and began a dangerous piece of sailing with the uncertain north wind behind us. If the east wind came back before we had passed the whole façade of the fifty-mile-long reefs, we should be hurled in among the breakers at their mercy.

We agreed on all that should be done if shipwreck was imminent. We would stay on board the *Kon-Tiki* at all costs. We would not climb up the mast, from which we should be shaken down like rotten fruit, but would cling tight to the stays of the mast when the seas poured over us. We laid the rubber raft loose on the deck and made fast to it a small watertight radio transmitter, a small quantity of provisions, waterbottles, and medical stores. This would be washed ashore independently of us if we ourselves should get over the reef safe but empty-handed. In the stern of the *Kon-Tiki* we made fast a long rope with a float which

would not stand a dip in the sea. The whole bamboo cabin was covered with canvas, and especially strong ropes were lashed across it. When we saw that all hope was gone, we opened up the bamboo deck and cut off with machete knives all the ropes which held the centerboards down. It was a hard job to get the centerboards drawn up because they were all thickly covered with stout barnacles. With the centerboards up the draught of our vessel was no deeper than to the bottom of the timber logs, and we would therefore be more easily washed in over the reef. With no centerboards and with the sail down, the raft lay completely sideways on and was entirely at the mercy of wind and sea.

We tied the longest rope we had to the homemade anchor and made it fast to the step of the port mast, so that the *Kon-Tiki* would go into the surf stern first when the anchor was thrown overboard. The anchor itself consisted of empty water cans filled with used radio batteries and heavy scrap, and solid mangrove-wood sticks projected from it, set crosswise.

Order number one, which came first and last, was: Hold on to the raft! Whatever happened, we must hang on tight on board and let the nine great logs take the pressure from the reef. We ourselves had more than enough to do to withstand the weight of the water. If we jumped overboard, we should become helpless victims of the suction which would fling us in and out over the sharp corals. The rubber raft would capsize in the steep seas or, heavily loaded with us in it, it would be torn to ribbons against the reef. But the wooden logs would sooner or later be cast ashore, and we with them, if we only managed to hold fast.

Next, all hands were told to put on their shoes for the first time in a hundred days and to have their life belts ready. The last precaution, however, was not of much value, for if a man fell overboard he would be battered to death, not drowned. We had time, too, to put our passports and such few dollars as we had left into our pockets. But it was not lack of time that was troubling us.

Those were anxious hours in which we lay drifting helplessly sideways, step after step, in toward the reef. It was noticeably quiet on board; we all crept in and out from cabin to bamboo deck, silent or laconic, and carried on with our jobs. Our serious

of steering clear. But sharks were following close astern, so that it was impossible to dive under the raft and tighten up the loose centerboards with fresh guy ropes.

We saw that we had now only a few hours more on board the *Kon-Tiki*. They must be used in preparation for our inevitable wreck on the coral reef. Every man learned what he had to do when the moment came; each one of us knew where his own limited sphere of responsibility lay, so that we should not fly round, treading on one another's toes when the time came and seconds counted. The *Kon-Tiki* pitched up and down, up and down as the wind forced us in. There was no doubt that here was the turmoil of waves created by the reef—some waves advancing while others were hurled back after beating vainly against the surrounding wall.

We were still under full sail in the hope of even now being able to steer clear. As we gradually drifted nearer, half sideways, we saw from the mast how the whole string of palm-clad isles was connected with a coral reef, part above and part under water, which lay like a mole where the sea was white with foam and leaped high into the air. The Raroia atoll is oval in shape and has a diameter of twenty-five miles, not counting the adjoining reefs of Takume. The whole of its longer side faces the sea to eastward, where we came pitching in. The reef itself, which runs in one line from horizon to horizon, is only a few hundred yards clear; and behind it idyllic islets lie in a string round the still lagoon inside.

It was with mixed feelings that we saw the blue Pacific being ruthlessly torn up and hurled into the air all along the horizon ahead of us. I knew what awaited us; I had visited the Tuamotu group before and had stood safe on land looking out over the immense spectacle in the east, where the surf from the open Pacific broke in over the reef. New reefs and islands kept on gradually appearing to southward. We must be lying off the middle of the façade of the coral wall.

On board the *Kon-Tiki* all preparations for the end of the voyage were being made. Everything of value was carried into the cabin and lashed fast. Documents and papers were packed into watertight bags, along with films and other things which

rolls of the drum, heralding the exciting last act of the *Kon-Tiki.*

—9:50: Very close now. Drifting along the reef. Only a hundred yards or so away. Torstein is talking to the man on Rarotonga. All clear. Must pack up log now. All in good spirits; it looks bad, but we shall make it!

A few minutes later the anchor rushed overboard and caught hold of the bottom, so that the *Kon-Tiki* swung around and turned her stern inward toward the breakers. It held us for a few valuable minutes, while Torstein sat hammering like mad on the key. He had got Rarotonga now. The breakers thundered in the air and the sea rose and fell furiously. All hands were at work on deck, and now Torstein got his message through. He said we were drifting toward the Raroia reef. He asked Rarotonga to listen in on the same wave length every hour. If we were silent for more than thirty-six hours, Rarotonga must let the Norwegian Embassy in Washington know. Torstein's last words were:

"O.K. Fifty yards left. Here we go. Good-by."

Then he closed down the station, Knut sealed up the papers, and both crawled out on deck as fast as they could to join the rest of us; for it was clear now that the anchor was giving way.

The swell grew heavier and heavier, with deep troughs between the waves; and we felt the raft being swung up and down, up and down, higher and higher.

Again the order was shouted: "Hold on! Never mind about the cargo! Hold on!"

We were now so near the waterfall inside that we no longer heard the steady continuous roar from all along the reef. We now heard only a separate boom each time the nearest breaker crashed down on the rocks.

All hands stood in readiness, each clinging fast to the rope he thought the most secure. Only Erik crept into the cabin at the last moment; there was one part of the program he had not yet carried out—he had not found his shoes!

No one stood aft, for it was there the shock from the reef would come. Nor were the two firm stays which ran from the masthead down to the stern safe. For if the mast fell, they would be left hanging overboard, over the reef. Herman, Bengt, and Torstein had climbed up on some boxes which were lashed fast

faces showed that no one was in doubt as to what awaited us, and the absence of nervousness showed that we had all gradually acquired an unshakable confidence in the raft. If it had brought us across the sea, it would also manage to bring us ashore alive.

Inside the cabin there was a complete chaos of provision cartons and cargo, lashed fast. Torstein had barely found room for himself in the radio corner, where he had got the short-wave transmitter working. We were now over 4,000 sea miles from our old base at Callao, where the Peruvian Naval War School had maintained regular contact with us, and still farther from Hal and Frank and the other radio amateurs in the United States. But, as chance willed, we had on the previous day got in touch with a capable radio "ham" who had a set on Rarotonga in the Cook Islands; and the operators, quite contrary to all our usual practice, had arranged for an extra contact with him early in the morning. All the time we were drifting closer and closer in to the reef, Torstein was sitting tapping his key and calling Rarotonga.

Entries in the *Kon-Tiki's* log ran:

—8:15: We are slowly approaching land. We can now make out with the naked eye the separate palm trees inside on the starboard side.

—8:45: The wind has veered into a still more unfavorable quarter for us; so we have no hope of getting clear. No nervousness on board, but hectic preparations on deck. There is something lying on the reef ahead of us which looks like the wreck of a sailing vessel, but it may be only a heap of driftwood.

—9:45: The wind is taking us straight toward the last island but one we see behind the reef. We can now see the whole coral reef clearly; here it is built up like a white and red speckled wall which barely sticks up out of the water as a belt in front of all the islands. All along the reef white foaming surf is flung up toward the sky. Bengt is just serving up a good hot meal, the last before the great action!

It is a wreck lying in there on the reef. We are so close now that we can see right across the shining lagoon behind the reef and see the outlines of other islands on the other side of the lagoon.

As this was written, the dull drone of the surf came near again; it came from the whole reef and filled the air like thrilling

strain. I heard reassuring exclamations from them, but at the same time I saw a new green wall rise up and come towering toward us. I shouted a warning and made myself as small and hard as I could where I hung. In an instant, hell was over us again; and the *Kon-Tiki* disappeared completely under the masses of water. The sea tugged and pulled with all the force it could bring to bear at the poor little bundles of human bodies. The second sea rushed over us, to be followed by a third like it.

Then I heard a triumphant shout from Knut, who was now hanging on to the rope ladder:

"Look at the raft! She's holding!"

After three seas, only the double mast and the cabin had been knocked a bit crooked. Again we had a feeling of triumph over the elements, and the elation of victory gave us new strength.

Then I saw the next sea come towering up, higher than all the rest; and again I bellowed a warning aft to the others as I climbed up the stay, as high as I could get in a hurry, and hung on fast. Then I myself disappeared sideways into the midst of the green wall which towered high over us. The others, who were farther aft and saw me disappear first, estimated the height of the wall of water at twenty-five feet, while the foaming crest passed by fifteen feet above the part of the glassy wall into which I had vanished. Then the great wave reached them, and we had all one single thought—hold on, hold on, hold, hold, hold!

We must have hit the reef that time. I myself felt only the strain on the stay, which seemed to bend and slacken jerkily. But whether the bumps came from above or below, I could not tell, hanging there. The whole submersion lasted only seconds, but it demanded more endurance than we usually have in our bodies. There is greater strength in the human mechanism than that of the muscles alone. I determined that, if I was to die, I would die in this position, like a knot on the stay. The sea thundered on, over and past; and as it roared by, it revealed a hideous sight. The *Kon-Tiki* was wholly changed, as by the stroke of a magic wand. The vessel we knew from weeks and months at sea was no more; in a few seconds our pleasant world had become a shattered wreck.

I saw only one man on board besides myself. He lay pressed flat across the ridge of the cabin roof, face downward, with his

forward of the cabin wall; and while Herman clung on to the guy ropes from the ridge of the roof, the other two held on to the ropes from the masthead by which the sail at other times was hauled up. Knut and I chose the stay running from the bow up to the masthead; for if mast and cabin and everything else went overboard, we thought the rope from the bow would nevertheless remain lying inboard, as we were now head on to the seas.

When we realized that the seas had got hold of us, the anchor rope was cut and we were off. A sea rose straight up under us, and we felt the *Kon-Tiki* being lifted up in the air. The great moment had come; we were riding on the wave back at breathless speed, our ramshackle craft creaking and groaning as she quivered under us. The excitement made one's blood boil. I remember that, having no other inspiration, I waved my arm and bellowed "Hurrah!" at the top of my lungs; it afforded a certain relief and could do no harm anyway. The others certainly thought I had gone mad, but they all beamed and grinned enthusiastically. On we ran with the seas rushing in behind us; this was the *Kon-Tiki*'s baptism of fire. All must and would go well.

But our elation was soon dampened. A new sea rose high up astern of us like a glittering, green glass wall. As we sank down it came rolling after us, and, in the same second in which I saw it high above me, I felt a violent blow and was submerged under floods of water. I felt the suction through my whole body with such great power that I had to strain every single muscle in my frame and think of one thing only—hold on, hold on! I think that, in such a desperate situation, the arms will be torn off before the brain consents to let go, evident as the outcome is. Then I felt that the mountain of water was passing on and relaxing its devilish grip of my body. When the whole mountain had rushed on with an ear-splitting roaring and crashing, I saw Knut again hanging on beside me, doubled up into a ball. Seen from behind, the great sea was almost flat and gray. As it rushed on, it swept over the ridge of the cabin roof as the water passed over them.

We were still afloat.

In an instant I renewed my hold, with arms and legs bent round the strong rope. Knut let himself down and, with a tiger's leap, joined the others on the boxes, where the cabin took the

the cabin roof, but none of us smiled any longer. Behind the chaos of bamboo I heard a calm voice call out:

"This won't do."

I myself felt equally discouraged. As the masthead sank farther and farther out over the starboard side, I found myself hanging on to a slack line outside the raft. The next sea came. When it had gone by I was dead tired, and my only thought was to get up on to the logs and lie behind the barricade. When the backwash retreated, I saw for the first time the rugged red reef naked beneath us and perceived Torstein standing, bent double, on gleaming red corals, holding on to a bunch of rope ends from the mast. Knut, standing aft, was about to jump. I shouted that we must all keep on the logs, and Torstein, who had been washed overboard by the pressure of water, sprang up again like a cat.

Two or three more seas rolled over us with diminishing force, and what happened then I do not remember, except that water foamed in and out and I myself sank lower and lower toward the red reef over which we were being lifted in. Then, only crests of foam full of salt spray came whirling in, and I was able to work my way in on to the raft, where we all made for the after end of the logs, which was highest up on the reef.

At the same moment Knut crouched down and sprang up on to the reef with the line which lay clear astern. While the breakwash was running out, he waded through the whirling water some thirty yards in and stood safely at the end of the line when the next sea foamed in toward him, died down and ran back from the flat reef like a broad stream.

Then Erik came crawling out of the collapsed cabin with his shoes on. If we had all done as he did, we should have got off cheaply. As the cabin had not been washed overboard but had been pressed down pretty flat under the canvas, Erik lay quietly stretched out among the cargo and heard the peals of thunder crashing above him while the collapsed bamboo walls curved downward. Bengt had had a slight concussion when the mast fell but had managed to crawl under the wrecked cabin alongside Erik. We should all of us have been lying there if we had realized in advance how firmly the countless lashings and plaited bamboo

arms stretched out on both sides; while the cabin itself was crushed in, like a house of cards, toward the stern and toward the starboard side. The motionless figure was Herman. There was no other sign of life, while the hill of water thundered by, in across the reef. The hardwood mast on the starboard side was broken like a match, and the upper stump, in its fall, had smashed right through the cabin roof, so that the mast and all its gear slanted at a low angle over the reef on the starboard side. Astern, the steering block was twisted round lengthways and the cross-beam broken, while the steering oar was smashed to splinters. The splashboards at the bow were broken like cigar boxes, and the whole deck was torn up and pasted like wet paper against the forward wall of the cabin, along with boxes, cans, canvas, and other cargo. Bamboo sticks and rope ends stuck up everywhere, and the general effect was of complete chaos.

I felt cold fear run through my whole body. What was the good of my holding on? If I lost one single man here, in the run in, the whole thing would be ruined; and for the moment there was only one human figure to be seen after the last buffet. In that second Torstein's hunched-up form appeared outside the raft. He was hanging like a monkey in the ropes from the masthead and managed to get on to the logs again, where he crawled up on to the debris forward of the cabin. Herman, too, now turned his head and gave me a forced grin of encouragement, but did not move. I bellowed in the faint hope of locating the others and heard Bengt's calm voice call out that all hands were aboard. They were lying holding on to the ropes behind the tangled barricade which the tough plaiting from the bamboo deck had built up.

All this happened in the course of a few seconds, while the *Kon-Tiki* was being drawn out of the witches' caldron by the backwash and a fresh sea came rolling over her. For the last time I bellowed "Hang on!" at the top of my lungs amid the uproar, and that was all I myself did; I hung on and disappeared in the masses of water which rushed over and past in those endless two or three seconds. That was enough for me. I saw the ends of the logs knocking and bumping against a sharp step in the coral reef without going over it. Then we were sucked out again. I also saw the two men who lay stretched out across the ridge of

and corals gave the whole reef the appearance of a rock garden covered with mosses and cactus and fossilized plants, red and green and yellow and white. There was no color that was not represented, either in corals or algae or in shells and sea slugs and fantastic fish, which were wriggling about everywhere. In the deeper channels small sharks about four feet long came sneaking up to us in the crystal-clear water. But we had only to smack the water with the palms of our hands for them to turn about and keep at a distance.

Where we had stranded, we had only pools of water and wet patches of coral about us; farther in lay the calm blue lagoon. The tide was going out, and we continually saw more corals sticking up out of the water round us; while the surf, which thundered without interruption along the reef, sank down, as it were, a floor lower. What would happen there on the narrow reef when the tide began to flow again was uncertain. We must get away.

The reef stretched like a half-submerged fortress wall up to the north and down to the south. In the extreme south was a long island densely covered with tall palm forest. And just above us to the north, only 600 or 700 yards away, lay another but considerably smaller palm island. It lay inside the reef, with palm tops rising into the sky and snow-white sandy beaches running out into the still lagoon. The whole island looked like a bulging green basket of flowers or a little bit of concentrated paradise.

This island we chose.

Herman stood beside me, beaming all over his bearded face. He did not say a word, only stretched out his hand and laughed quietly. The *Kon-Tiki* still lay far out on the reef with the spray flying over her. She was a wreck, but an honorable wreck. Everything above deck was smashed up, but the nine balsa logs from the Quevedo forest in Ecuador were as intact as ever. They had saved our lives. The sea had claimed but little of the cargo, and none of what we had stowed inside the cabin. We ourselves had stripped the raft of everything of real value, which now lay in safety on the top of the great sun-smitten rock inside the reef.

Since I had jumped off the raft, I had genuinely missed the sight of all the pilot fish wriggling in front of our bow. Now the

sheets would hang on to the main logs under the pressure of the water.

Erik was now standing ready on the logs aft, and when the sea retired he, too, jumped up on to the reef. It was Herman's turn next, and then Bengt's. Each time, the raft was pushed a bit farther in, and when Torstein's turn and my own came, the raft already lay so far in on the reef that there was no longer any ground for abandoning her. All hands began the work of salvage.

We were now twenty yards away from that devilish step up on the reef, and it was there and beyond it that the breakers came rolling after one another in long lines. The coral polyps had taken care to build the atoll so high that only the very tops of the breakers were able to send a fresh stream of sea water past us and into the lagoon, which abounded in fish. Here, inside, was the corals' own world, and they disported themselves in the strangest shapes ad colors.

A long way in on the reef the others found the rubber raft, lying drifting and quite waterlogged. They emptied it and dragged it back to the wreck; and we loaded it to the full with the most important equipment, like the radio set, provisions and water bottles. We dragged all this in across the reef and piled it up on the top of a huge block of coral, which lay alone on the inside of the reef like a large meteorite. Then we went back to the wreck for fresh loads. We could never know what the sea would be up to when the tidal currents got to work around us.

In the shallow water inside the reef, we saw something bright shining in the sun. When we waded over to pick it up, to our astonishment we saw two empty tins. This was not exactly what we had expected to find there, and we were still more surprised when we saw that the little boxes were quite bright and newly opened and stamped "Pineapple," with the same inscription as that on the new field rations we ourselves were testing for the quartermaster. They were indeed two of our own pineapple tins which we had thrown overboard after our last meal on board the *Kon-Tiki*. We had followed close behind them up on the reef.

We were standing on sharp, rugged coral blocks; and on the uneven bottom we waded, now ankle-deep, now chest-deep, according to the channels and stream beds in the reef. Anemones

a small uninhabited South Sea island. And what an island! Torstein came in, flung away a sack, threw himself flat on his back and looked up at the palm tops and the white birds, light as down, which circled noiselessly just above us. Soon we were all six lying there. Herman, always energetic, climbed up a small palm and pulled down a cluster of large green coconuts. We cut off their soft tops with our machete knives as though they were eggs and poured down our throats the most delicious refreshing drink in the world—sweet, cold milk from young and seedless palm fruit. On the reef outside resounded the monotonous drum beats from the guard at the gates of paradise. "Purgatory was a bit damp," said Bengt, "but heaven is more or less as I'd imagined it."

We stretched ourselves luxuriously on the ground and smiled up at the white trade-wind clouds drifting by westward up above the palm tops. Now we were no longer following them helplessly; now we lay on a fixed, motionless island, in Polynesia.

And as we lay and stretched ourselves, the breakers outside us rumbled like a train, to and fro, to and fro, all along the horizon.

Bengt was right; this was heaven.

great balsa logs lay up on the reef in six inches of water, and brown sea slugs lay writhing under the bows. The pilot fish were gone. The dolphins were gone. Only unknown flat fish with peacock patterns and blunt tails wriggled inquisitively in and out between the logs. We had arrived in a new world. Johannes had left his hole. He had doubtless found another lurking place here.

I took a last look round on board the wreck and caught sight of a little baby palm in a flattened basket. It projected from an eye in a coconut to a length of eighteen inches, and two roots stuck out below. I waded in toward the island with the nut in my hand. A little way ahead I saw Knut wading happily landward with a model of the raft, which he had made with much labor on the voyage, under his arm. We soon passed Bengt. He was a splendid steward. With a lump on his forehead and sea water dripping from his beard, he was walking bent double pushing a box, which danced along before him every time the breakers outside sent a stream over into the lagoon. He lifted the lid proudly. It was the kitchen box, and in it were the primus and cooking utensils in good order.

I shall never forget that wade across the reef toward the heavenly palm island that grew larger as it came to meet us. When I reached the sunny sand beach, I slipped off my shoes and thrust my bare toes down into the warm, bone-dry sand. It was as though I enjoyed the sight of every footprint which dug itself into the virgin sand beach that led up to the palm trunk. Soon the palm tops closed over my head, and I went on, right in toward the center of the tiny island. Green coconuts hung under the palm tufts, and some luxuriant bushes were thickly covered with snow-white blossoms, which smelled so sweet and seductive that I felt quite faint. In the interior of the island two quite tame terns flew about my shoulders. They were as white and light as wisps of cloud. Small lizards shot away from my feet, and the most important inhabitants of the island were large blood-red hermit crabs which lumbered along in every direction with stolen snail shells as large as eggs adhering to their soft hinder parts.

I was completely overwhelmed. I sank down on my knees and thrust my fingers deep down into the dry, warm sand.

The voyage was over. We were all alive. We had run ashore on

FROM:

"TOP SECRET"

by Oscar Schisgall

ON A foggy dawn in one of the last days of the war a transport plane took off for London from a Scandinavian air base. Among its passengers was a slim, middle-aged man with a brief case. He looked like a salesman or an insurance clerk—like almost anything, in fact, but a heroic figure of the war.

A few hours later the plane was attacked by a Messerschmitt. It was so badly crippled that, though it escaped, it had to veer off its course for an emergency landing in northern France. Its landing gear had been shot to bits; so it ground-looped and ended its career on its back. The slim man with the brief case crawled out, bleeding and dazed. But he insisted on getting to London; he patted the case and explained he had urgent government business to perform.

He was helped aboard another transport. This one, as luck would have it, crashed into the sea just off the British coast.

The man was picked up by a boat and taken ashore in bad shape. But he was still determined to get on, still so vehement about it that he was put on a train. And that evening he delivered his brief case full of secret documents to the American Embassy in London—his duty at last completed.

He was a member of the State Department's Courier Section, one of the eighty-five anonymous men who regard all kinds of hazards as the routine elements of their job.

You may have seen them on trains, on ships, in planes—quiet, business-like travelers with brief cases. They go all over the world, carrying papers addressed to American embassies and missions.

If the matter is so secret that it can't be entrusted to ordinary means of communication, a courier takes it to its destination. (And

Adventure in the State Department

THE yearning for adventure is a normal human emotion. I was not surprised to learn that after the publication of this article more than 2,000 young men deluged the State Department for courier jobs. They applied by letter, by telegram, by telephone, in person. They came from every one of the forty-eight states. Certainly the lure could not have been money, for the industrial world offers far better salaries than does the courier service. What then was it these 2,000 men wanted? Travel. Adventure. Participation in world affairs by delivering secret documents and maps to American outposts. In short, they sought a chance to cope with the unexpected in remote corners of the world.

Oscar Schisgall, the author of this adventure tale, had ample opportunity to study the couriers and their ways. In his years as a top consultant to the State Department he met many of them; and he brought to these contacts the searching curiosity of a man who seeks out adventure as grist for his mill—a mill that has produced hundreds of magazine adventure stories and more than a score of adventure books.

For many years regarded as one of America's foremost mystery writers, in recent times Schisgall has concentrated on novels and magazine novelettes. One of his most popular magazine fiction works takes off where this article ends and relates the saga of a typical courier—a story that has had several television performances.

Syria my train was derailed, and it looked like a delay of several days. I simply couldn't afford that delay; so I hired a truck to rush me to a near-by air base. By good luck, two generals there were bound for Iraq and they gave me a lift in their plane. They also took me part way back, landing me 700 miles from the nearest transportation to Cairo.

"After a hopeless night I ran into a miracle—a few men from our own Air Transport Command came out of the skies. They were ferrying planes, and one of them gave me a 600 mile lift to a British airfield. From there a British pilot gave me another ride to Cairo. So, after a week's absence, I got back—with fully twelve minutes to spare before catching the scheduled plane to India."

It's a rugged life.

That is why new men are carefully studied and appraised before being entrusted with assignments. In the Washington office, during several weeks of indoctrination, the recruits work with experienced men. They learn what they'll have to know about making travel arrangements, about exchange rates, about securing visas, about custom regulations. And minor emergencies are deliberately created for them—emergencies which compel them to use wit and judgment.

Though they're an amiable crowd, the couriers admit that they don't always appear to be friendly traveling companions. While on duty they won't drink, play cards or do anything else which may make them forget the seriousness of their mission. One courier, caught in a train wreck that caused a three-day delay on a Near East desert, had to sit in his hot compartment with his brief case, while the other passengers visited near-by ruins. He says those three days were the longest, hottest, most tiresome of his life. "But I couldn't go dragging secret documents all over the desert."

Despite their grave responsibility, couriers do not carry weapons. In the first place, to take guns across international borders would cause complications. In the second, the men argue that if anyone wanted to steal their papers he'd shoot first. Nor—despite the ideas of some novelists—do the men chain their brief cases to their wrists. "What for?" says one. "If anyone wanted the case badly enough, he would chop my arm off."

Surprisingly, in recent years—even during the war—there are no

he's expected to keep an eye on regular diplomatic pouches when they're on his train or plane.)

He also carries maps and charts, for such things cannot be telegraphed. And as an integral part of the secrecy of his papers, he himself never knows their contents.

It's never an easy job. If, for example, you have to take a message to our ambassador at Kabul in Afghanistan, to whom messages are carried every two weeks, you travel by train only to the Khyber Pass. There you heave your baggage aboard a heavy-duty truck and face almost three hundred miles of the roughest, bumpiest riding in the world.

In winter it's as freezing a trip as you'll find, with the temperature far below zero, gales whining through the mountains, and blizzards swirling down to blind your eyes. And in summer you can ride only at night, because in daylight the valleys are so intolerably hot that the tires melt on their wheels.

The Kabul run is, of course, unusual. Most places can be reached more easily and by conventional methods—by ship, plane, train, bus. These are the normal avenues by which the Courier Section speeds across the earth.

For efficiency it has divided the world into eight geographical sections, with a headquarters in each. Messages leaving Washington go from one region to another in relays, so that no one man has to circle the globe. The relay system makes for speed, since every courier travels only those routes with which he has become familiar.

There's no telling, when you join the service, to which headquarters you'll be sent; and no permanent station is guaranteed. You go where you're most needed, at any time, on the briefest possible notice. And so you keep your luggage always ready.

There is no specific qualification required beyond general intelligence, adaptability and good health. A man *must* be in excellent physical condition. The average courier travels 200,000 miles a year. You can't do that if you're sick or weak.

"As an illustration of what we're sometimes up against, take this," said a courier I talked to in Washington. "Once, when I was attached to the Cairo office, I had to take some papers to Iraq and I had to get back in time to catch a plane for India. Halfway across

The courier stepped back a few paces. He was quiet but determined. "If you want it," he said, "you'll have to take it from me by force. That, of course, constitutes a hostile act; and my Government will probably demand suitable punishment, with you as the victim. Still, if you insist, I can't prevent your trying to take this brief case from me by force. Come on!"

Talk did it. The official obviously did not want to become engaged in an international scuffle that might cost him his job. He sighed and waved the courier on. Thereafter, he caused no more trouble.

"We run into things like that all the time," the courier said. "They're just routine troubles. Our real difficulties are finding accommodations on ships and planes and trains already loaded to capacity. We can't offer bribes for our passage—that's absolutely forbidden. Instead, we try to make friends wherever possible. That usually pays off."

What does the Courier Service cost the nation? Nothing, says its chief, though his men earn from $2,000 to $3,000 a year, plus all expenses. "It pays for itself," he explains. "If the messages we carry had to be coded, sent by telegraph, and decoded at the other end, the total expense would be greater than the amount now spent for courier delivery."

The average length of service of a courier is from two to four years. By that time he either likes the State Department's work so well that he enters the regular Foreign Service, where he may earn higher pay; or, wearied of travel and yearning for the comforts of home and family life, he gives up the job.

But there are always plenty to take his place, plenty to carry the nation's secrets in their little brown bags.

records of attacks on couriers. No papers have been stolen from them. Sometimes documents were lost, yes; but the losses occurred in travel accidents. Just a few months ago, in December, 1945, a plane vanished over the African veldt, never to be found. Fortunately such tragic accidents are rare. In the past ten years the total has numbered less than half a dozen.

It is when facing such accidents that couriers have to use their quickest judgment. Not long ago, in a disabled plane falling into a South American jungle, a courier had to decide whether he had any chance to survive. If the chances are against him, he must destroy his papers at once—those are rigid instructions. This courier was about to set fire to his documents. He had them in his hand. But, looking down, he saw that the plane was swooping toward a clear spot. It would crash, but there was a chance of living to deliver his documents. He put them back into their case.

The crash was bad, and every passenger was hurt. Still, the courier walked away from the wreck—with the brief case in his hand. And a week later he delivered his messages. Then he had to be hospitalized.

Other nations, too, have their courier services. Since the men of the various countries travel the same routes, it is inevitable that they come to know one another. And during the war odd things happened. American couriers, traveling in neutral lands, found themselves seated beside German couriers in trains or planes—men they knew well. They maintained a hostile silence. But, throughout the war, there was no clash at all, anywhere between Allied and Axis couriers. "They knew if they bothered us," one of our couriers explained, "we could always reciprocate."

Perhaps the most common—surely the most frustrating—difficulties encountered by the service are sudden changes of border regulations or personnel in countries that must be crossed. In such cases couriers have to resort to quick thinking and quick talk.

Not long ago a man was halted at a Near East border. The customs official, a newcomer, insisted he'd have to examine the contents of the courier's pouch.

"But you can't," the courier protested. "That's against all international agreements."

"Then I cannot let you pass."

FROM:

"MAN-EATERS OF KUMAON"

by Jim Corbett

I SPENT the following morning in going round the very extensive fruit orchard and tea garden and in having a bath at the spring; and at about midday the Tahsildar, much to my relief, returned safely from Champawat.

I was standing talking to him, while looking down a long sloping hill with a village surrounded by cultivated land in the distance, when I saw a man leave the village and start up the hill in our direction. As the man drew nearer I saw he was alternately running and walking, quite evidently the bearer of important news. Telling the Tahsildar I would return in a few minutes, I set off at a run down the hill. When the man saw me coming he sat down to take breath.

As soon as I was near enough to hear him, he called out, "Come quickly, sahib, the man-eater has just killed a girl!"

"Sit still," I called back, and turning ran up to the bungalow. I passed the news on to the Tahsildar while I was getting a rifle and some cartridges, and asked him to follow me down to the village.

The man who had come for me was one of those exasperating individuals whose legs and tongue cannot function at the same time. When he opened his mouth he stopped dead, and when he started to run his mouth closed; so telling him to shut his mouth and lead the way, we ran in silence down the hill.

At the village an excited crowd of men, women and children awaited us. As usually happens on these occasions, all started to talk at the same time. One man was vainly trying to quieten the babel. I led him aside and asked him to tell me what had happened. Pointing to some scattered oak trees on a gentle slope a furlong or so from the village, he said a dozen people were collecting dry sticks under the trees, when a tiger suddenly appeared

Adventure in India

MAJOR JAMES CORBETT is known throughout the Kumaon Hills in India, not only as a hunter of man-eating tigers, but also as a writer of exciting tales about tigers.

Jim Corbett's book, "Man-Eaters of Kumaon," from which this section is selected is not only about tiger hunters, but also about jungle ways and life in the Kumaon hills. Here, in the Himalayas in the distant northern United Provinces of India, *man-eating tigers* are the most frightening possible jungle inhabitants. For these beasts, usually weakened by wounds or illness or age—and therefore unable to kill their usual game—strike down men for their food.

Sometimes it is old-age that causes a tiger to become a man-eater, but most often it is his wounds—often a careless shot by an unwitting hunter. A tiger with missing or defective teeth will turn also to become a man-eater. The reason is obvious; he has literally been compelled to turn to a diet of human flesh. Sometimes he accidentally comes across one human body and then develops a taste for men as food.

Corbett, despite his wide experience in tracking down man-eaters, insists that "a tiger is a large-hearted gentleman with boundless courage and that when he is exterminated—as exterminated he will be unless public opinion rallies to his support—India will be the poorer by having lost the finest of her fauna."

In "Man-Eaters of Kumaon" the Major has been asked by the District Officers and the terrorized villagers themselves to rid their countryside of some particularly-effective menaces, who have been carrying off humans and cattle.

hidden them under a bush, I advised him to keep close to me and to keep a sharp lookout behind.

I was wearing a very thin pair of stockings, shorts and a pair of rubber-soled shoes; as there appeared to be no way round the nettles, I followed the tigress through them—much to my discomfort.

Beyond the nettles the blood trail turned sharply to the left and went straight down the very steep hill, which was densely clothed with bracken and ringals.* A hundred yards down, the blood trail led into a narrow, very steep water-course, down which the tigress had gone with some difficulty, as could be seen from the dislodged stones and earth. I followed this watercourse for five or six hundred yards, my companion getting more and more agitated the further we went. A dozen times he caught my arm and whispered —in a voice full of tears—that he could hear the tiger, either on one side or the other, or behind us. Half-way down the hill we came on a great pinnacle of rock some thirty feet high. As the man had by now had all the man-eater hunting he could stand, I told him to climb the rock and remain on it until I returned. Very gladly he went up, and when he straddled the top and signaled to me that he was all right, I continued on down the watercourse, which, after skirting round the rock, went straight down for a hundred yards to where it met a deep ravine coming down from the left. At the junction was a small pool, and as I approached it I saw patches of blood on my side of the water.

The tigress had carried the girl straight down to this spot, and my approach had disturbed her at her meal. Splinters of bone were scattered round the deep pug marks into which discolored water was slowly seeping. At the edge of the pool was an object which had puzzled me as I came down the watercourse and which I now found was part of a human leg. In all the subsequent years I have hunted man-eaters, I have not seen anything as pitiful as that young comely leg—bitten off a little below the knee as clean as though severed by the stroke of an axe—out of which the warm blood was trickling.

While looking at the leg, I had forgotten all about the tigress

* Hill bamboos.

and caught one of their number, a girl sixteen or seventeen years of age. The rest of the party had run back to the village, and as it was known that I was staying at the bungalow a man had immediately been dispatched to inform me.

The wife of the man I was speaking to had been of the party; she now pointed out the tree, on the shoulder of the hill, under which the girl had been taken. None of the party had looked back to see whether the tiger was carrying away its victim and, if so, in which direction it had gone.

Instructing the crowd not to make a noise and to remain in the village until I returned, I set off in the direction of the tree. The ground here was quite open, and it was difficult to conceive how an animal the size of a tiger could have approached twelve people unseen and its presence not detected until attention had been attracted by the choking sound made by the girl.

The spot where the girl had been killed was marked by a pool of blood and near it, and in vivid contrast to the crimson pool was a broken necklace of brightly colored blue beads which the girl had been wearing. From this spot the track led up and round the shoulder of the hill.

The track of the tigress was clearly visible. On one side of it were great splashes of blood where the girl's head had hung down, and on the other side the trail of her feet. Half a mile up the hill I found the girl's sari, and on the brow of the hill her skirt. Once again the tigress was carrying a naked woman, but mercifully on this occasion her burden was dead.

On the brow of the hill the track led through a thicket of blackthorn, on the thorns of which long strands of the girl's raven-black hair had caught. Beyond this was a bed of nettles through which the tigress had gone, and I was looking for a way round this obstruction when I heard footsteps behind me. Turning round, I saw a man armed with a rifle coming towards me. I asked him why he had followed me when I had left instructions at the village that no one was to leave it. He said that the Tahsildar had instructed him to accompany me and that he was afraid to disobey orders. As he appeared determined to carry out his orders and to argue the point would have meant the loss of valuable time, I told him to remove the heavy pair of boots he was wearing; and when he had

hope. If the tigress lost her temper sufficiently to launch an attack, it would not only give me an opportunity of accomplishing the object for which I had come, but it would enable me to get even with her for all the pain and suffering she had caused. The growling, however, was only a gesture; when she found that instead of shooing me off it was bringing me faster on her heels, she abandoned it.

I had now been on her track for over four hours. Though I had repeatedly seen the undergrowth moving, I had not seen so much as a hair of her hide. A glance at the shadows climbing up the opposite hillside warned me it was time to retrace my steps if I was to reach the village before dark.

The late owner of the severed leg was a Hindu, and some portion of her would be needed for the cremation; so as I passed the pool I dug a hole in the bank and buried the leg where it would be safe from the tigress and could be found when wanted.

My companion on the rock was very relieved to see me. My long absence and the growling he had heard had convinced him that the tigress had secured another kill; his difficulty, as he quite frankly admitted, was how he was going to get back to the village alone.

I thought, when we were climbing down the watercourse, that I knew of no more dangerous proceeding than walking in front of a nervous man carrying a loaded gun; but I changed my opinion when, on walking behind him, he slipped and fell, and I saw where the muzzle of his gun—a converted .450 without a safety catch—was pointing. Since that day—except when accompanied by Ibbotson—I have made it a hard and fast rule to go alone when hunting man-eaters, for if one's companion is unarmed it is difficult to protect him; if he is armed, it is even more difficult to protect oneself.

Arrived at the crest of the hill, where the man had hidden his boots, I sat down to have a smoke and think out my plans for the morrow. The tigress would finish what was left of the kill during the night and would to a certainty lie up among the rocks next day. On the ground she was on, there was very little hope of my being able to stalk her. If I disturbed her without getting a shot, she would probably leave the locality and I should lose touch with

until I suddenly felt that I was in great danger. Hurriedly grounding the butt of the rifle, I put two fingers on the triggers, raising my head as I did so, and saw a little earth from the fifteen-foot bank in front of me, come rolling down the steep side and plop into the pool. I was new to this game of man-eater hunting or I should not have exposed myself to an attack in the way I had done. My prompt action in pointing the rifle upwards had possibly saved my life, and in stopping her spring or in turning to get away, the tigress had dislodged the earth from the top of the bank.

The bank was too steep for scrambling, the only way of getting up was to take it at a run. Going up the watercourse a short distance, I sprinted down, took the pool in my stride and got far enough up the other side to grasp a bush and pull myself on to the bank. A bed of strobilanthes, the bent stalks of which were slowly regaining their upright position, showed where and how recently the tigress had passed. A little further on, under an overhanging rock, I found where she had left her kill when she came to have a look at me.

Her tracks now—as she carried away the girl—led into a wilderness of rocks, some acres in extent, where the going was both difficult and dangerous. The cracks and chasms between the rocks were masked with ferns and blackberry vines, and a false step, which might easily have resulted in a broken limb, would have been fatal. Progress under these conditions was of necessity slow, and the tigress was taking advantage of it to continue her meal. A dozen times I found where she had rested, and after each of these rests the blood trail became more distinct.

This was her four hundred and thirty-sixth human kill and she was quite accustomed to being disturbed at her meals by rescue parties. But this, I think, was the first time she had been followed up so persistently; and she now began to show her resentment by growling. To appreciate a tiger's growl to the full it is necessary to be situated as I then was—rocks all round with dense vegetation between and the imperative necessity of testing each footstep to avoid falling headlong into unseen chasms and caves.

I cannot expect you who read this at your fireside to appreciate my feelings at the time. The sound of the growling and the expectation of an attack terrified me at the same time as it gave me

threes, and tens, until by midday two hundred and ninety-eight had collected.

The Tahsildar had let it be known that he would turn a blind eye towards all unlicensed fire-arms and, further, that he would provide ammunition where required; hence, the weapons that were produced that day would have stocked a museum.

When the men were assembled and had received the ammunition they needed, I took them to the brow of the hill where the girl's skirt was lying. Pointing to a pine tree on the opposite hill that had been struck by lightning and stripped of bark, I told them to line themselves up along the ridge. When they saw me wave a handkerchief from under the pine, those of them who were armed were to fire off their pieces, while the others beat drums, shouted, and rolled down rocks. No one was on any account to leave the ridge until I returned and personally collected him. When I was assured that all present had heard and understood my instructions, I set off with the Tahsildar, who said he would be safer with me than with the beaters, whose guns would probably burst and cause many casualties.

Making a wide detour, I crossed the upper end of the valley, gained the opposite hill, and made my way down to the blasted pine. From here the hill went steeply down, and the Tahsildar, who had on a thin pair of patent leather shoes, said it was impossible for him to go any further. While he was removing his inadequate foot-gear to ease his blisters, the men on the ridge, thinking I had forgotten to give the prearranged signal, fired off their guns and set up a great shout. I was still a hundred and fifty yards from the gorge, and that I did not break my neck a dozen times in covering this distance was due to my having been brought up on the hills and being in consequence as sure-footed as a goat.

As I ran down the hill I noticed that there was a patch of green grass near the mouth of the gorge. As there was no time to look round for a better place, I sat down in the grass, with my back to the hill down which I had just come. The grass was about two feet high and hid half my body; if I kept perfectly still there was a good chance of my not being seen. Facing me was the hill that was being beaten, while the gorge that I hoped the tigress would make for was behind my left shoulder.

her. A beat therefore was the only thing to do, provided I could raise sufficient men.

I was sitting on the south edge of a great amphitheatre of hills, without a habitation of any kind in sight. A stream entering from the west had fretted its way down, cutting a deep valley right across the amphitheatre. To the east the stream had struck solid rock and, turning north, had left the amphitheatre by a narrow gorge.

The hill in front of me, rising to a height of some two thousand feet, was clothed in short grass with a pine tree dotted here and there; and the hill to the east was too precipitous for anything but a ghooral to negotiate. If I could collect sufficient men to man the entire length of the ridge from the stream to the precipitous hill and get them to stir up the tigress, her most natural line of retreat would be through the narrow gorge. Admittedly a very difficult beat, for the steep hillside facing north, on which I had left the tigress, was densely wooded and roughly three-quarters of a mile long and half-a-mile wide; however, if I could get the beaters to carry out instructions, there was a reasonable chance of my getting a shot.

The Tahsildar was waiting for me at the village. I explained the position to him and asked him to take immediate steps to collect as many men as he could and to meet me at ten o'clock the following morning at the tree where the girl had been killed. Promising to do his best, he left for Champawat, while I climbed the hill to the bungalow.

I was up at crack of dawn next morning. After a substantial meal I told my men to pack up and wait for me at Champawat, and went down to have another look at the ground I intended beating. I could find nothing wrong with the plans I had made. An hour before my time, I was at the spot where I had asked the Tahsildar to meet me.

That he would have a hard time in collecting the men I had no doubt, for the fear of the man-eater had sunk deep into the countryside and more than mild persuasion would be needed to make the men leave the shelter of their homes. At ten o'clock the Tahsildar and one man turned up; thereafter the men came in twos, and

caught was "feet." Laying down my rifle, I took the hill at a run, grabbed the gun out of the Tahsildar's hands and raced back.

As I approached the stream the tigress left the bush and came out on the projecting rock towards me. When I was within twenty feet of her I raised the gun and found to my horror that there was a gap of about three-eighths of an inch between the barrels and the breech-lock. The gun had not burst when both barrels had been fired and would probably not burst now, but there was danger of being blinded by a blow back. However, the risk would have to be taken, and aligning the great blob of a bead that did duty as a sight on the tigress's open mouth, I fired. Maybe I bobbed, or maybe the gun was not capable of throwing the cylindrical bullet accurately for twenty feet; anyway, the missile missed the tigress's mouth and struck her on the right paw, from where I removed it later with my fingernails. Fortunately, she was at her last gasp, and the tap on the foot was sufficient to make her lurch forward. She came to rest with her head projecting over the side of the rock.

From the moment the tigress had broken cover in her attempt to get through the gorge, I had forgotten the beaters, until I was suddenly reminded of their existence by hearing a shout, from a short distance up the hill, of "There it is on the rock! Pull it down and let us hack it to bits." I could not believe my ears when I heard "hack it to bits," and yet I had heard aright, for others now had caught sight of the tigress and from all over the hillside the shout was being repeated.

The ledge by which the wounded animal had gained the projecting rock was fortunately on the opposite side from the beaters and was just wide enough to permit my shuffling along it sideways. As I reached the rock and stepped over the tigress—hoping devoutly she was dead, for I had not had time to carry out the usual test of pelting her with stones—the men emerged from the forest and came running across the open, brandishing guns, axes, rusty swords and spears.

At the rock, which was twelve to fourteen feet in height, their advance was checked, for the outer face had been worn smooth by the stream when in spate and afforded no foothold even for their bare toes. The rage of the crowd on seeing their dread enemy

Pandemonium had broken loose on the ridge. Added to the fusillade of guns was the wild beating of drums and the shouting of hundreds of men. When the din was at its worst, I caught sight of the tigress bounding down a grassy slope between two ravines to my right front, about three hundred yards away. She had only gone a short distance when the Tahsildar, from his position under the pine, let off both barrels of his shot-gun. On hearing the shots, the tigress whipped round and went straight back the way she had come. As she disappeared into thick cover I threw up my rifle and sent a despairing bullet after her.

The men on the ridge, hearing the three shots, not unnaturally concluded that the tigress had been killed. They emptied all their guns and gave a final yell, and I was holding my breath and listening for the screams that would herald the tigress's arrival on the ridge, when she suddenly broke cover to my left front and, taking the stream at a bound, came straight for the gorge. The .500 modified cordite rifle, sighted at sea level, shot high at this altitude. When the tigress stopped dead I thought the bullet had gone over her back and that she had pulled up on finding her retreat cut off. As a matter of fact, I had hit her all right, but a little far back. Lowering her head, she half turned towards me, giving me a beautiful shot at the point of her shoulder at a range of less than thirty yards. She flinched at this second shot but continued, with her ears laid flat and bared teeth, to stand her ground; while I sat with rifle to shoulder trying to think what it would be best for me to do when she charged, for the rifle was empty and I had no more cartridges. Three cartridges were all that I had brought with me, for I never thought I should get a chance of firing more than two shots, and the third cartridge was for—an emergency.

Fortunately, the wounded animal most unaccountably decided against a charge. Very slowly she turned, crossed the stream to her right, climbed over some fallen rocks and found a narrow ledge that went diagonally up and across the face of the precipitous hill to where there was a great flat projecting rock. Where this rock joined the cliff a small bush had found root-hold, and going up to it the tigress started to strip its branches. Throwing caution to the winds, I shouted to the Tahsildar to bring me his gun. A long reply was shouted back, the only word of which I

the simple expedient of the man behind taking a firm grip of the waistband or other portion of clothing of the man in front of him. When it was considered that the ropes were long and strong enough to stand the strain, they attached themselves to the saplings. With men on either side to hold the feet of the bearers and give them foothold, the procession moved up the hill, looking for all the world like an army of ants carrying a beetle up the face of a wall. Behind the main army was a second and a smaller one—the Tahsildar being carried up. Had the ropes broken at any stage of that thousand-foot climb, the casualties would have been appalling; but the rope did not break. The men gained the crest of the hill and set off eastwards, singing on their triumphal march, while the Tahsildar and I turned west and made for Champawat.

Our way lay along the ridge. Once again I stood among the blackthorn bushes on the thorns of which long tresses of the girl's hair had caught and, for the last time, looked down into the amphitheatre which had been the scene of our recent exploit.

On the way down the hill the beaters had found the head of the unfortunate girl, and a thin column of smoke rising straight up into the still air from the mouth of the gorge showed where the relations were performing the last rites of the Champawat man-eater's last victim on the very spot on which the man-eater had been shot.

After dinner, while I was standing in the courtyard of the Tahsil, I saw a long procession of pine torches winding its way down the opposite hillside. Presently the chanting of a hill song by a great concourse of men was borne up on the still night air. An hour later, the tigress was laid down at my feet.

It was difficult to skin the animal with so many people crowding round; to curtail the job, I cut the head and paws from the trunk and left them adhering to the skin to be dealt with later. A police guard was then mounted over the carcass; and next day, when all the people of the countryside were assembled, the trunk, legs and tail of the tigress were cut up into small pieces and distributed. These pieces of flesh and bone were required for the lockets which hill children wear round their necks, and the addition of a piece of tiger to the other potent charms is credited with giving the wearer courage, as well as immunity from the attacks of wild animals. The fingers of the girl, which the tigress had swallowed

was quite understandable, for there was not a man among them who had not suffered at her hands.

One man, who appeared demented and was acting as ring-leader, was shouting over and over again as he ran to and fro brandishing a sword, "This is the *shaitan** that killed my wife and my two sons." As happens with crowds, the excitement died down as suddenly as it had flared up. To the credit of the man who had lost his wife and sons, be it said that he was the first to lay down his weapon. He came near to the rock and said, "We were mad, sahib, when we saw our enemy; but the madness has now passed, and we ask you and the Tahsildar sahib to forgive us."

Extracting the unspent cartridge, I laid the gun across the tigress and hung down by my hands and was assisted to the ground. When I showed the men how I had gained the rock the dead animal was very gently lowered and carried to an open spot, where all could crowd round and look at her.

When the tigress had stood on the rock looking down at me I had noticed that there was something wrong with her mouth. On examining her now I found that the upper and lower canine teeth on the right side of her mouth were broken, the upper one in half, the lower one right down to the bone. This permanent injury to her teeth—the result of a gun-shot wound—had prevented her from killing her natural prey and had been the cause of her becoming a man-eater.

The men begged me not to skin the tigress there and asked me to let them have her until nightfall to carry through their villages, saying that if their womenfolk and children did not see her with their own eyes, they would not believe that their dread enemy was dead.

Two saplings were now cut and laid, one on either side of the tigress; and with pugrees, waistbands and loincloths, she was carefully and very securely lashed to them. When all was ready the saplings were manned and we moved to the foot of the precipitous hill. The men preferred to take the tigress up this hill, on the far side of which their villages lay, to going up the densely wooded hill which they had just beaten. Two human ropes were made by

* Devil.

half a mile along my way I could hear the shouts of goodwill of the men of Pali.

I had a very thrilling encounter with a leopard the following morning, which I mention only because it delayed my start from Dabidhura and put an extra strain on my small mount and myself. Fortunately, the little pony was as strong on his legs as he was tough inside; by holding his tail on the up-grades, riding him on the flat and running behind him on the down-grades, we covered the forty-five miles to Naini Tal between 9 a.m. and 6 p.m.

At a durbar held in Naini Tal a few months later, Sir John Hewett, Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces, presented the Tahsildar of Champawat with a gun and the man who accompanied me when I was looking for the girl with a beautiful hunting-knife for the help they had given me. Both weapons were suitably engraved and will be handed down as heirlooms in the respective families.

whole, were sent to me in spirits by the Tahsildar and were buried by me in the Naini Tal lake close to the Nandadevi temples.

While I had been skinning the tigress the Tahsildar and his staff, assisted by the Headmen and graybeards of the surrounding villages and merchants of the Champawat bazaar, had been busy drawing up a program for a great feast and dance for the morrow, at which I was to preside. Round about midnight, when the last of the great throng of men had left with shouts of delight at being able to use roads and village paths that the man-eater had closed for four years, I had a final smoke with the Tahsildar. Telling him that I could not stay any longer and that he would have to take my place at the festivities, my men and I set off on our seventy-five-mile journey with two days in hand to do it in.

At sunrise I left my men and, with the tigress's skin strapped to the saddle of my horse, rode on ahead to put in a few hours in cleaning the skin at Dabidhura, where I intended spending the night. When passing the hut on the hill at Pali, it occurred to me that it would be some little satisfaction to the dumb woman to know that her sister had been avenged; so leaving the horse to browse—he had been bred near the snow-line and could eat anything from oak trees to nettles—I climbed the hill to the hut and spread out the skin with the head supported on a stone facing the door. The children of the house had been round-eyed spectators of these proceedings. Hearing me talking to them, their mother, who was inside cooking, came to the door.

I am not going to hazard any theories about shock and counter-shock, for I know nothing of these matters. All I know is that this woman, who was alleged to have been dumb a twelvemonth and who four days previously had made no attempt to answer my questions, was now running backwards and forwards from the hut to the road, calling to her husband and the people in the village to come quickly and see what the sahib had brought. This sudden return of speech appeared greatly to mystify the children, who could not take their eyes off their mother's face.

I rested in the village while a dish of tea was being prepared for me and told the people who thronged round how the man-eater had been killed. An hour later I continued my journey; for

FROM:

"A LOST COMMANDER: FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE"

by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

BEFORE she came," a soldier's letter said, "there was cussin' and swearin', but after that it was as holy as a church."

"After that" many things changed. They changed with a quickness which must have made the routine-soaked officials dizzy. In Florence Nightingale's well-rounded education, one of the details was training in housekeeping. Mrs. Nightingale no more understood her extraordinary daughter than a Rhode Island Red hen might understand Lindbergh; but Providence laid hands on Mrs. Nightingale, as its tool, and she fashioned her child into a capable housewife. The first thing set about at Scutari was a laundry.

"Six shirts washed a month" for two thousand sick, dirty heroes did not fit with her mother's teaching. And the bedding, when washed, was washed in cold water. In a week a laundry was started. Miss Nightingale, "using her own private funds and the *Times* Fund, took a house, had boilers put in by the engineer's office and employed soldiers' wives to do the washing." The Lady-in-Chief wrote to a certain sympathetic Lady Alicia Blackwood concerning two hundred of them "in rags and covered with vermin . . . in this barrack." Access to soap and water must have seemed heaven-sent to those women when put at laundering.

From every work which the slim fingers of Florence Nightingale touched, there opened out new work. No red tape stopped those hands; they untied knots as tight as ever were knotted in history. Kinglake has a paragraph in his antiquated, clear English, which shows the situation:

"The cause of the evils in the Levantine hospitals (he says) was

Adventure of the Spirit

It is said that Florence Nightingale told her boyhood sweetheart, "I'm not my own. I belong to the work I have to do. . . ." True or not, it is certainly known that Florence Nightingale was a dedicated person. Her adventurous spirit was always turned outward toward service to others; an adventure to her was a new bed for one of her nursing wards or a badly needed set of surgical dressings.

Before the day of Florence Nightingale there was no true profession of nursing. It was done in some metropolitan hospitals by drunken prostitutes, who were given the option of going to prison or helping out at local hospitals.

Yet centuries before that, in the early Christian era, there were devout women who were beloved healers of the sick. And through the centuries there was always some 'good woman' who dedicated herself to helping the ill and the needy.

It took Florence Nightingale, in the middle of the Nineteenth Century in England, to crusade for better and more organized help for the ill and for a broader understanding of the character and abilities of womanhood.

Born in 1820 and living until 1910, this English nurse, philanthropist and hospital reformer was called 'the lady with the lamp.' She was born of wealthy parents in Florence, Italy. She studied to be a nurse and became superintendent of a hospital for invalid women in London in 1853. In 1854 she took thirty-four nurses to Scutari early in the Crimean War. She organized a hospital there, sharply reduced deaths from cholera, typhus and dysentery. In 1860 she founded an institution for the training of nurses. In 1907 she became the first woman to receive the Order of Merit.

Her story, in its scope and character, is an adventure of both spirit and fact.

"If anything is wanted for the sick she will *hurry* (italics Sir John's) to provide it *for fear* (Sir John's italics again) it might be obtained in the regular course."

Kinglake and others refute this charge. It was untrue. She issued nothing without signed requisitions of a doctor. Here is one:

Palace Hospital, 18th January, 1855.

Madam:

I have the honor to forward a requisition for fifty shirts and fifty warm flannels. The purveyor has none. Knowing the extensive demand, I have limited my request to meet the urgent requirements of the most serious cases in my charge.

I have the honor to be, Madam,

Yr obedient servant,
EDWARD MENZIES.
Staff Surgeon in Charge.

Dr. Menzies was the gentleman who had stated that "every preparation was in readiness." Nothing went out, although it might, had she chosen, from her own stores or from those in her charge, without a doctor's requisition. So that attack fell. Many attacks fell. She marched straight to her goal, weighted perhaps with human faults, but lighted by such a consecration as few humans may dream of. All forceful people are caviled at; one cannot step aside from the procession of the 'routine goers' without provoking snarls from the rank and file. She wasted no time listening to cavils. From beginning to end there was a clear slogan in her ears—to help the helpless—and this she did always with a brain and a spirit ranking among the great of history. This she did in the Crimean War, across envy and malice of jealous doctors and officers. If the dirty, ragged, hungry, wounded soldiers needed arrowroot, she went and got arrowroot, whether or not a board and commissioners had ordered arrowroot stores opened. She preferred to obey rules, but between rules and her soldiers the rules went to the wall.

"What right have you to touch those stores?"

A mounted officer, riding into the great central courtyard, thun-

want of governing power. In the absence of constituted authority equal to the emergency, there was dire need of a firm, well-intentioned usurper. Among the males at Scutari was no one with resolute will. Will of the males was to go on with accustomed duties, each in that groove-going state of life to which it had pleased God to call them. Will of the woman, Florence Nightingale, was stronger and flew straighter to its end; what she sought fiercely was, not simply to fulfill codes of duty, but . . . overcoming all obstacles, . . . to save the prostrate soldiery; to turn into a well-ordered hospital the appalling hell of the vast barrack wards and corridors. Power passed to one who could wield it—to the Lady-in-Chief."

That paragraph for a man-person of the Victorian age was broad-minded. It conceded the possibility of brains in 'females.' Kinglake was in advance of his time not to minimize Florence Nightingale's genius; Dean Stanley called it her "commanding genius."

So the "usurper," of whom there was truly dire need, swept on with unswerving usurpation, giving no thought to precedents or technicalities, working to "save the prostrate soldiery." There was jealousy from military officers and medical officers; a 'female' with power assigned by the government, with ability to use her power—it was unendurable. Some military officers sulked; some medical officers resented and threw obstacles. In one ward junior doctors were advised to have as little to do with her as possible. Sir Anthony Sterling, who wrote *A Highland Brigade in the Crimea*, gives an unconscious picture of what she went through. Sir Anthony had no patience with feminine nursing, with women in war, even with government ministers who "allowed these absurdities." He could not help laughing, he says, at "the Nightingale," because he had "such a keen sense of the ludicrous."

She was charged with officiousness in supplying needs. Kinglake says, "Knowing thoroughly the wants of a hospital and foreseeing apparently that the State might fail to meet them, she had taken care to provide herself with vast quantities of hospital stores."

"The fact is I am now clothing the British Army," she declared.

The hidebound were outraged. Sir John Burgoyne, at Constantinople, voiced some wails of the hidebound:

three times before clothing in them was disentangled and landed at Scutari. Then the clothing was laid aside till the board was entirely ready, while sick soldiers stayed shirtless, while "medical comforts were so packed under shot and shell . . . that it was . . . impossible to disembark them and they were sent on to Balaclava and lost."

Florence Nightingale was fighting and conquering such situations all the time that she was forging ahead with reforms. "The first improvements," wrote Mr. Macdonald of the *Times* Fund, "took place after Miss Nightingale's arrival . . . She found . . . not a basin, not a towel, not a bit of soap or a broom." That competent housekeeper, product of Mrs. Nightingale's training, minus soap and brooms!

We get a vision of a slim figure setting disorderly orderlies at work to scrub floors with Mr. Macdonald's "hard scrubbers."

"Careful, Mullins," she may have said. "That floor isn't clean yet. Another turn with the brush and plenty of soap. Quite right, now. We must take a pride in our work, you and I, Mullins, mustn't we?" Spoken in the low voice that was so sweet, leaving Mullins beaming to be bracketed with 'Her.' Then she would speed away to oversee the workmen getting ready the laundry and to hurry the women at the washtubs, providing clean clothing for those poor dirty men.

Also the cooking. Within ten days she had two "extra diet kitchens," and three supplementary boilers on a staircase. They went on boiling, evidently. But "if government stores for invalid cookery failed, and mostly the purveyor had either no supply or one of bad quality, then Miss Nightingale to the rescue." What was wanted appeared from her stores. She tried to have the meat boned so that no serving should be mere bone or mere gristle. But that would have needed a new "regulation of service." Some doctors, moreover, objected to "too much indulgence." One wonders if an American doctor—or English of to-day—could take a look at a poor, big boy, lately a fresh country lad, lying hollow-eyed with an arm and a leg, say, chopped off a day back, and object to "too much indulgence." The medical heads were "two brutes and four angels," said Miss Nightingale. The brutes objected.

"The uses of larders and cupboards seem not to have been

dered the words at a slim young woman hurrying across with a can in her arms—a can of arrowroot, it happened. The young woman, in a black plain dress with white collars and cuffs, stopped and set her can down; she looked up at the impressive figure of the man on horseback. She looked steadily, out of clear gray eyes, and said not a word. Only continued to look, till, silently, the officer turned his horse and rode off. Then Florence Nightingale picked up her arrowroot and went on about her Father's business. That was an actual happening.

She had a quick temper. A temper is likely to be the defect of an intense character, and it is not possible to read honestly and deny that Florence Nightingale on occasions got angry beyond saintliness. Sometimes the caustic tongue lashed stupidity overcruelly. Women suffered especially; she thought better of men, mostly, and her nurses were trying. Two of her Presbyterians turned out "to be too fond of drink and had to be sent back." But there were competent ones of all denominations.

She had that to contend with, beyond jealous doctors and red tape. And even though quick-tempered, she was patient under trials to strain the temper of an angel. She made statements later:

"Do you think I should have succeeded . . . if I had kicked and resisted and resented? . . . I have been shut out of hospitals into which I had been ordered to go by the Commander in Chief, been obliged to stand outside the door in the snow till night, been refused rations for as much as ten days at a time for the nurses I had brought by superior command. And I have been as good friends the day after with the officials who did these things *for the sake of the work.* What was I to my Master's work?" That was to a discontented nurse.

There was a lack of necessaries and delay in getting them, even when they were actually in Scutari. Sidney Herbert wrote of a "want of cooperation and a fear of responsibility." One would say so! Soldiers lay in blood-soaked garments of the battle field, while three bales marked "hospital clothes" were in Scutari and nobody dared open the bales till a "board" had "sat upon" them! An important person of the board was away and the board could not meet without him; so the men continued to lack the clothes. One would say so! Ships made the journey to the Crimea and back

Herbert is quoted as proof of her savage temper, and certainly it is not a sample of sweet resignation. But Miss Stanley felt no lack of personal kindness, as a letter of hers shows. It paints a picture, in colors vivid these seventy odd years later:

"We entered the door; we turned up the stone stairs. On the second floor we came to the corridors of the sick. . . . The atmosphere worsened; we passed down two or three immense corridors, asking our way. We came to the guardroom, another corridor, then through a door into a large busy kitchen . . . a heavy curtain was raised. I went through a door and there sat dear Flo writing on a small, unpainted deal table. I never saw her looking better. She had on her black merino, trimmed with black velvet, clean linen collar and cuffs, apron, white cap. . . . It was settled at once that I was to sleep here, especially as . . . Flo could not attend to me till the afternoon. . . . A stream of people every minute.

" 'Please, ma'am, have you any black-edged paper?'

" 'Please, what can I give which would keep on his stomach? Is there any arrowroot to-day for him?'

" 'No, the tubs of arrowroot must be for the worst cases. We cannot spare him any; try him with some egg,' etc.

"Mr. Bracebridge in and out about General Adams." (They were sending him home in a coffin.)

Miss Stanley, a daughter of the Bishop of Norwich, a trained executive and an intimate friend of Miss Nightingale, was a remarkable personality. But here she is a digression.

The Lady-in-Chief set up her laundry, her three diet kitchens and a storeroom from which government surgeons were thankful to get necessaries. She had other irons in the fire: the training of her nurses. No diplomaed products these but snatched from material offered. Four of the six from St. John's House returned, unwilling to face the privations and discipline. The lady who thought her cap unbecoming became a good nurse. A rule had to be made that nurses were not to wear flowers in uniform caps, not to have more than a specified amount of alcohol. None was equal to a modern trained nurse. They were not allowed at first to do important surgical dressings. Orderlies had not been taught to clean and air the wards—witness unscrubbed floors, vermin; their ways "would have made a housemaid laugh." It was a chance if medi-

understood," she naively stated. Some of the best men, as all married women know, prefer to throw things on the floor. Miss Nightingale recommended such amenities as cupboards and added, "Believe that this is neither theory nor fidget, but practice."

Dr. Andrew Smith is illustrious as that head of the Army Medical Department who assured Florence Nightingale that she need take out no new stores, but this cocksure gentleman conceded that "females are apt to discover many deficiencies that man would not think of." Apropos of cupboards. This increasing business of housekeeping quickly led the "female" a considerable distance. Wreford, purveyor of the hospital, was inadequate; the "female" provided food, beds and other furniture and equipment stores, medical and other, and even clothing; all Wreford's business. Fifty thousand shirts were issued from her store. "I am a kind of general dealer," she wrote to Mr. Herbert, two months after she landed, "in socks, shirts, knives and forks, wooden spoons, tin baths . . . cabbage and carrots, operating tables, towels and soap, small pillows. I will send you a picture of my caravanserai into which beasts come in and out." The "beasts" were the vermin. The caravanserai was a room of Miss Nightingale's quarters.

"From this room," wrote a woman volunteer, "were distributed . . . arrowroot, sago, rice puddings, jelly, beef tea and lemonade, upon requisitions made by surgeons. Numbers of orderlies were waiting at the door with requisitions. One of the nuns . . . received them and saw they were signed and countersigned before serving. We used . . . to call this kitchen the Tower of Babel. In the middle of the day everything and everybody seemed to be there: boxes, parcels, bundles of sheets, shirts and old linen and flannels, tubs of butter, sugar, bread, kettles, saucepans, heaps of books . . . besides the diets; then . . . ladies, nuns, nurses, orderlies, Turks, Greeks, French, and Italian servants, officers . . . waiting to see Miss Nightingale; . . . all speaking their own language."

In "The Sisters' Tower" was a small sitting room; they held councils there and the Lady-in-Chief presided, and here she wrote letters home, to the government, to many others. Miss Mary Stanley went out to Scutari with forty nurses in December, against express stipulations, and was greeted with energetic anathema by Miss Nightingale. Her letter to her beloved Sidney

blanket he had lain in on board ship. "Many had no shirt." In January they came barefoot and bare-legged. From the middle of November Miss Nightingale issued from her private store sixty-five hundred and sixty shirts. She wrote: "When discharged from here they carry off, small blame to them, even my knives and forks—shirts, of course." She went on to plan a system of duties for purveyor and ward master, such as a good housekeeper—being also a "commanding genius"—might plan: "Let the ward masters give up the dirty linen every night and receive the same quantity in clean linen every morning."

Our ancestors may have been "the great unwashed," but Florence Nightingale's passion for cleanliness seems that of a Twentieth Century fastidious American. She quoted, for their system of trained orderlies, the French. She laid down a complete scheme of hospital service: "The orderlies ought to be well paid, well fed, well housed. They are now overworked, ill fed and underpaid." She sketched a plan for the purveying: "Perhaps I shall not be guilty of the murder of the Innocents if I venture to suggest what may take the place of the venerable Wreford (purveyor of the hospital)." She set forth a balanced reorganization, then went into the food question, the unspeakably pernicious food question as she found it:

"It should all be carved in the kitchens on hot plates, and at mealtimes the orderlies fetch it for the patients, carry it through the wards, where an officer tells it off to every bed, according to the bed-ticket, hung up at every bed.... Now... food is half raw and often many hours after time." Her program smacks of English order and comfort entering that ghastly place. Then:

"The daily routine. This is now performed, or rather *not* performed, by the purveyor. I am really cook, housekeeper and scavenger (as I go about making the orderlies empty huge tubs), washerwoman, general dealer, storekeeper. The filth, the disorder and the neglect let those describe who saw it when we first came."

She planned for a house steward and a governor of the hospital, and sketched a medical and purveying staff to be sent out from England, "but beyond this" she wanted "a *head*, someone with authority to mash up the departments into uniform and rapid action."

cine and food were taken; also there was no discipline among the mob of sufferers. Miss Nightingale put the fear of God into her nurses and, through them, into the bedlam of the wards. She kept the nurses in hand, but she considered that of the original thirty-eight only sixteen were efficient and only five or six "excellent." One morning, six appeared with six sergeants and corporals, whom, they explained, they were to marry. That was that; a fall in the nurse market. "The fifteen new nuns are leading me a devil of a life," she wrote later. Also a chaplain wanted a good nurse removed because she was a "Socinian." The unlearned must wonder what was a "Socinian.") Another chaplain accused a nurse of "circulating an improper book," Keble's *Christian Year*. There was a grievance that there were no Presbyterian nurses. Miss Nightingale was most willing to accept such, of the right sort, but: "I must bar these fat, drunken old dames. Above fourteen stone we will not have; the provision of bedsteads is not strong enough."

She was harassed by pettinesses, which demanded priceless time. Yet reforms went forward like armored tanks plowing over machine nests of jealousy and red tape. Stores from England did not come and she saw that the system was wrong. "It is absolutely necessary," she wrote, "that there should be a government storehouse in the shape of a hulk. . . . There are no storehouses . . . by the water's edge, and porterage is . . . expensive and slow."

She got her storehouse. She learned from her invalids how things were at the front: needless overwork, insufficient clothing. She wrote Lord Panmure, now Secretary of State succeeding the Duke of Newcastle. She told him how patients from the artillery were out of proportion and gave suggestions. She begged Mr. Herbert to send warm clothing. "The state of the troops who return here . . . is frost-bitten, demi-nude, half-starved. If the troops in the trenches are not supplied with warm clothing, Napoleon's Russian campaign will be repeated. . . . A whole army ordered to abandon its kits, as was done when we landed our men before Alma. . . . The fact is, I am now clothing the British Army. The sick were reembarked at Balaclava for these hospitals without resuming their kits, also half-naked besides."

The soldier's kit held two shirts, knife, fork, spoon, brushes, etc. He arrived often at Scutari, draped in the single verminous

he saved. It was a *beau geste;* there was "grace almost medieval in his simple yet romantic idea," Kinglake says. There was also "Miss Nightingale's man," a youngster, who called himself so—Thomas, a drummer boy, who brought the gaiety of childhood into that place of suffering, who, straightening himself to his little twelve-year-old height, explained how he had given up his "career" to devote himself to Her. Followers plenty, but she had no interest in them except as they could work—work as she did herself, unendingly.

To sum up, she started laundries and diet kitchens and a money-order service and a storeroom; she trained orderlies and educated nurses. Beyond that, she wrote endless letters, most of all to Sidney Herbert, but many to other officials. Of some she said, "When I write civilly, I have a civil answer—*and nothing is done.* When I write furiously, I have a rude letter— and *something is done* (not even then always, *but only then*)." By the miracle power of busy people she had time to do all these things. The greatest of her miracles, however, was the accomplishment of the supreme object of her life, nursing. Not merely organizer and purveyor and schoolmistress and correspondent and thorn-in-the-flesh to dozing officials, she was with her own hands intensely a nurse. General Bentinck said she was known to pass eight hours on her knees, dressing wounds and comforting the men. Sometimes she stood twenty hours at a stretch, assisting at operations, distributing stores, directing work.

A chaplain who arrived about the time she did, the Rev. Sidney Godolphin Osborne, said: "She has an utter disregard of contagion. The more awful . . . any particular case . . . the more certainly might her slight form be seen bending over him . . . seldom quitting his side till death released him." Out of that crowded twenty-four hours which she shared with the rest of us she even found time to help her children die; a slow business, sometimes, dying. Mr. Bracebridge wrote: "We cannot prevent her self-sacrifice; . . . she cannot delegate." No. The British Army was furnished with only one of her. How could she delegate? "Florence is at last asleep, 1 a.m.," said Mr. Bracebridge in another letter.

A civilian doctor stood by one day, just after an operation, as her swift fingers did the dreadful necessary work following and

Over and over it comes to the mind how un-Victorian, how modern and American were the daring brain and the unhampered diction. A head to "mash-up" the departments! She would have made masterful use of that keen, pointed blade which is called "American slang."

"In large measure the suggestions given above were adopted by the War Department." In her later writings, also, "Hospital organization was worked out with mastery both of system and detail." She set up a money-order department, and four afternoons in a month received the money of any soldier who wished to send it home. About one thousand pounds a month was so taken and remitted to Mr. Smith, her uncle, who distributed it in England. Lord Panmure, the new Secretary of State, stated that "the British soldier is not a remitting animal." And in the next six months, seventy-one thousand pounds "rescued from the canteen," the Lady-in-Chief said, went to families in England. Not having her hands yet full, she started another rival to the canteen, a coffeehouse called the Inkerman Café. If days of forty-eight hours were allotted in special cases, one could better imagine where this wonder-worker got time. Yet other businesses were in her repertory. She established classrooms and reading rooms; and people back in England, from the Queen down, eagerly sent out books, games, music, maps, magic lanterns. She took on at least one job as a builder. Some wards, holding eight hundred beds, were dilapidated. Fresh patients were due. Miss Nightingale appealed to Lord Stratford, ambassador, who had power to spend money. A hundred and twenty-five workmen began the repairs and then struck. On her own authority she engaged two hundred fresh workmen, and the wards were ready. She paid the bills from her own pocket, but later the War Department approved and reimbursed her.

Certainly, she had the help of the devotion she inspired. Sir Henry Storks, commanding in Scutari in 1855, was a warm supporter; the Bracebridges were rock walls of efficiency; an unnamed gilded youth of English society gave up his gilding and came to Scutari to "fag for Miss Nightingale." He wrote letters, he carried messages and faithfully toiled for months obeying her word; and countless sufferers were helped by time of hers that

Adventure in America's "Wild West"

"The Oregon Trail" has continued—since the middle of the Nineteenth Century—to take hundreds of thousands of readers to the trails of Oregon and California. For it was on April 28, 1846, that Francis Parkman began his famous journey across the western United States. He started from St. Louis on what he called "a tour of curiosity and amusement to the Rocky Mountains."

Even before Parkman began his careful day-by-day journal of his trip, it was apparent to all that his purpose was *not* amusement but knowledge. He learned and saw so much that was remarkable and exciting to an Easterner that he had to put it down for all to read.

Parkman was young, having just graduated from Harvard, and his personal true adventure story established him early as a writer of note and a historian. He takes the reader to Old Fort Laramie, through the camps of the Sioux Indians—through Colorado, back to the Sante Fe Trail. Parkman, a courageous twenty-three, traveled with a friend and fellow Bostonian, Quincy Adams Shaw.

Parkman, ever possessing curiosity and burning for knowledge, left Shaw and joined a band of Sioux Indians with whom he traveled, hunted and celebrated feast days.

In our section, "The Buffalo," Parkman hunts with Henry Chatillon, a powerful guide, who was most helpful to the two brave Easterners because of his own kinship-through-marriage to the Indians; he was also a famous hunter of grizzlies and buffaloes.

her lovely voice put heart and hope into the patient. The doctor saw her pallor and knew how she had gone into deep waters with that man under the knife, knew how her being there had given him courage to face the hour on the operating table. He had seen his eyes lift to her face. She was there, going through it with him; he would be brave for Her. And anaesthetics, in those days, were not much used. The doctor wrote: "I believe there was never a severe case of any kind that escaped her notice." It was the core of her work, the severe cases.

"O Love Divine that stooped to bear
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earthborn care,
We smile at pain when Thou art near."

A clear spark of that Love Divine flamed in the terrible wards at Scutari and helped British soldiers to "smile at pain" in the presence of Florence Nightingale.

I dismounted and amused myself with firing at the wolves. Henry attentively scrutinized the surrounding landscape. At length he gave a shout and called on me to mount again, pointing in the direction of the sand-hills. A mile and a half from us, two black specks slowly traversed the bare glaring face of one of them and disappeared behind the summit.

"Let us go!" cried Henry, belaboring the sides of "Five Hundred Dollar"; and I following in his wake, we galloped rapidly through the rank grass toward the base of the hills.

From one of their openings descended a deep ravine, widening as it issued on the prairie. We entered it and galloping up, in a moment were surrounded by the bleak sand-hills. Half of their steep sides were bare; the rest were scantily clothed with clumps of grass and various uncouth plants, conspicuous among which appeared the reptile-like prickly pear. They were gashed with numberless ravines, and as the sky had suddenly darkened and a cold gusty wind arisen, the strange shrubs and the dreary hills looked doubly wild and desolate. But Henry's face was all eagerness. He tore off a little hair from the piece of buffalo-robe under his saddle and threw it up to show the course of the wind. It blew directly before us. The game was therefore to windward, and it was necessary to make our best speed to get round it.

We scrambled from this ravine and, galloping away through the hollows, soon found another, winding like a snake among the hills and so deep that it completely concealed us. We rode up the bottom of it, glancing through the bushes at its edge till Henry abruptly jerked his rein and slid out of his saddle. Full a quarter of a mile distant, on the outline of the farthest hill, a long procession of buffalo were walking in Indian file with the utmost gravity and deliberation. Then more appeared, clambering from a hollow not far off, and ascending, one behind the other, the grassy slope of another hill. Then a shaggy head and a pair of short broken horns issued out of a ravine close at hand; and with a slow, stately step, one by one, the enormous brutes came into view, taking their way across the valley, wholly unconscious of an enemy. In a moment Henry was worming his way, lying flat on the ground, through grass and prickly-pears, towards his unsuspecting victims. He had with him both my rifle and his own.

FROM:

"THE OREGON TRAIL"

by Francis Parkman

FOUR DAYS on the Platte, and yet no buffalo! Last year's signs of them were provokingly abundant; and wood being extremely scarce, we found an admirable substitute in the *bois de vache*, which burns like peat, producing no unpleasant effects. The wagons one morning had left the camp, Shaw and I were already on horseback, but Henry Chatillon still sat cross-legged by the dead embers of the fire, playing pensively with the lock of his rifle, while his sturdy Wyandot pony stood quietly behind him, looking over his head. At last he got up, patted the neck of the pony (which, from an exaggerated appreciation of his merits, he had christened "Five Hundred Dollar") and then mounted with a melancholy air.

"What is it, Henry?"

"Ah, I feel lonesome; I never been here before, but I see away yonder over the buttes and down there on the prairie, black—all black with buffalo."

In the afternoon he and I left the party in search of an antelope, until, at the distance of a mile or two on the right, the tall white wagons and the little black specks of horsemen were just visible, so slowly advancing that they seemed motionless; and far on the left rose the broken line of scorched, desolate sand-hills. The vast plain waved with tall rank grass, that swept our horses' bellies; it swayed to and fro in billows with the light breeze, and far and near antelope and wolves were moving through it, the hairy backs of the latter alternately appearing and disappearing as they bounded awkwardly along; while the antelope, with the simple curiosity peculiar to them, would often approach us closely, their little horns and white throats just visible above the grass tops as they gazed eagerly at us with their round black eyes.

their burrows, and we envied them their dry and comfortable habitations. An hour's hard riding showed us our tent dimly looming through the storm, one side puffed out by the force of the wind and the other collapsed in proportion, while the disconsolate horses stood shivering close around and the wind kept up a dismal whistling in the boughs of three old half-dead trees above. Shaw, like a patriarch, sat on his saddle in the entrance, with a pipe in his mouth and his arm folded, contemplating, with cool satisfaction, the piles of meat that we flung on the ground before him. A dark and dreary night succeeded, but the sun rose with a heat so sultry and languid that the Captain excused himself on that account from waylaying an old buffalo bull, who with stupid gravity was walking over the prairie to drink at the river. So much for the climate of the Platte.

But it was not the weather alone that had produced this sudden abatement of the sportsman-like zeal which the Captain had always professed. He had been out on the afternoon before, together with several members of his party; but their hunting was attended with no other result than the loss of one of their best horses, severely injured by Sorel, in vainly chasing a wounded bull. The Captain, whose ideas of hard riding were all derived from transatlantic sources, expressed the utmost amazement at the feats of Sorel, who went leaping ravines and dashing at full speed up and down the sides of precipitous hills, lashing his horse with the recklessness of a Rocky Mountain rider. Unfortunately for the poor animal, it was the property of R———, against whom Sorel entertained an unbounded aversion. The Captain himself, it seemed, had also attempted to 'run' a buffalo, but though a good and practised horseman, he had soon given over the attempt, being astonished and utterly disgusted at the nature of the ground he was required to ride over.

"Here's old Papin and Frederic, down from Fort Laramie!" shouted Henry, as we returned from a reconnoitering tour on the next morning. We had for some days expected this encounter. Papin was the *bourgeois*, or "boss," of Fort Laramie. He had come down the river with the buffalo-robes and the beaver, the produce of the last winter's trading. I had among our baggage a letter which I wished to commit to his hands; so requesting Henry

He was soon out of sight, and still the buffalo kept issuing into the valley. For a long time all was silent. I sat holding his horse and wondering what he was about, when suddenly, in rapid succession, came the sharp reports of the two rifles; and the whole line of buffalo, quickening their pace into a clumsy trot, gradually disappeared over the ridge of the hill. Henry rose to his feet and stood looking after them.

"You have missed them," said I.

"Yes," said Henry; "let us go." He descended into the ravine, loaded the rifles and mounted his horse.

We rode up the hill after the buffalo. The herd was out of sight when we reached the top, but lying on the grass, not far off, was one quite lifeless and another violently struggling in the death agony.

"You see I miss him!" remarked Henry. He had fired from a distance of more than a hundred and fifty yards, and both balls had passed through the lungs, the true mark in shooting buffalo.

The darkness increased, and a driving storm came on. Tying our horses to the horns of the victims, Henry began the bloody work of dissection, slashing away with the science of a connoisseur, while I vainly tried to imitate him. Old Hendrick recoiled with horror and indignation when I endeavored to tie the meat to the strings of raw hide, always carried for this purpose, dangling at the back of the saddle. After some difficulty we overcame his scruples and heavily burdened with the more eligible portions of the buffalo, we set out on our return. Scarcely had we emerged from the labyrinth of gorges and ravines and issued upon the open prairie, when the prickling sleet came driving, gust upon gust, directly in our faces. It was strangely dark, though wanting still an hour of sunset. The freezing storm soon penetrated to the skin, but the uneasy trot of our heavy-gaited horses kept us warm enough as we forced them unwillingly in the teeth of the sleet and rain by the powerful suasion of our Indian whips. The prairie in this place was hard and level. A flourishing colony of prairie dogs had burrowed into it in every direction, and the little mounds of fresh earth around their holes were about as numerous as the hills in a corn-field. But not a yelp was to be heard; not the nose of a single citizen was visible. All had retired to the depths of

with a head as round and about as large as a pumpkin; fever-and-ague fits had dyed his face of a corresponding color. He wore an old white hat, tied under his chin with a handkerchief. His body was short and stout, but his legs were of disproportioned and appalling length. I observed him at sunset, breasting the hill with gigantic strides and standing against the sky on the summit like a colossal pair of tongs. A moment after, we heard him screaming frantically behind the ridge; and nothing doubting that he was in the clutches of Indians or grizzly bears, some of the party caught up their rifles and ran to the rescue. His outcries, however, were but an ebullition of joyous excitement; he had chased two wolf pups to their burrow and was on his knees, grubbing away like a dog at the mouth of the hole to get at them.

Before morning he caused more serious disquiet in the camp. It was his turn to hold the middle-guard; but no sooner was he called up than he coolly arranged a pair of saddle-bags under a wagon, laid his head upon them, closed his eyes, opened his mouth and fell asleep. The guard on our side of the camp, thinking it no part of his duty to look after the cattle of the emigrants, contended himself with watching our own horses and mules. The wolves, he said, were unusually noisy; but still no mischief was anticipated until the sun rose, when not a hoof or horn was in sight. The cattle were gone. While Tom was quietly slumbering, the wolves had driven them away.

Then we reaped the fruits of R———'s precious plan of travelling in company with emigrants. To leave them in their distress was not to be thought of; and we felt bound to wait until the cattle could be searched for, and, if possible, recovered. But the reader may be curious to know what punishment awaited the faithless Tom. By the wholesome law of the prairie, he who falls asleep on guard is condemned to walk all day, leading his horse by the bridle; and we found much fault with our companions for not enforcing such a sentence on the offender. Nevertheless, had he been of our own party, I have no doubt that he would in like manner have escaped scot-free. But the emigrants went farther than mere forbearance: they decreed that since Tom couldn't stand guard without falling asleep, he shouldn't stand guard at all; and henceforward his slumbers were unbroken. Establishing

to detain the boats if he could until my return, I set out after the wagons. They were about four miles in advance. In half an hour I overtook them, got the letter, trotted back upon the trail and, looking carefully as I rode, saw a patch of broken storm-blasted trees and, moving near them, some little black specks like men and horses. Arriving at the place, I found a strange assembly. The boats, eleven in number, deep-laden with the skins, hugged close to the shore to escape being borne down by the swift current. The rowers, swarthy ignoble Mexicans, turned their brutish faces upwards to look as I reached the bank. Papin sat in the middle of one of the boats upon the canvas covering that protected the cargo. He was a stout, robust fellow, with a little gray eye, that had a peculiarly sly twinkle. 'Frederic' also stretched his tall raw-boned proportions close by the *bourgeois*, and 'mountain men' completed the group: some lounging in the boats, some strolling on shore; some attired in gayly-painted buffalo robes like Indian dandies; some with hair saturated with red paint and plastered with glue to their temples; and one bedaubed with vermilion upon the forehead and each cheek. They were a mongrel race; yet the French blood seemed to predominate. In a few, indeed, might be seen the black snaky eye of the Indian half-breed; and, one and all, they seemed to aim at assimilating themselves to their red associates.

I shook hands with the *bourgeois* and delivered the letter. Then the boats swung round into the stream and floated away. They had reason for haste, for already the voyage from Fort Laramie had occupied a full month, and the river was growing daily more shallow. Fifty times a day the boats had been aground; indeed, those who navigate the Platte invariably spend half their time upon sand-bars. Two of these boats, the property of private traders, afterwards separating from the rest, got hopelessly involved in the shallows, not very far from the Pawnee villages, and were soon surrounded by a swarm of the inhabitants. They carried off everything that they thought valuable, including most of the robes, and amused themselves by tying up the men left on guard and soundly whipping them with sticks.

We encamped that night upon the bank of the river. Among the emigrants was an overgrown boy, some eighteen years old,

were close at their heels, half suffocated by the clouds of dust. But as we drew near, their alarm and speed increased; our horses, being new to the work, showed signs of the utmost fear, bounding violently aside as we approached, and refusing to enter among the herd. The buffalo now broke into several small bodies, scampering over the hills in different directions, and I lost sight of Shaw; neither of us knew where the other had gone. Old Pontiac ran like a frantic elephant up hill and down hill, his ponderous hoofs striking the prairie like sledgehammers. He showed a curious mixture of eagerness and terror, straining to overtake the panic-stricken herd, but constantly recoiling in dismay as we drew near. The fugitives, indeed, offered no very attractive spectacle, with their shaggy manes and the tattered remnants of their last winter's hair covering their backs in irregular shreds and patches, and flying off in the wind as they ran. At length I urged my horse close behind a bull, and after trying in vain, by blows and spurring, to bring him alongside, I fired from this disadvantageous position. At the report Pontiac swerved so much that I was again thrown a little behind the game. The bullet, entering too much in the rear, failed to disable the bull; for a buffalo requires to be shot at particular points, or he will certainly escape. The herd ran up a hill and I followed in pursuit. As Pontiac rushed headlong down on the other side, I saw Shaw and Henry descending the hollow on the right at a leisurely gallop; and in front, the buffalo were just disappearing behind the crest of the next hill, their short tails erect and their hoofs twinkling through a cloud of dust.

At that moment I heard Shaw and Henry shouting to me; but the muscles of a stronger arm than mine could not have checked at once the furious course of Pontiac, whose mouth was as insensible as leather. Added to this, I rode him that morning with a snaffle, having the day before, for the benefit of my other horse, unbuckled from my bridle the curb which I commonly used. A stronger and hardier brute never trod the prairie; but the novel sight of the buffalo filled him with terror, and when at full speed he was almost incontrollable. Gaining the top of the ridge, I saw nothing of the buffalo; they had all vanished amid the intricacies of the hills and hollows. Reloading my pistols, in the best way I could, I galloped on until I saw them again scuttling along at the

such a premium on drowsiness could have no very beneficial effect upon the vigilance of our sentinels; for it is far from agreeable, after riding from sunrise to sunset, to feel your slumbers interrupted by the butt of a rifle nudging your side and a sleepy voice growling in your ear that you must get up, to shiver and freeze for three weary hours at midnight.

"Buffalo! buffalo!" It was but a grim old bull, roaming the prairie by himself in misanthropic seclusion; but there might be more behind the hills. Dreading the monotony and languor of the camp, Shaw and I saddled our horses, buckled our holsters in their places and set out with Henry Chatillon in search of the game. Henry, not intending to take part in the chase, but merely conducting us, carried his rifle with him, while we left ours behind as incumbrances. We rode for some five or six miles and saw no living thing but wolves, snakes and prairie-dogs.

"This won't do at all," said Shaw.

"What won't do?"

"There's no wood about here to make a litter for the wounded man. I have an idea that one of us will need something of the sort before the day is over."

There was some foundation for such an idea, for the ground was none of the best for a race and grew worse continually as we proceeded. Indeed, it soon became desperately bad, consisting of abrupt hills and deep hollows, cut by frequent ravines not easy to pass. At length, a mile in advance, we saw a band of bulls. Some were scattered grazing over a green declivity, while the rest were crowded together in the wide hollow below. Making a circuit to keep out of sight, we rode towards them, until we ascended a hill, within a furlong of them, beyond which nothing intervened that could possibly screen us from their view. We dismounted behind the ridge, just out of sight, drew our saddle-girths, examined our pistols and mounting again, rode over the hill and descended at a canter towards them, bending close to our horses' necks. Instantly they took the alarm. Those on the hill descended, those below gathered into a mass, and the whole got into motion, shouldering each other along at a clumsy gallop. We followed, spurring our horses to full speed; and as the herd rushed, crowding and tramping in terror through an opening in the hills, we

the scanty share of woodcraft that I possessed (if that term is applicable upon the prairie) to extricate me. It occurred to me that the buffalo might prove my best guides. I soon found one of the paths made by them in their passage to the river. It ran nearly at right angles to my course; but turning my horse's head in the direction it indicated, his freer gait and erected ears assured me that I was right.

But in the meantime my ride had been by no means a solitary one. The face of the country was dotted far and wide with countless hundreds of buffalo. They trooped along in files and columns—bulls, cows and calves—on the green faces of the declivities in front. They scrambled away over the hills to the right and left, and far off, the pale blue swells in the extreme distance were dotted with innumerable specks. Sometimes I surprised shaggy old bulls grazing alone or sleeping behind the ridges I ascended. They would leap up at my approach, stare stupidly at me through their tangled manes and then gallop heavily away. The antelope were very numerous; and as they are always bold when in the neighborhood of buffalo, they would approach to look at me, gaze intently with their great round eyes, then suddenly leap aside and stretch lightly away over the prairie as swiftly as a race-horse. Squalid, ruffian-like wolves sneaked through the hollows and sandy ravines. Several times I passed through villages of prairie-dogs, who sat, each at the mouth of his burrow, holding his paws before him in a supplicating attitude and yelping away most vehemently, whisking his little tail with every squeaking cry he uttered. Prairie-dogs are not fastidious in their choice of companions. Various long, checkered snakes were sunning themselves in the midst of the village, and demure little gray owls, with a large white ring around each eye, were perched side by side with the rightful inhabitants. The prairie teemed with life. Again and again I looked toward the crowded hillsides and was sure I saw horsemen; and riding near, with a mixture of hope and dread, for Indians were abroad, I found them transformed into a group of buffalo. There was nothing in human shape amid all this vast congregation of brute forms.

When I turned down the buffalo path, the prairie seemed

base of the hill, their panic somewhat abated. Down went old Pontiac among them, scattering them to the right and left; and then we had another long chase. About a dozen bulls were before us, scouring over the hills, rushing down declivities with tremendous weight and impetuosity and then laboring with a weary gallop upward. Still Pontiac, in spite of spurring and beating, would not close with them. One bull at length fell a little behind the rest, and by dint of much effort, I urged my horse within six or eight yards of his side. His back was darkened with sweat; he was panting heavily, while his tongue lolled out a foot from his jaws. Gradually I came up abreast of him, urging Pontiac with leg and rein nearer to his side, when suddenly he did what buffalo in such circumstances will always do: he slackened his gallop and, turning towards us, with an aspect of mingled rage and distress, lowered his huge, shaggy head for a charge. Pontiac, with a snort, leaped aside in terror, nearly throwing me to the ground, as I was wholly unprepared for such an evolution. I raised my pistol in a passion to strike him on the head but, thinking better of it, fired the bullet after the bull, who had resumed his flight. Then I drew rein and determined to rejoin my companions.

It was high time. The breath blew hard from Pontiac's nostrils, and the sweat rolled in big drops down his sides; I myself felt as if drenched in warm water. Pledging myself to take my revenge at a future opportunity, I looked about for some indications to show me where I was and what course I ought to pursue; I might as well have looked for landmarks in the midst of the ocean. How many miles I had run, or in what direction, I had no idea; and around me the prairie was rolling in steep swells and pitches, without a single distinctive feature to guide me. I had a little compass hung at my neck; and ignorant that the Platte at this point diverged considerably from its easterly course, I thought that by keeping to the northward I should certainly reach it. So I turned and rode about two hours in that direction. The prairie changed as I advanced, softening away into easier undulations; but nothing like the Platte appeared nor any sign of a human being. The same wild endless expanse lay around me still and to all appearance I was as far from my object as ever. I began now to think myself in danger of being lost and, reining in my horse, summoned

I find the above in my notebook and well remember the council held on the occasion. Our fire was the scene of it, for the superiority of Henry Chatillon's experience and skill made him the resort of the whole camp upon every question of difficulty. He was moulding bullets at the fire, when the Captain drew near, with a perturbed and care-worn expression of countenance, faithfully reflected on the heavy features of Jack, who followed close behind. Then the emigrants came straggling from their wagons towards the common centre. Various suggestions were made to account for the absence of the four men; and one or two of the emigrants declared that, when out after the cattle, they had seen Indians dogging them and crawling like wolves along the ridges of the hills.

At this, the Captain slowly shook his head with double gravity and solemnly remarked, "It's a serious thing to be travelling through this cursed wilderness." An opinion in which Jack immediately expressed a thorough coincidence.

Henry would not commit himself by declaring any positive opinion.

"Maybe he only followed the buffalo too far; maybe Indian kill him; maybe he got lost; I cannot tell."

With this, the auditors were obliged to rest content. The emigrants, not in the least alarmed, though curious to know what had become of their comrades, walked back to their wagons, and the Captain betook himself pensively to his tent. Shaw and I followed his example.

changed; only a wolf or two glided by at intervals, like conscious felons, never looking to the right or left. Being now free from anxiety, I was at leisure to observe minutely the objects around me; and here, for the first time, I noticed insects wholly different from any of the varieties found farther to the eastward. Gaudy butterflies fluttered about my horse's head; strangely formed beetles, glittering with metallic lustre, were crawling upon plants that I had never seen before; multitudes of lizards, too, were darting like lightning over the sand.

I had run to a great distance from the river. It cost me a long ride on the buffalo path before I saw, from the ridge of a sand-hill, the pale surface of the Platte glistening in the midst of its desert valley and the faint outline of the hills beyond, waving along the sky. From where I stood, not a tree nor a bush nor a living thing was visible throughout the whole extent of the sun-scorched landscape. In half an hour I came upon the trail, not far from the river; and seeing that the party had not yet passed, I turned eastward to meet them, old Pontiac's long swinging trot again assuring me that I was right in doing so. Having been slightly ill on leaving camp in the morning, six or seven hours of rough riding had fatigued me extremely. I soon stopped, therefore, flung my saddle on the ground and, with my head resting on it and my horse's trail-rope tied loosely to my arm, lay waiting the arrival of the party, speculating meanwhile on the extent of the injuries Pontiac had received. At length, the white wagon coverings rose from the verge of the plain. By a singular coincidence, almost at the same moment, two horsemen appeared coming down from the hills. They were Shaw and Henry, who had searched for me awhile in the morning, but well knowing the futility of the attempt in such a broken country, had placed themselves on the top of the highest hill they could find, and picketing their horses near them, as a signal to me, had lain down and fallen asleep. The stray cattle had been recovered, as the emigrants told us, about noon. Before sunset, we pushed forward eight miles farther

"June 7, 1846.—Four men are missing: R———, Sorel, and two emigrants. They set out this morning after buffalo and have not yet made their appearance; whether killed or lost, we cannot tell."

FROM:

"THE HOLY SCRIPTURES"

Joshua

AND Joshua the son of Nun sent out of Shittim two spies secretly, saying: "Go view the land, even Jericho." And they went, and came into the house of a harlot whose name was Rahab, and lay there. And it was told the king of Jericho, saying: "Behold, there came men in hither tonight of the children of Israel to search out the land."

And the king of Jericho sent unto Rahab, saying: "Bring forth the men that are come to thee, that are entered into thy house; for they are come to search out all the land."

And the woman took the two men, and hid them; and she said: "Yea, the men came unto me, but I knew not whence they were; and it came to pass about the time of the shutting of the gate, when it was dark, that the men went out; whither the men went I know not; pursue after them quickly; for ye shall overtake them." But she had brought them up to the roof, and hid them with the stalks of flax, which she had spread out upon the roof.

And the men pursued after them the way to the Jordan unto the fords; and as soon as they that pursued after them were gone out, the gate was shut. And before they were laid down, she came up unto them upon the roof; and she said unto the men: "I know that the Lord hath given you the land, and that your terror is fallen upon us, and that all the inhabitants of the land melt away before you. For we have heard how the Lord dried up the water of the Red Sea before you, when ye came out of Egypt; and what ye did unto the two kings of the Amorites, that were beyond the Jordan, unto Sihon and to Og, whom ye utterly destroyed.

And as soon as we had heard it, our hearts did melt, neither did there remain any more spirit in any man, because of you; for the Lord your God, He is God in heaven above, and on earth beneath.

Adventure in Jericho

AGAIN we read of one of the Holy Bible's famous early spy stories, as Joshua sends out two spies to Jericho. There is even the interesting complication so often found in later spy-adventures—the woman in Jericho who takes in the spies and hides them in her home.

Joshua's system proved many hundreds of years later to have modern military value. The circumstances were these:

In 1918, the British 60th Division, under General Allenby, was planning to attack Jericho in order to drive the Turks across the Jordan River. In preparation for the main attack they had to capture a small village—*Michmash*—that was sitting on a high rocky hill right in the path of their planned drive.

One of the soldiers, a brigade major, thought Michmash sounded familiar. He took out his Bible and read how Jonathan had spied it out, and he ordered his soldiers to do the same. Major Vivian Gilbert's soldiers were able to repeat successfully the pattern set down in the Bible.

Adventure in a Rowboat

TOM MAHONEY, the author of "New York to France in a Rowboat," first heard of this epic of adventure when he wandered into the Whaling Museum at New Bedford, Massachusetts, and noticed framed on the wall a yellowed newspaper clipping about the exploit. His first reaction was one of incredulity but investigation verified everything. When published in *Coronet Magazine* the article provoked a great many letters, most saying that it simply couldn't be true.

It also brought a letter from the sister of one of the men and a very informative one from James Piper, a Baltimore attorney. Mr. Piper chanced to be boarding a liner there, when Harbo and Samuelson pulled out of New York Harbor and, by even greater chance, saw them finish their voyage in Le Havre. He helped them by giving an interview to the local newspaper and aided them in collecting $5,000 promised by Richard K. Fox, publisher of the *Police Gazette,* when—and if—they attained their goal. Fox at first refused to pay on the ground that the sailing ship, *Cito of Lavick,* which replenished their provisions after the big storm, had carried them part of the way. The ship was sailing in the opposite direction.

Mahoney was born in Dallas, Texas, and made his way to New York by way of the University of Missouri, where he helped write a musical comedy, and by newspaper, magazine and publicity jobs in Dallas, El Paso, Kansas City, Des Moines, Buffalo and Schenectady. He has been a United Press man and an associate editor of *Look* and *Fortune.*

Now therefore, I pray you, swear unto me by the Lord, since I have dealt kindly with you, that ye also will deal kindly with my father's house—and give me a true token—and save alive my father, and my mother, and my brethren, and my sisters, and all that they have, and deliver our lives from death."

And the men said unto her: "Our life for yours, if ye tell not this our business; and it shall be, when the Lord giveth us the land, that we will deal kindly and truly with thee."

Then she let them down by a cord through the window; for her house was upon the side of the wall, and she dwelt upon the wall. And she said unto them: "Get you to the mountain, lest the pursuers light upon you; and hide yourselves there three days, until the pursuers be returned; and afterward may ye go your way."

And the men said unto her. "We will be guiltless of this thine oath which thou hast made us to swear. Behold, when we come into the land, thou shalt bind this line of scarlet thread in the window which thou didst let us down by; and thou shalt gather unto thee into the house thy father, and thy mother, and thy brethren, and all thy father's household. And it shall be, that whosoever shall go out of the doors of thy house into the street, his blood shall be upon his head, and we will be guiltless; and whosoever shall be with thee in the house, his blood shall be on our head, if any hand be upon him. But if thou utter this our business, then we will be guiltless of thine oath which thou hast made us to swear."

And she said: "According unto your words, so be it." And she sent them away, and they departed; and she bound the scarlet line in the window.

And they went, and came unto the mountain, and abode there three days, until the pursuers were returned; and the pursuers sought them throughout all the way, but found them not.

Then the two men returned, and descended from the mountain, and passed over, and came to Joshua the son of Nun; and they told him all that had befallen them. And they said unto Joshua: "Truly the Lord hath delivered into our hands all the land; and moreover all the inhabitants of the land do melt away before us."

tion of the boat at Branchport, New Jersey, and the little white-oak craft was named *Fox* in his honor.

Boatmen shook their heads incredulously when the cockleshell was rowed to the Battery. But Samuelson and Harbo stubbornly continued outfitting. Into the boat went five pairs of oars, a compass, a sextant, a canvas sea-anchor, an air mattress, signal lights and five gallons of kerosene for the small stove rigged in the bow.

Provisions included 250 eggs, 100 pounds of sea biscuit, nine pounds of coffee, and considerable canned meat. All clothing except oilskins and what they were wearing was discarded. No tobacco, liquor or sails were taken aboard.

A crowd of 2,000 gathered at the Battery the afternoon of June 6, 1896, to see them off. The weather was perfect but there was an air of gloom about the crowd. "This is suicide," was a common comment.

"We'll see you all in Le Havre or in heaven!" shouted Harbo cheerfully as the *Fox* pushed off. Harbor whistles saluted the boat as it skimmed down the bay and through the Narrows, with both Harbo and Samuelson rowing.

When the *Fox* passed out to sea, the two Norwegians began their carefully calculated routine, which called for fifteen and a half hours of rowing a day for each man. At first the weather was glorious but trouble began with the oil stove. It was hard to keep lighted even in a mild breeze. They had little coffee and soon had to eat their eggs raw.

On the fourth night out, Harbo was asleep under the canvas shelter astern. Suddenly he sat up, crying: "Something bumped us!"

As they listened it came again, a bump and a scrape across the bottom. Then something white flashed in the dark water alongside.

"A shark!" said Harbo.

For two days the shark swam with the boat, while the oarsmen, undisturbed, continued their methodical pull for the horizon.

A week out, the adventurers encountered the Canadian schooner *Jessie* bound for New York.

"Come alongside and we'll take you aboard!" the schooner's captain megaphoned.

"No thanks!" Samuelson shouted back. "We're on a voyage."

FROM:

"NEW YORK TO FRANCE IN A ROWBOAT"

by Tom Mahoney

INCREDIBLE as it sounds, two men once rowed across the Atlantic Ocean in an open boat—the full 3,250 miles from New York to France. In comparison with this epic feat, the recent South Pacific cruise of six men on a raft seems a sedentary enterprise. Yet today the Atlantic adventure and the names of its heroes are forgotten.

Frank Samuelson and George Harbo, two Norwegian immigrants, lived in Brooklyn and dredged for oysters off New Jersey. In 1896, the year of their exploit, Harbo was thirty, Samuelson twenty-six, but both had spent their lives at sea and possessed a strength far greater than their medium stature indicated.

"If anybody would row the ocean," Samuelson told Harbo, "he would make a fortune. People would pay to see the boat." One man couldn't do it, they agreed; but two men might make the voyage in two months, if they rowed fifty-four miles a day. So why not try it?

The mustached Harbo, a licensed pilot, calculated that the most feasible route was eastward by way of the Gulf Stream and the North Atlantic drift. These currents would add slightly to the speed of a craft going in their direction. Further, this was the heavily traveled North Atlantic shipping route, which promised help in event of disaster.

For two years, the Norwegians devoted their spare time to completing plans. Finally they designed a double-pointed, eighteen-foot craft, with a five-foot beam and eight-inch draft. At both ends were water-tight compartments and tanks for drinking water. Richard K. Fox, publisher of the *Police Gazette*, financed construc-

and began desperately to bail. Some of their provisions had been swept away; their clothes were water-logged. Sleepless and hungry, they presented a sorry spectacle as the sun rose over a comparatively calm sea.

They stripped and wrung out their soaked clothing. Then they resumed rowing to take the stiffness from their swollen joints. After apparently tossing its worst at the *Fox*, the ocean relented. Winds were favorable and the sun smiled.

But there were other troubles. The backs of their hands became an agony. Wind, sun and salt water had turned them into raw flesh, further irritated by the constant chafing of oilskins. An even graver problem was their depleted food stock. While previously it had been amusing to chaff with passing vessels, it was now a matter of life or death to hail one.

Salvation appeared on July 15 in the shape of a full-rigged bark. They tied a blanket to an oar and began to wave it. At last the bark turned toward the famished oarsmen. As she neared, they made out the name *Cito* on her bow.

"Must be Italian," said Harbo.

But the Canadian-bound vessel proved instead to be the *Cito of Lavick* from Norway, birthplace of the two bedraggled adventurers. Harbo and Samuelson boarded the ship for a Gargantuan meal and a joyful reunion with seamen like themselves. Before they left, the Norwegians filled the *Fox*'s water tanks and stocked her with fresh provisions.

With half their voyage behind them, Harbo and Samuelson took up the oars again. The weather continued fair and for more than a week they averaged sixty-five miles a day. On August 1 they sighted land—the Scilly Islands, southwestern tip of Britain.

Just fifty-five days after leaving New York, they stepped ashore at St. Mary's, to be greeted by an incredulous American consul. After resting for only one day, during which Harbo wrote a three-paragraph letter to the New York *World*, saying, "We are satisfied with our records," the *Fox* set off for Le Havre, France, 250 miles distant. There the voyage ended on August 7 to the cheers of thousands.

The Norwegians and their boat were worn and battered. They could not stand on their stiff legs after landing; their hands were

"Where are you bound?"

"Europe."

With her crew shaking their heads, the *Jessie* sailed on.

The next day, Sunday, brought the tireless oarsmen their first bad weather. A heavy gale blew up from the east, almost dead ahead. Waves rose higher and higher until they washed over the *Fox*. At 9 A.M. the two men gave up rowing and tossed out the sea anchor. By 5 P.M. Harbo calculated their progress for the day had been twenty-five miles backward!

Two days later, the *Fuerst Bismarck*, pride of the North German Lloyd, encountered the *Fox*. As nautical amenities must be maintained even between rowboats and liners, Harbo hoisted an American flag and the steamer responded with her colors.

"Are you shipwrecked?" the liner's skipper shouted.

"No. Bound for Europe."

"Are you crazy?"

"No, indeed."

Amazed passengers at the rail cheered as the *Fox* pulled away toward the east.

On the Norwegians rowed, sometimes singing but usually pulling their oars with silent efficiency. July 1, on the Grand Banks, they met a fishing smack, whose astonished captain invited the voyagers aboard. For the first time in three weeks, Harbo and Samuelson enjoyed a cooked meal.

On July 7 a westerly gale blew up, and for two days the weary oarsmen battled mountainous seas. It was a grim fight. Ten times a day the tiny craft had to be bailed out. Only the watertight compartments kept her afloat.

On the second night, Samuelson saw a gigantic wave bearing down.

"Look out!" he shouted.

"We'll never clear it!" gasped Harbo.

In an instant the *Fox* was overturned and the two men were struggling in icy water. But even for this emergency they had made plans. Each wore a lifebelt, fastened to the boat by rope. Also the keel had been provided with a rail to which the voyagers could cling.

After several attempts they righted the boat, crawled aboard

Adventure on the Matterhorn

EDWARD WHYMPER was an Englishman, famous for his "Scrambles Amongst The Alps." Actually these were no mere scrambles, but tough mountain climbs, for Whymper was an ardent mountaineer. He said, "The Matterhorn attracted me simply by its grandeur. It was considered to be the most thoroughly inaccessible of all mountains.... Stimulated to make fresh exertions by one repulse after another, I returned, year after year, as I had opportunity, more and more determined to find a way up it or to *prove* it to be really inaccessible."

His determination of spirit is typical of a band of hardy English climbers, whose main endeavor during the Nineteenth Century was conquest of new heights. They made mountaineering a true sport for the first time during the period of 1854 to 1880. Edward Whymper joins John Tyndall, Alfred Wills, T. W. Hinchliff and other English heroes as they storm peak after peak.

Whymper's *Scrambles* actually occurred during the years 1860 to 1869. They took their place in the permanent literature of mountaineering partly because of Whymper's own enthusiastic style and partly because, on one of his scrambles, four out of a party of seven were killed. This was the first big accident in the history of mountaineering, and a great deal of publicity and controversy ensued. Whymper and the entire sport were questioned, condemned and soundly supported also.

The accident on the Matterhorn, plus his published *Scrambles*, at any rate, combined to make this young artist and wood-engraver famous. First sent to the mountains to make drawings of them, he determined to climb them. He made *seven* unsuccessful attempts before his final successful one.

in frightful shape. All during the voyage they had enjoyed good health, but on their first day ashore both developed bad colds.

The fortune that they hoped to reap by their exploit proved illusory. Many paid to see their boat during exhibitions in Le Havre, Paris and London; but they barely earned expenses. Next, they journeyed to their native Norway. This trip proved the greatest disappointment of all. Their families welcomed them but Norwegian press comment was adverse. Irate editors contended that the voyage should have been made under the Norwegian flag.

A year later Harbo and Samuelson brought the *Fox* back to America via steamship. But as a carnival attraction the craft was a failure. The rowboat that had crossed the Atlantic looked much like any other and couldn't compete on midways with livelier attractions. Both men vanished from the limelight and eventually went back to Norway.

In 1946 Samuelson died in an old people's home at Farsund. The Norwegian press was kinder to him in death than it had been in life. "The world will not soon see his like again," editorialized one journal. "Ours is an effete age."

to Chivasso on the plain of Piedmont, and far beyond. The Viso, one hundred miles away, seemed close upon us; the Maritime Alps, one hundred and thirty miles distant, were free from haze. Then came my first love—the Pelvoux: the Écrins and the Meije; the clusters of the Graians; and lastly, in the west, gorgeous in the full sunlight, rose the monarch of all—Mont Blanc. Ten thousand feet beneath us were the green fields of Zermatt, dotted with chalets, from which blue smoke rose lazily. Eight thousand feet below, on the other side, were the pastures of Breuil. There were forests black and gloomy and meadows bright and lively; bounding waterfalls and tranquil lakes; fertile lands and savage wastes; sunny plains and frigid plateaux. There were the most rugged forms and the most graceful outlines—bold, perpendicular cliffs and gentle, undulating slopes; rocky mountains and snowy mountains, sombre and solemn or glittering and white, with walls, turrets, pinnacles, pyramids, domes, cones and spires! There was every combination that the world can give and every contrast that the heart could desire.

We remained on the summit for one hour—one crowded hour of glorious life. It passed away too quickly, and we began to prepare for the descent.

Hudson and I again consulted as to the best and safest arrangement of the party. We agreed that it would be best for Croz to go first and Hadow second; Hudson, who was almost equal to a guide in sureness of foot, wished to be third; Lord F. Douglas was placed next; and old Peter, the strongest of the remainder after him. I suggested to Hudson that we should attach a rope to the rocks on our arrival at the difficult bit and hold it as we descended as an additional protection. He approved the idea, but it was not definitely settled that it should be done. The party was being arranged in the above order whilst I was sketching the summit; and they had finished and were waiting for me to be tied in line, when some one remembered that our names had not been left in a bottle. They requested me to write them down and moved off while it was being done.

A few minutes afterward, I tied myself to young Peter, ran down after the others and caught them just as they were commencing the descent of the difficult part. Great care was being taken. Only one man was moving at a time: when he was firmly

FROM:

"SCRAMBLES AMONGST THE ALPS"

by Edward Whymper

IT MADE a poor flag, and there was no wind to float it out; yet it was seen all around. They saw it at Zermatt, at the Riffel, in the Val Tournanche. At Breuil the watchers cried, "Victory is ours!" They raised "bravos" for Carrel and "vivas" for Italy, and hastened to put themselves *en fête*. On the morrow they were undeceived. All was changed: the explorers returned sad—cast down—disheartened—confounded—gloomy. "It is true," said the men. "We saw them ourselves; they hurled stones at us! The old traditions are true—there are spirits on the top of the Matterhorn!"

We returned to the southern end of the ridge to build a cairn and then paid homage to the view. The day was one of those superlatively calm and clear ones which usually precede bad weather. The atmosphere was perfectly still and free from all clouds or vapors. Mountains fifty—nay, a hundred—miles off looked sharp and near. All their details—ridge and crag, snow and glacier—stood out with faultless definition. Pleasant thoughts of happy days in bygone years came up unbidden as we recognized the old, familiar forms. All were revealed; not one of the principal peaks of the Alps was hidden. I see them clearly now—the great inner circles of giants, backed by the ranges, chains and *massifs*. First came the Dent Blanche, hoary and grand; the Gabelhorn and pointed Rothhorn, and then the peerless Weisshorn; the towering Mischabelhörner, flanked by the Allaleinhorn, Strahlhorn and Rimpfischhorn; then Monte Rosa—with its many *spitzes*—the Lyskamm and the Breithorn. Behind were the Bernese Oberland, governed by the Finsteraarhorn, the Simplon and St. Gothard groups, the Disgrazia and the Orteler. Toward the south we looked down

men, paralyzed by terror, cried like infants and trembled in such a manner as to threaten us with the fate of the others. Old Peter rent the air with exclamations of "Chamonix! Oh, what will Chamonix say?" He meant: who would believe that Croz could fall?

The young man did nothing but scream or sob. "We are lost! We are lost!"

Fixed between the two, I could move neither up nor down. I begged young Peter to descend, but he dared not. Unless he did we could not advance.

Old Peter became alive to the danger and swelled the cry, "We are lost! We are lost!"

The father's fear was natural—he trembled for his son; the young man's fear was cowardly—he thought of self alone. At last old Peter summoned up courage and changed his position to a rock to which he could fix the rope. The young man then descended, and we all stood together. Immediately we did so, I asked for the rope which had given way and found, to my surprise—indeed, to my horror—that it was the weakest of the three ropes. It was not brought—and should not have been employed—for the purpose for which it was used. It was old rope and, compared with the others, was feeble. It was intended as a reserve in case we had to leave much rope behind attached to rocks. I saw at once that a serious question was involved, and made them give me the end. It had broken in mid-air, and it did not appear to have sustained previous injury.

For more than two hours afterward I thought almost every moment that the next would be my last; for the Taugwalders, utterly unnerved, were not only incapable of giving assistance, but were in such a state that a slip might have been expected from them at any moment. After a time we were able to do that which should have been done at first and fixed rope to firm rocks in addition to being tied together. These ropes were cut from time to time and were left behind. Even with their assurance the men were afraid to proceed, and several times old Peter turned with ashy face and faltering limbs and said with terrible emphasis, "*I cannot!*"

About 6 p.m. we arrived at the snow upon the ridge descending toward Zermatt, and all peril was over.

planted, the next advanced, and so on. They had not, however, attached the additional rope to rocks; and nothing was said about it. The suggestion was not made for my own sake, and I am not sure that it even occurred to me again. For some little distance we two followed the others, detached from them and should have continued so had not Lord F. Douglas asked me about 3 p.m. to tie on to old Peter, as he feared, he said, that Taugwalder would not be able to hold his ground if a slip occurred.

A few minutes later a sharp-eyed lad ran into the Monte Rosa hotel to Seiler, saying that he had seen an avalanche fall from the summit of the Matterhorn on to the Matterhorngletscher. The boy was reproved for telling idle stories. He was right, nevertheless, and this was what he saw.

Michel Croz had laid aside his axe and, in order to give Mr. Hadow greater security, was absolutely taking hold of his legs and putting his feet, one by one, into their proper positions. As far as I know no one was actually descending. I cannot speak with certainty, because the two leading men were partially hidden from my sight by an intervening mass of rock; but it is my belief, from the movements of their shoulders, that Croz, having done as I have said, was in the act of turning round to go down a step or two himself. At this moment Mr. Hadow slipped, fell against him and knocked him over. I heard one startled exclamation from Croz, then saw him and Mr. Hadow flying downward. In another moment Hudson was dragged from his steps and Lord F. Douglas immediately after him. All this was the work of a moment. Immediately we heard Croz's exclamation, old Peter and I planted ourselves as firmly as the rocks would permit. The rope was taut between us and the jerk came on us both as on one man. We held, but the rope broke midway between Taugwalder and Lord Francis Douglas. For a few seconds we saw our unfortunate companions sliding downward on their backs and spreading out their hands, endeavoring to save themselves. They passed from our sight uninjured, disappeared one by one, and fell from precipice to precipice on to the Matterhorngletscher below, a distance of nearly four thousand feet in height. From the moment the rope broke, it was impossible to help them.

So perished our comrades! For the space of half an hour, we remained on the spot without moving a single step. The two

FROM:

"PLUTARCH'S LIVES"

Dryden Translation

ALEXANDER, now intent upon his expedition into India, took notice that his soldiers were so charged with booty that it hindered their marching. Therefore, at break of day, as soon as the baggage waggons were laden, first he set fire to his own and to those of his friends, and then commanded those to be burnt which belonged to the rest of the army. An act which in the deliberation of it had seemed more dangerous and difficult than it proved in the execution, with which few were dissatisfied; for most of the soldiers, as though they had been inspired, uttering loud outcries and warlike shoutings, supplied one another with what was absolutely necessary and burnt and destroyed all that was superfluous, the sight of which redoubled Alexander's zeal and eagerness for his design. And, indeed, he was now grown very severe and inexorable in punishing those who committed any fault. For he put Menander, one of his friends, to death for deserting a fortress where he had placed him in garrison and shot Orsodates, one of the barbarians who revolted from him, with his own hand.

At this time a sheep happened to yean a lamb with the perfect shape and colour of a tiara upon the head and testicles on each side, which portent Alexander regarded with such dislike that he immediately caused his Babylonian priests, whom he usually carried about with him for such purposes, to purify him and told his friends he was not so much concerned for his own sake as for theirs, out of an apprehension that after his death the divine power might suffer his empire to fall into the hands of some degenerate, impotent person. But this fear was soon removed by a wonderful thing that happened not long after and was thought to presage better. For Proxenus, a Macedonian, who was the chief of

Adventure in Ancient Greece

ALEXANDER, THE GREAT, was one of the most famous of history's conquerors. Born in 356 B.C., he was the son of Philip the Second of Macedonia. He came by his famous courage naturally when you consider not only the conquests of his father, Philip, but also of his presumed ancestor, Hercules.

In our story, Alexander had already taken over the throne of Macedonia after his father was assassinated and had begun a long series of military campaigns that eventually led him to conquer Asia Minor and even took him to Northern India. It was rumored again and again that he believed himself to be a god—and to be the son of the god, Jove, who had taken the form of a serpent to unite with Alexander's mother, Olympias. He substantiated this god-image further in the minds of men of his day by pointing out that he was born in the midst of three great Greek victories.

Our story is taken from the "Lives" of Plutarch, the famous biographer of the ancients. Plutarch, who wrote so much about others, wrote little about himself; but we know he was born in A.D. 42 and died around 102. He lived in the small town of Chaeronea in Boeotia. He wrote sixty-five *Lives*, in all, of Greek and Roman notables, fifty of which are yet available.

deep river between them and the town, he advanced before them and, standing upon the bank, "What a miserable man," said he, "am I that I have not learned to swim!" and then was hardly dissuaded from endeavouring to pass it upon his shield. Here, after the assault was over, the ambassadors who from several towns which he had blocked up came to submit to him and make their peace were surprised to find him still in his armour, without any one in waiting or attendance upon him, and when at last some one brought him a cushion, he made the eldest of them, named Acuphis, take it and sit down upon it. The old man, marvelling at his magnanimity and courtesy, asked him what his countrymen should do to merit his friendship.

"I would have them," said Alexander, "choose you to govern them and send one hundred of the most worthy men among them to remain with me as hostages."

Acuphis laughed and answered, "I shall govern them with more ease, sir, if I send you so many of the worst, rather than the best of my subjects."

The extent of King Taxiles's dominions in India was thought to be as large as Egypt, abounding in good pastures and producing beautiful fruits. The king himself had the reputation of a wise man, and at his first interview with Alexander he spoke to him in these terms: "To what purpose," said he, "should we make war upon one another if the design of your coming into these parts be not to rob us of our water or our necessary food, which are the only things that wise men are indispensably obliged to fight for? As for other riches and possessions, as they are accounted in the eye of the world, if I am better provided of them than you, I am ready to let you share with me; but if fortune has been more liberal to you than me, I have no objection to be obliged to you."

This discourse pleased Alexander so much that, embracing him, "Do you think," said he to him, "your kind words and courteous behaviour will bring you off in this interview without a contest? No, you shall not escape so. I shall contend and do battle with you so far that how obliging soever you are, you shall not have the better of me."

Then, receiving some presents from him, he returned him others of greater value and, to complete his bounty, gave him in money

those who looked to the king's furniture, as he was breaking up the ground near the river Oxus to set up the royal pavilion, discovered a spring of a fat, oily liquor which, after the top was taken off, ran pure, clear oil without any difference either of taste or smell, having exactly the same smoothness and brightness, and that, too, in a country where no olives grew. The water, indeed, of the river Oxus, is said to be the smoothest to the feeling of all waters and to leave a gloss on the skins of those who bathe themselves in it. Whatever might be the cause, certain it is that Alexander was wonderfully pleased with it, as appears by his letters to Antipater, where he speaks of it as one of the most remarkable presages that God had ever favoured him with. The diviners told him it signified his expedition would be glorious in the event, but very painful and attended with many difficulties; for oil, they said, was bestowed on mankind by God as a refreshment of their labours.

Nor did they judge amiss, for he exposed himself to many hazards in the battles which he fought and received very severe wounds, but the greatest loss in his army was occasioned through the unwholesomeness of the air and the want of necessary provisions. But he still applied himself to overcome fortune and whatever opposed him by resolution and virtue, and thought nothing impossible to true intrepidity and, on the other hand, nothing secure or strong for cowardice. It is told of him that when he besieged Sisimithres, who held an inaccessible, impregnable rock against him, and his soldiers began to despair of taking it, he asked Oxyartes whether Sisimithres was a man of courage, who assuring him he was the greatest coward alive, "Then you tell me," said he, "that the place may easily be taken, since what is in command of it is weak."

And in a little time he so terrified Sisimithres that he took it without any difficulty. At an attack which he made upon such another precipitous place with some of his Macedonian soldiers, he called to one whose name was Alexander and told him he at any rate must fight bravely if it were but for his name's sake. The youth fought gallantly and was killed in action, at which he was sensibly afflicted. Another time, seeing his men march slowly and unwillingly to the siege of the place called Nysa, because of a

their cavalry, he should be too strong for them; if with their foot, his own would come up in time enough to his assistance. Nor did he judge amiss; for being charged by a thousand horse and sixty armed chariots, which advanced before their main body, he took all the chariots and killed four hundred horse upon the place. Porus, by this time, guessing that Alexander himself had crossed over, came on with his whole army, except a party which he left behind to hold the rest of the Macedonians in play if they should attempt to pass the river. But he, apprehending the multitude of the enemy and to avoid the shock of their elephants dividing his forces, attacked their left wing himself and commanded Coenus to fall upon the right, which was performed with good success. For by this means both wings being broken, the enemies fell back in their retreat upon the centre and crowded in upon their elephants. There rallying, they fought a hand-to-hand battle; and it was the eighth hour of the day before they were entirely defeated. This description the conqueror himself has left us in his own epistles.

Almost all the historians agree in relating that Porus was four cubits and a span high and that when he was upon his elephant, which was of the largest size, his stature and bulk were so answerable that he appeared to be proportionately mounted, as a horseman on his horse. This elephant, during the whole battle, gave many singular proofs of sagacity and of particular care of the king, whom, as long as he was strong and in a condition to fight, he defended with great courage, repelling those who set upon him; and, as soon as he perceived him overpowered with his numerous wounds and the multitude of darts that were thrown at him, to prevent his falling off, he softly knelt down and began to draw out the darts with his proboscis. When Porus was taken prisoner and Alexander asked him how he expected to be used, he answered, "As a king." For that expression, he said, when the same question was put to him a second time, comprehended everything. And Alexander, accordingly, not only suffered him to govern his own kingdom as satrap under himself, but gave him also the additional territory of various independent tribes whom he subdued, a district which, it is said, contained fifteen several nations and five thousand considerable towns, besides abundance of villages. To

ready-coined one thousand talents; at which his old friends were much displeased, but it gained him the hearts of many of the barbarians. But the best soldiers of the Indians, now entering into the pay of several of the cities undertook to defend them and did it so bravely that they put Alexander to a great deal of trouble, till at last, after a capitulation, upon the surrender of the place, he fell upon them as they were marching away and put them all to the sword. This one breach of his word remains as a blemish upon his achievements in war, which he otherwise had performed throughout with that justice and honour that became a king. Nor was he less incommoded by the Indian philosophers, who inveighed against those princes who joined his party, and solicited the free nations to oppose him. He took several of these also and caused them to be hanged.

Alexander, in his own letters, has given us an account of his war with Porus. He says that the two armies were separated by the river Hydaspes, on whose opposite bank Porus continually kept his elephants in order of battle, with their heads towards their enemies, to guard the passage; that he, on the other hand, made every day a great noise and clamour in his camp to dissipate the apprehensions of the barbarians; that one stormy dark night he passed the river, at a distance from the place where the enemy lay, into a little island, with part of his foot and the best of his horse. Here there fell a most violent storm of rain, accompanied with lightning and whirlwinds; and seeing some of his men burnt and dying with the lightning, he nevertheless quitted the island and made over to the other side. The Hydaspes, he says, now after the storm, was so swollen and grown so rapid as to have made a breach in the bank; and a part of the river was now pouring in here, so that when he came across, it was with difficulty he got a footing on the land, which was slippery and unsteady, and exposed to the force of the currents on both sides. This is the occasion when he is related to have said, "O ye Athenians, will ye believe what dangers I incur to merit your praise?" This, however, is Onesicritus's story. Alexander says that here the men left their boats and passed the breach in their armour up to the breast in water; and then he advanced with his horse about twenty furlongs before his foot, concluding that if the enemy charged him with

the usual size, which he set up and distributed in several places. He erected altars, also, to the gods, which the kings of the Praesians, even in our time, do honour to when they pass the river and offer sacrifice upon them after the Grecian manner. Androcottus, then a boy, saw Alexander there, and is said often afterwards to have been heard to say, that he missed but little of making himself master of those countries; their king, who then reigned, was so hated and despised for the viciousness of his life and the meanness of his extraction.

Alexander was now eager to see the ocean. To which purpose he caused a great many tow-boats and rafts to be built, in which he fell gently down the rivers at his leisure, yet so that his navigation was neither unprofitable nor inactive. For by several descents upon the bank, he made himself master of the fortified towns and consequently of the country on both sides. But at a siege of a town of the Mallians, who have the repute of being the bravest people of India, he ran in great danger of his life. For having beaten off the defendants with showers of arrows, he was the first man that mounted the wall by a scaling-ladder, which, as soon as he was up, broke and left him almost alone, exposed to the darts which the barbarians threw at him in great numbers from below. In this distress, turning himself as well as he could, he leaped down in the midst of his enemies and had the good fortune to light upon his feet. The brightness and clattering of his armour when he came to the ground made the barbarians think they saw rays of light or some bright phantom playing before his body, which frightened them so at first that they ran away and dispersed. Till seeing him seconded but by two of his guards, they fell upon him hand to hand, and some, while he bravely defended himself, tried to wound him through his armour with their swords and spears. And one who stood further off drew a bow with such strength that the arrow, finding its way through his cuirass, stuck in his ribs under the breast. This stroke was so violent that it made him give back and set one knee to the ground, upon which the man ran up with his drawn scimitar, thinking to despatch him, and had done it if Peucestes and Limnaeus had not interposed, who were both wounded, Limnaeus mortally. But Peucestes stood his ground, while Alexander killed the barbarians. But this did not free him

another government, three times as large as this, he appointed Philip, one of his friends.

Some little time after the battle with Porus, Bucephalus died, as most of the authorities state, under cure of his wounds, or, as Onesicritus says, of fatigue and age, being thirty years old. Alexander was no less concerned at his death than if he had lost an old companion or an intimate friend and built a city, which he named Bucephalia, in memory of him, on the bank of the river Hydaspes. He also, we are told, built another city and called it after the name of a favourite dog, Peritas, which he had brought up himself. So Sotion assures us he was informed by Potamon of Lesbos.

But this last combat with Porus took off the edge of the Macedonians' courage and stayed their further progress into India. For having found it hard enough to defeat an enemy who brought but twenty thousand foot and two thousand horse into the field, they thought they had reason to oppose Alexander's design of leading them on to pass the Ganges, too, which they were told was thirty-two furlongs broad and a hundred fathoms deep, and the banks on the further side covered with multitudes of enemies. For they were told the kings of the Gandaritans and Praesians expected them there with eighty thousand horse, two hundred thousand foot, eight thousand armed chariots and six thousand fighting elephants. Nor was this a mere vain report, spread to discourage them. For Androcottus, who not long after reigned in those parts, made a present of five hundred elephants at once to Seleucus and with an army of six hundred thousand men subdued all India. Alexander at first was so grieved and enraged at his men's reluctancy that he shut himself up in his tent and threw himself upon the ground, declaring, if they would not pass the Ganges, he owed them no thanks for anything they had hitherto done and that to retreat now was plainly to confess himself vanquished. But at last the reasonable persuasions of his friends and the cries and lamentations of his soldiers, who in a suppliant manner crowded about the entrance of his tent, prevailed with him to think of returning. Yet he could not refrain from leaving behind him various deceptive memorials of his expedition to impose upon aftertimes and to exaggerate his glory with posterity, such as arms larger than were really worn and mangers for horses, with bits and bridles above

But perceiving Alexander not well satisfied with that account, he added, that he ought not to wonder if strange questions had as strange answers made to them. Then he went on and inquired of the next what a man should do to be exceedingly beloved. "He must be very powerful," said he, "without making himself too much feared." The answer of the seventh to his question, how a man might become a god, was "By doing that which was impossible for men to do." The eighth told him, "Life is stronger than death because it supports so many miseries." And the last being asked, how long he thought it decent for a man to live, said, "Till death appeared more desirable than life." Then Alexander turned to him whom he had made judge and commanded him to give sentence. "All that I can determine," said he, "is that they have every one answered worse than another." "Nay," said the king, "then you shall die first, for giving such a sentence." "Not so, O king," replied the Gymnosophist, "unless you said falsely that he should die first who made the worst answer." In conclusion he gave them presents and dismissed them.

But to those who were in greatest reputation among them and lived a private quiet life, he sent Onesicritus, one of Diogenes the Cynic's disciples, desiring them to come to him. Calanus, it is said, very arrogantly and roughly commanded him to strip himself and hear what he said naked, otherwise he would not speak a word to him, though he came from Jupiter himself. But Dandamis received him with more civility and, hearing him discourse of Socrates, Pythagoras, and Diogenes, told him he thought them men of great parts and to have erred in nothing so much as in having too great respect for the laws and customs of their country. Others say Dandamis only asked him the reason why Alexander undertook so long a journey to come into those parts. Taxiles, however, persuaded Calanus to wait upon Alexander. His proper name was Sphines, but because he was wont to say *Cale,* which in the Indian tongue is a form of salutation to those he met with anywhere, the Greeks called him Calanus. He is said to have shown Alexander an instructive emblem of government, which was this. He threw a dry shrivelled hide upon the ground and trod upon the edges of it. The skin, when it was pressed in one place, still rose up in another, wheresoever he trod round about it, till he set his foot in the

from danger; for, besides many other wounds, at last he received so weighty a stroke of a club upon his neck that he was forced to lean his body against the wall, still, however, facing the enemy. At this extremity, the Macedonians made their way in and gathered round him. They took him up just as he was fainting away, having lost all sense of what was done near him, and conveyed him to his tent, upon which it was presently reported all over the camp that he was dead. But when they had with great difficulty and pains sawed off the shaft of the arrow, which was of wood, and so with much trouble got off his cuirass, they came to cut the head of it, which was three fingers broad and four long, and stuck fast in the bone. During the operation he was taken with almost mortal swoonings, but when it was out he came to himself again. Yet though all danger was past, he continued very weak and confined himself a great while to a regular diet and the method of his cure, till one day, hearing the Macedonians clamouring outside in their eagerness to see him, he took his cloak and went out. And having sacrificed to the gods, without more delay he went on board again and, as he coasted along, subdued a great deal of the country on both sides and several considerable cities.

In this voyage he took ten of the Indian philosophers prisoners who had been most active in persuading Sabbas to revolt and had caused the Macedonians a great deal of trouble. These men, called Gymnosophists, were reputed to be extremely ready and succinct in their answers, which he made trial of by putting difficult questions to them, letting them know that those whose answers were not pertinent should be put to death, of which he made the eldest of them judge. The first being asked which he thought the most numerous, the dead or the living, answered, "The living because those who are dead are not at all." Of the second, he desired to know whether the earth or the sea produced the largest beasts; who told him, "The earth, for the sea is but a part of it." His question to the third was, Which is the cunningest of beasts? "That," said he, "which men have not yet found out." He bade the fourth tell him what argument he used to Sabbas to persuade him to revolt. "No other," said he, "than that he should either live or die nobly." Of the fifth he asked, Which was the eldest, night or day? The philosopher replied, "Day was eldest, by one day at least."

places resounded with music of pipes and flutes, with harping and singing, and women dancing as in the rites of Bacchus. For this disorderly, wandering march, besides the drinking part of it, was accompanied with all the sportiveness and insolence of bacchanals, as much as though the god himself had been there to countenance and lead the procession. As soon as he came to the royal palace of Gedrosia, he again refreshed and feasted his army. And one day after he had drunk pretty hard, it is said, he went to see a prize of dancing contended for, in which his favourite Bagoas, having gained the victory, crossed the theatre in his dancing habit and sat down close by him, which so pleased the Macedonians that they made loud acclamations for him to kiss Bagoas and never stopped clapping their hands and shouting till Alexander put his arms round him and kissed him.

middle, which made all the parts lie even and quiet. The meaning of this similitude being that he ought to reside most in the middle of his empire, and not spend too much time on the borders of it.

His voyage down the rivers took up seven months' time, and when he came to the sea, he sailed to an island which he himself called Scillustis, others Psiltucis, where going ashore, he sacrificed and made what observations he could as to the nature of the sea and the seacoast. Then having besought the gods that no other man might ever go beyond the bounds of this expedition, he ordered his fleet, of which he made Nearchus admiral and Onesicritus pilot, to sail round about, keeping the Indian shore on the right hand, and returned himself by land through the country of the Orites, where he was reduced to great straits for want of provisions and lost a vast number of his men, so that of an army of one hundred and twenty thousand foot and fifteen thousand horse, he scarcely brought back above a fourth part out of India, they were so diminished by disease, ill diet, and the scorching heats, but most by famine. For their march was through an uncultivated country whose inhabitants fared hardly, possessing only a few sheep, and those of a wretched kind, whose flesh was rank and unsavoury by their continual feeding upon sea-fish.

After sixty days' march he came into Gedrosia, where he found great plenty of all things, which the neighbouring kings and governors of provinces, hearing of his approach, had taken care to provide. When he had here refreshed his army, he continued his march through Carmania, feasting all the way for seven days together. He with his most intimate friends banqueted and revelled night and day upon a platform erected on a lofty, conspicuous scaffold, which was slowly drawn by eight horses. This was followed by a great many chariots, some covered with purple and embroidered canopies, and some with green boughs, which were continually supplied afresh, and in them the rest of his friends and commanders drinking, and crowned with garlands of flowers. Here was now no target or helmet or spear to be seen. Instead of armour, the soldiers handled nothing but cups and goblets and Thericlean drinking vessels, which, along the whole way, they dipped into large bowls and jars, and drank healths to one another, some seating themselves to it, others as they went along. All

FROM:

"WE CRASHED THE IRON CURTAIN IN A TANK"

by Vaclav Uhlik, as told to Llewellyn Miller

THE LAST day was the hardest.

Five years of planning had gone into this; three years of working silently in the night to perfect every detail. Now the day was here. This time tomorrow we would be free. Or dead.

Only one job remained: to get through this day, pretending that it was no different from any other, giving no hint to relative or friend that we planned this very night to try to crash through the Iron Curtain separating our native Czechoslovakia from the free, Western world.

We could not say good-bye to anyone, for his own safety as well as ours. Meeting a neighbor in the street, we could only pass him quickly and hope that the strain inside us did not show in our faces. We could not allow our eyes to betray the thought in our minds: "This is the last time I will ever see you."

In my automobile-repair shop, I made a pretense of working. The day dragged so slowly I thought it would never end. Then, mercifully, evening came.

The little group drifted into the kitchen of my home. Marta, my wife, cooked dinner. It was sausages and they were good, but none of us had any appetite.

Darkness came at eight. Now there was nothing to do but wait through the hours until the last light went out in the village. There was no need to pack; we could take with us only the clothes we wore and an extra pair of shoes, an extra shirt.

"Marta," I said, "go to bed with the children. Try to get some rest. I'll call you when it's time."

She arose from her chair without answering—the tension was so

Adventure Behind the Iron Curtain

RADIO FREE EUROPE is not an escape agency, and yet it is credited with boosting the courage of those hundreds who stage breath-taking escapes each year from the five satellite nations to which it broadcasts—Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, Romania and Bulgaria.

Those who crash the Curtain are people whose anti-Communist sentiments have put their lives in jeopardy, or people to whom Communism is so intolerable that they prefer the risks involved in an escape to existence in their home countries. Yet, before they escape, they are often fearful and puzzled. How will the West receive them? Can they rebuild their lives? It is over the privately-operated Radio Free Europe that they hear the words they hope for. They hear other escapees tell of their reception, of the new chance they received. Of course, this is not R. F. E.'s principal content; but for those who have decided to escape, the truth about the West is all they need.

Such a family were the Uhliks of Czechoslovakia and their compatriots, who spent three years completing, piece by piece, a tank in which they hoped to crash the Iron Curtain. Not only did it crash the Curtain, but this same tank later toured the nation for Crusade for Freedom, sponsor of Radio Free Europe, to demonstrate the will to freedom which burns on in Soviet-seized Central and Eastern Europe. It helped materially in raising Crusade funds for the continued "truth-casts" of R. F. E.

The Uhliks' will to freedom has now willed them a new life.

I got down, opened the heavy wooden doors of the shop and looked out into the street. The rising moon, nearing the full, cast sharp, black shadows across the deserted road. This was the edge of the village; a little farther on the forest began. Studying the distance between the shop and the safety of the trees, I had an irresistible urge to give the motor one final road test.

I opened the shop doors wide, let out the clutch, rolled out into the empty street and made slowly for the back road that led into the woods.

Out with my "wood truck" in the daytime, I had always been careful to grind along in low gear. No one in the village knew that the machine could do sixty miles an hour. Tonight, at the border, our very lives might depend on its doing sixty miles an hour.

Once in the shelter of the trees, I pushed the throttle to the floor. As the stripped chassis roared through the empty forest, my mind went back over the years that had brought us to this night of hope and peril.

I was born in Czechoslovakia, and my ancestors had lived there for as long as anyone could remember; but I had no regret now at the thought of leaving my country forever. In Czechoslovakia my freedom had been taken away twice.

I was just under eighteen when, in March 1939, the Nazis came. For three years we had had to watch every move and every word because of the Gestapo. We had to go where we were told, do what we were told to do and fight in secret.

I did what I could. I was working as a truck driver when I joined the underground. The job enabled me to help in collecting arms, gasoline and medicines against the day we would be able to use them. I also helped to organize sabotage in the factories.

The Nazis caught me in 1942, and I spent two years in concentration camps: first Buchenwald, then Obacht. In 1944 I escaped, got through the German lines to France and joined a part of the French army that was under British command. I fought in a tank corps up through northern France to the end of the war.

When I came home, late in 1945, the air was full of joy and hope. We were through with wars and invaders for the rest of our lives. I met and married Marta; and we settled in her village,

great now that all of us had stopped talking—and went off to bed.

I found it impossible to sit still. I moved restlessly about the house, looking at the tables, the chairs, the stove—all the things that I had bought one by one when I thought this house was to be my lifetime home.

At nine, I looked into the bedroom. Marta and the children were sleeping so quietly that in the dim light they did not seem to be breathing. I could not help thinking that, if anything went wrong, the dawn might find them lying quietly together at the border, dead. They were too young for this kind of danger. Eva was four, little Vaclav six, Marta herself only twenty-six.

I crossed the yard into my shop. I did not need a light. After these months and years of preparation, I could have found in my sleep every piece that was hidden there.

Anyone coming into my shop during the day could have seen only heaps of rusty scrap metal and the stripped chassis of an old gun carriage that I had fitted with a flat bed and sometimes used for hauling wood from the forest.

Anyone surprising us in the night would have seen a very different vehicle. For three years we had been building, piece by piece, a top for the chassis. Dismantled, it looked like a pile of discarded scrap. Assembled, it transformed the gun carriage into something that looked, at least in outline, like one of the tanks used by the border patrol.

We hid each piece as it was finished: one under some old burlap, another behind a cabinet, a third in the rafters, a fourth under some scrap iron.

Late every night we practiced putting our tank together. The first time took three hours; after six months we could do it in thirty-five minutes. Each of the three men who had helped me to build it and who was going to make the run for freedom with me knew exactly which move followed which, and no move was wasted. We had practiced so often, these last few weeks, that we could have assembled our tank blindfolded.

In the dark I climbed up behind the wheel of the stripped chassis and stepped on the starter. The motor turned over immediately, its sound smooth and encouraging. But would it hold up at top speed on that long, forty-mile run to the border?

So I hauled wood.

That year the Communists announced a five-year plan. I had one of my own, but I did not announce it.

"I am going to get away to the free world," I said to myself. "I don't know how, but I am going to do it."

Even the mention of leaving the country was dangerous in those days; it constituted the crime of propaganda against the state. I spoke what was in my mind only to one trusted friend, Walter Hora, a fine mechanic who had worked for me before the Communists drafted him into the army. Stationed in our village, he often came to see me when he was off duty; and we would talk—cautiously in the middle of the yard or when we were alone on the truck.

"Walter," I said to him one day, "the situation is getting worse and worse. I'm for getting out."

"So am I," he said. "But how? The border's getting tighter every day."

"Others are doing it," I said. "We can, too."

We began to plan our escape.

First we thought of crashing through the border barricades in my truck. I made errands all along the border, searching for the best place to get through.

Where the road crossed into West Germany there were big gates and armed guards. The rest of the nearby border was heavily patrolled by tanks and fenced six feet high with electrified wire; touching it would set off flares and alarms. People who had tried to tunnel under had been blown to bits by land mines. Beyond the fence and the mines was a thicket of jagged cement teeth capable of stopping the heaviest truck or tank.

There was only one place that offered hope: a short stretch where the land beyond the fence was swampy; so soft that the cement teeth could not be set there without sinking quickly into the marsh. A truck with ordinary tires would bog down there, too, within a few yards.

"What I need," I said to Walter, "is a tank like the one I drove in France. One with big treads that would roll us across the top of the swamp."

He smiled wryly. A tank! What citizen in Czechoslovakia was

Line, so that she could be near her parents, her four brothers and two sisters. Line is near Pilsen and about forty miles from the Bavarian border.

I had always wanted to go into business for myself; now I did. From family and friends—a little here, a little there—I borrowed 500,000 crowns (about $10,000) and started my own auto-repair and machine shop.

Things went well those two years. Everything was scarce, everything was broken down; there was lots of work, and I worked hard at it. I bought my house, I paid off three-fourths of my debt, and by the beginning of 1948 I had six people helping me in my shop.

In February the Communists took over the country. They began immediately nationalizing many of the big industries, factories and shops; and I knew that in time they would get around to little businesses like mine. No more independence, no more future: I would be forced to work for the government in my own shop at whatever salary they condescended to give me, or I would live on what repair work I could do with my bare hands. At twenty-seven, I was through.

While there was time I sold almost all my equipment for whatever price I could get. A lathe that I had bought a few months before for 20,000 crowns found a buyer at 7,000; other things went for even less. In all, I got about 170,000 crowns ($3,400) and hid the money in my home. When the officials came to nationalize my shop, there was practically nothing to nationalize. They closed the shop and sent me a registered letter saying that my license was nullified and that I was no longer to operate.

I could still work, but not officially. I could do a friend's repairs as a "favor," and then the friend could "lend" me a few crowns.

So far as the government was concerned, I was no problem. When I got hungry enough I would go to work in a factory.

I still had one Diesel truck and I found that I could make some money hauling wood from the forest. I still have the "contract" (really an order) that the government gave me: "You are ordered to use your car to bring wood from the forest. You are permitted to haul only wood. Transportation of other materials is punishable by fine of 100,000 crowns and six months in jail. This order takes effect immediately."

around. I showed him my government order to haul wood, I showed him my chassis, and I explained that I could not haul wood without tank treads. He gave me an order to buy new treads.

They didn't quite reach, but Walter picked up iron wherever he went; and we began beating out the parts to fill in the gap.

I had said nothing to Marta; there was no point in raising her hopes for nothing. When the Radio Free Europe broadcasts began, we listened to them in secret, tuning them in very low in the kitchen, one room back from the street. It was illegal and very dangerous, but everybody listened, even the Communists. The program spoke to us in Czech, telling us how people were living in the free world outside. Sometimes the speakers were people from nearby towns who had escaped; they told us what they found on the other side of the Curtain.

One night, when the broadcast was finished, I said to Marta, "People are escaping every day. Would you like to?"

"We could not creep past the guards," she said, "with a small boy and a baby. The would cry out. And we could not walk all that way carrying the children."

"We won't walk," I said. "We'll ride."

"And be shot at the border?"

"I will get us across safely," I said, "if you are willing to go."

"I was thinking of the children," she said. "I am thinking of them again now. There's nothing for them here. If there is a way, we must take it."

The work went slowly. Walter could help only when he was off duty. Parts were hard to find and steel was as rare as gold. The motor gave us the most trouble. We needed one as heavy as the one I had swapped for the chassis; a lighter one could not pull the heavy weight we were assembling or give us enough power to crash the barricades and cross the swamp.

It took a deal here, a deal there and a great deal of caution. Then a motor meant for official use came to my shop—one with some of the bigger pieces of armor plate that we needed to protect us from the mines. A bribe here, a favor there; and the name on the requisition got changed.

Altogether, the parts for the tank cost 1,000,000 crowns, or $20,000. Everything I had or could earn went into it.

going to be allowed to own a tank? The idea was plainly and flatly crazy

In 1950 a friend came around to ask, "Vaclav, do you know anyone who has a heavy motor for sale?"

Thoughts began racing through my mind. There was a fine, big, heavy motor left in the back of my shop, but it was questionable whether I should tell him about it. You get that way, even with friends, in a society where everybody is watching everybody else.

"Do *you* want a heavy motor?" I said.

"No. I'm looking for one for the district road commissioner at Hermanice."

The whole idea was suddenly clear in my head. "I have one," I said. "Not to sell. To trade. Between the forest and the bad roads, I have a lot of trouble with my wood truck. What I really need is something like an old tank chassis that I could fix up to haul the wood."

"You're crazy," said my friend. "You could get a lot of money for this motor."

"With a tank chassis," I told him, "I could keep making money."

He called before long to say that there were some heavy old chassis at Hermanice. He didn't know what shape they were in, he said. I'd better go and look.

Hermanice is about 170 miles from Linc, but I went. A big field outside the town was full of burned and broken cars, ruined in the war and brought here to get them off the roads. They had been rusting for five years.

Suddenly I saw it: the remains of a British gun carriage, stripped of motor, tires, treads—everything but the heavy steel frame, the wheels and the steering gear.

They gave me four good tires with the chassis, and when they came to get my motor they gave me papers for the exchange. Everything was legal and aboveboard.

Little by little, Walter and I cleaned the rust from the gears and looked around for the parts we needed.

The treads were the big problem. New ones could not be bought, of course; and all the old ones seemed to have been melted. Then one day another district road commissioner came

wrong. Walter did not run away; he came to me fast, and he gave me the high sign behind Prager's back.

"Pisarik?" I said. "Never heard of him."

"You must remember," Prager persisted. "He said he used to live here."

"I have a bad memory for names," I told him. "Maybe if I could see his picture I would know him."

"All right," said Prager. "I'll be back next week."

"Don't bother," I said. "I won't help you. You should be ashamed of yourself—a Czech working with the Americans against our own state. I was in the underground against the Nazis, but this is different. This is our own government and I am loyal to it."

He left and did not come back, but the incident made us very nervous. There were frightening stories being told about such police traps.

For example: There were distant parts of the border not guarded as heavily as our sector, and sometimes a man could creep through the woods and slip across. Without roads or fences he could not know exactly when he was really out of the country. We heard of a man who hid in the woods and fields for days, creeping toward freedom at night, until one morning he came to a clearing with a sort of guard hut in it. The guards wore American uniforms and the American flag flew on the roof. He got up and ran, expecting bullets from behind, but no bullets came. The soldiers welcomed him with coffee and American cigarettes and asked him how he got away. He told them all he knew—all about the others in his village who were planning escape—and when he had nothing more to tell, the "Americans" arrested him and shot him. He had never been out of Czechoslovakia and the "Americans" were the secret police.

Despite stories like this, we went ahead with our tank. Once past the border we had no plan, no idea of where we would go or what we would do. From what we had heard on Radio Free Europe, though, we were sure that we could make a place for ourselves, somewhere, among free men.

Finally, all was ready.

Three times I said, "All right! Why wait? Tonight we go!"

And three times we were stopped. The first time was when

Several times we thought we were discovered.

One day a man came to have a bicycle repaired. He stayed and talked; he came back a number of times and stayed longer. His name was Joseph Pisarik.

I was very suspicious of him. He was wearing a postman's uniform, and when he stayed for so long I knew that something was wrong; postmen stay on the job. One afternoon he stayed until after dark and finally he asked to stay the night. This really alarmed me. I went and asked a friend about him.

"Joseph is all right," he said. "He's in the underground."

Still I was suspicious. I let Joseph do all the talking, while I listened; and we stopped work on the tank.

Finally I was sure of him and we let him help. He was hiding out from the secret police. He stayed with us for awhile. Then he moved on to hide with other friends, and then he came back.

After 1951 he did not come back, and I heard that he had been arrested. When months went by and nobody came to arrest me, we decided that they had not been able to make him talk and that we were still safe.

The secret police work slowly, though. They were still looking back over Joseph's trail.

One day a man came and asked to speak to me secretly. I took him out to my shop, where no one could hear.

"My name is Prager," he said. "Can I trust you?"

"My name is Uhlik," I replied. "People who need work on their cars usually trust me."

"Not that," said Prager. "I am working for the Americans as a counterspy, and I have a message for you. There is a man named Joseph Pisarik in the hospital in Munich. He says that he worked for you. He claims to be anti-Communist. Is this true? Will you vouch for him?"

I had no way of knowing that Joseph was still in a Czech investigation jail, and Prager sounded convincing. Only the most unlikely luck saved me. By a freak of chance, Walter had happened to be walking along the street to my house when he saw a big automobile—a Tatara 8, the fast, expensive car used by the secret police—stop around the corner from me and let Prager out. When Walter saw him go into my house he knew something was

us. Suspicion creeps swiftly and silently through a town that is not free, and the police do not even have to be told when something is afoot.

Early in the evening I had taken Marta for one last visit to her parents. We could not stay long nor say much. We left them the keys to our house so that our little dog would not be locked up alone there, perhaps for days.

"We are going to the forest very early in the morning," we told them, "and not coming back until late. Go over and let Arga out and see that he is fed."

That was our farewell to the unsuspecting old people who might hear, in another few hours, that all of us had been killed at the border.

When I got back from giving the car its final trial run, Walter and Krejcirik had arrived from their barracks. Joseph was there. So was Mrs. Cloud.

Well after one o'clock, we began to dig out the hidden pieces of armor plate and bolt them into place.

At two o'clock I woke Marta. There was not much for her to do. There were no personal possessions to be packed; with eight people in the tank, we could take only a feather bed and a couple of blankets that we needed for padding the steel floor.

We had some coffee. Marta, unmindful that we would never see the house again and that, no matter how the next few hours worked out, this place would be confiscated, began to wash and put away the dishes. Joseph stopped her with a laugh: "Let the Communists wash up for us."

We closed the house door and guided the children, stumbling with sleep, across the yard.

The tank had never held all of us before; we had not dared to let the children see it. It was a tight squeeze now, each person jammed against the next; and I, in the driver's seat, was the only one who could see out.

I wore a soldier's field cap that Walter had brought. My shoulders did not show. So long as we kept going, no one outside could tell that I was not in uniform.

When everyone but Walter was inside, I eased the tank out of the shop and Walter closed the heavy wooden doors behind us.

neighbors came to gossip, early in the evening, and stayed until it was too late for us to start.

This was lucky for Joseph Pisarik, who came back only three weeks before we left. Released after a year and a half of "investigation" in jail, he had hurried to Line, almost sure that he would find us gone.

We had a big celebration. Marta ran out and borrowed special food from the neighbors. I bought schnapps and we made a party. It was hard to see, though, how we could squeeze Joseph into the tank. Our group had grown to eight. The work had gone so slowly without Joseph that Walter had brought around an army friend of his, Vaclav Krejcirik. Then we had added Mrs. Cloud because Marta was so sorry for her. Mrs. Cloud was a Czech girl; she had met an American soldier during the war, and after the war he had come and married her The Communist government would not let her go nor her husband stay, and she had been trying for four years to get out. Once across the border her future was secure; her husband had a home waiting for her in Sioux City, Iowa. We met her through friends, and before we knew it she was one of us.

Again we started and again we were stopped. Mrs. Cloud had come over from the nearby vilage where she lived; supposedly she was to spend the night with us. We had already started to put the superstructure into place when another friend came visiting. I joked desperately with him while the three men in the shop took the thing apart again and hid it.

At least we knew one thing now: we must not plan to start until well after midnight.

A third time we started, and a third time we were stopped. Walter got word to us that Krejcirik had been ordered off on maneuvers. We couldn't go without Walter. We waited again.

Now it was the night of Friday, July 24, 1953. Unless we were interrupted again, we would start for the border at three o'clock—the blackest part of the night—and be across before dawn.

Nothing of our plan had ever been mentioned to my family, nor to Marta's, whom we saw almost every day. Now that the hour was upon us, there could be no good-byes. The emotion of the parting would have left its mark on their faces, imperiling both of

joined in. Finally Joseph, who is very devout, managed to comfort them.

"Don't cry," he told them. "God will watch over us. We are not criminals; we are free people going to freedom, and what we are doing is blessed by God. He will see us safely through."

Three miles before the border, we had to pass a large encampment where five hundred border policemen lived and went on and off duty. I had never passed it at night. I did not know how they came or went, nor what guards they had posted. I knew only that it was a point of grave peril for us.

Would some of them be coming off duty now? Would someone know that none of their tanks was supposed to be coming from the direction of Line at this time? And would they know the truth when we went past instead of turning in?

I pushed the speed up to sixty miles an hour. We clashed and banged past the encampment's gate, and no one ran out.

There were no guards in sight ahead, but perhaps at this moment someone was telephoning, setting up a road block.

The throttle was burning my foot, but I held my speed for the next three miles. Then I had to slow down at a point where the road makes a right-angle turn to swing and run parallel with the border.

This time my heart stood still. At the turn in the road stood a border guard.

It would have been impossible to make the turn at the speed we needed for disguise. I had to swing past him slowly, and he could not help getting a good look at us. The sky was growing light; dawn was creeping over the fields. In my mind's eye I could see every mismatched bolt that would draw the guard's attention.

I held my breath, expecting him to reach for his gun. He didn't; it was early, and he must have been half asleep. He waved me on, his eyes following idly as I rumbled past.

The peril was still there. Three hundred yards from where he stood was the swampy place where I would have to make a full stop to lower the treads that would take us through the marsh.

Once past, I could not look back to see what he was doing. I could be sure that his eyes, the moment we slowed, would whip around after us in suspicion.

He climbed in under the heavy steel tailgate of the tank, and when I heard it close I turned slowly toward the sleeping street.

I did not look back.

In these last moments, none of us had said a word. The tension was too great and nothing seemed worth saying. In less than an hour now, we might all be dead. Or, almost worse, within a few minutes we might be stopped.

We knew what would happen if we were caught. For Walter and Krejcirik, it would be the firing squad. For Marta and me, for Mrs. Cloud, for Joseph, there would be the questionings, the beatings and, finally, the hanging. For the two children, life without home or parents. We had two guns; we would shoot our way through if we had to.

The village was completely dark. We got through without seeing a soul.

Once beyond Line, I stepped up the speed to forty. The bolted plates of the superstructure clashed and rattled and banged fearfully.

We passed a car. The driver hugged his side of the road but he did not slow up. Then we passed a milk truck; its sleepy driver ignored us. Then, far ahead, I saw two military policemen on foot. They waved a greeting to the tank and I blinked the lights in reply.

So far, so good. But it was still dark. I stepped up the speed to race the dawn.

Twenty miles from the border, where the road was crossed by railroad tracks, my heart lurched. The gates were down.

There was nothing to do but stop, wait for the approaching train to go through and pray that no one came along while we were waiting. In motion, our tank could pass for the real thing; while it stood still, any soldier's or policeman's eye would be caught by the makeshift variety of sizes and shapes of bolts that held it together.

The others in the tank knew only that the worst had happened: we had been halted. Marta began to weep and to say under her breath, "They will kill us. They will shoot my little children. We are all dead."

When we started again, the relief was so great that she began to cry out loud in hysteria. Little Eva, confused and frightened,

Adventure at Sea

PUBLISHER'S NOTE: When Lowell Thomas had completed his selections of stories for this anthology we discovered that modestly he had not included any selection from his own works. At our request he chose a favorite section—which turned out to be a chapter from "The Sea Devil," published in 1928. Our means of persuasion was that Thomas himself represents "Mr. Adventure" in the minds of his many thousands of devoted readers.

I FIRST met Count Felix von Luckner, the 'Sea Devil,' on a flying field in Central Europe. I was lunching in a tea room on the edge of the field, when I saw a silver monoplane come down through the clouds with the afternoon sun shining on its wings. It slid gracefully onto the field almost noiselessly.

Two persons came down from the plane: a giant of a man and a tiny blonde lady. The man was tall, with a heavy frame, massive shoulders. He walked across the field with a rolling seaman's walk, in his mouth was a nautical-looking pipe. His voice boomed, he commanded respect on every side, and it was immediately apparent that he was accustomed to doing it. He saluted everyone in sight in a cheery but royal manner, bellowing "Wiedersehen, wiedersehen," as he made his way to his limousine.

I immediately inquired who he was. Anyone would have been curious about such an obviously-important personality.

I was told: "That's Count von Luckner, the 'Sea Devil,' who commanded the raider *Seeadler*. His companion is his countess."

Then I remembered stories of the *Seeadler* as a sailing ship that had broken through the British blockade and played havoc with British shipping during the last part of the first World War. The Sea Devil looked indeed like a Captain Kidd-buccaneer type. I remembered, too, that the *Seeadler* stood out from other German sea-raiders: it was able to perform feats of remarkable daring. Yet it was actually a prehistoric old-fashioned sailing ship, no modern warship like the other raiders.

Von Luckner, too, had managed to live a remarkably adventurous

I had no choice. It was far too late now for turning back.

I wrenched the wheel over toward the electrified fence, slammed on the brakes, and came to a stop short of the land mines. With both hands I grabbed the lever that operated the treads and pulled with all my strength.

Nothing moved.

In our dash to the border, something had jammed.

I could almost sense the border guard behind us raising his gun. I could almost feel the bullets slamming at us. "Walter!" I cried. "Help me! The lever! The treads won't go down!"

I jerked and jerked again. Then, from the inside, Walter's weight added itself to mine. We put in one last tremendous effort. The treads went down.

Moving faster than I ever had before, I flung the tank into gear and banged the throttle all the way to the floor.

The whole tank seemed to lift and hurl itself furiously at the barricade. There was a bouncing jolt as we hit the wires and tore them loose. There was a deafening roar as the land mines went off, thudding in heavy explosions against the steel floor of the tank. There was a blinding flash of light as the flares began to blaze all along the broken fence.

In the soft ground of the marsh, the tank wallowed and slowed to a crawl, but it did not stop. It slogged on through the swamp and plodded out on the far side of the road that led to a new life.

We were out. We were free.

FROM:

"THE SEA DEVIL"

by Lowell Thomas

By Joe! I've got a real sea yarn to tell you now. Wait a minute till I light my pipe and I'll tell you about the the voyage of the *Caesarea.*

She was my first German ship. With a cargo bound for Melbourne we set sail from Hamburg. My friend Nauke was aboard and again we were comrades. The captain was a clever sailor but an old skinflint. The cook, who on German ships is called 'Smutje'—smudgy, smutty—was a good fellow but was keen to please the miserly captain. Together, they did wonders in skimping our food. On Monday we got peas, on Tuesday beans, on Wednesday—for a change—yellow peas, on Thursday brown beans, on Friday 'blue Henry'—which looked like coffee beans, but smaller—on Saturday corned beef (bully beef) and on Sunday, as a Sabbatical delicacy, we got a special dish called 'plum and dumplings.' The fare never changed and we were always hungry. Very good, Smutje, you were an excellent fellow at heart; but that penny-squeezing captain made a son-of-a-gun of a sea cook out of you, and you are the hero of this tale.

One day I was sitting on a topyard. I could hear Smutje down in the galley whistling "My Heart Is Like a Beehive," which was a song hit of those days. I whistled along with him. My heart was like a beehive, and girls were the bees—and one of them was the queen bee. I could see her floating in front of me. Yes, it was the same fairy princess of my dreams, whom I had seen in imagination from the deck of the *Niobe* on that first voyage when we sighted the Isle of Fuerteventura in the Canaries. My fairy princess lived on that distant tropic island of waving palms and white houses. So I whistled as loud as I could the same tune that Smutje was whistling, "My Heart Is Like a Beehive."

personal life, had disrupted considerable Allied shipping, but had never taken a human life or even drowned a ship's cat!

My interest was piqued—no doubt the start of the book—and I learned that von Luckner was a member of an old military family, a descendant of a Marshal of France, who had run away to sea as a boy and had roamed the world, serving under an assumed name and pretending to be a common sailor. He had been a kangaroo hunter, a wrestler, a prize-fighter, a beach-comber, a Mexican soldier. It was only after he had fought his way from common seaman to the rank of a German Naval officer that he went back to his family.

He became the protégé of the Kaiser as a result of some famous life-saving exploits. Later he was commissioned to attempt the bold task of taking a sailing ship through the British blockade to raid Allied shipping.

"No, Smutje, it is not too much."

"And a delicious cranberry jelly to go with them."

"Cranberry jelly, Smutje?"

"Yes, a fine cranberry compote. Now, by Joe, Phelax, you know I am a good fellow. I would say nothing if some son-of-a-gun stole one flapjack; but, by Joe, I say the one who took the whole fourteen is a son-of-a-gun, by Joe."

"I agree with your opinion, Smutje; he is a son-of-a-gun, by Joe."

"You are an honest fellow, Phelax, and I always give you the best. That cranberry compote is no use to me now, anyway. You can eat it because you are honest and because you will help me to find the thief."

The compote was just what I needed, what I had missed. It should have been spread between the pancakes, but still it was going to the same place.

"How can I catch the thief, Smutje?"

"*Watch to-night and see who eats the least peas.*"

"All right, Smutje, I will watch."

"Be sure to catch him, Phelax; and now, because you are honest, here is the cranberry compote."

It was delicious.

That night I reported to Smutje that each of the other men had eaten approximately an equal amount of peas. It was not part of the bargain to report that I had scarcely eaten any. I promised to continue the hunt for the culprit, and Smutje was confirmed in his opinion that I was the only honest man aboard.

The *Caesarea* docked in Melbourne and there an important event occurred. The captain invited the German consul to dinner and then took counsel with Smutje.

"We must have something good when the consul comes."

Smutje immediately fell in with the suggestion and replied, "Yes, on such an occasion nothing is too good."

The captain restrained his enthusiasm.

"But there must not be too much expense."

"No, certainly not. Let us have ducks. That is something good and does not cost much around here."

I heard the captain inviting the first mate to his table.

"What is that?"

I couldn't trust my eyes. I saw two arms thrust from the galley. They supported a big tray, which they thrust onto the skylight of the galley. The tray was heaped with a big stack of pancakes. What? A thousand miles out at sea and pancakes fresh and warm?

I slid down the rope and tiptoed to the galley. I took that stack of pancakes from the plate and slipped them inside my shirt against my breast. Then I climbed to the yardarm again. Whew! By Joe, those pancakes were hot! They were burning into my flesh. When I was halfway up the mast I thought I should fall down, but I kept saying over and over, "Phelax, you are a sailor now; and a sailor never winces." When I was aloft I laid the pancakes on the yard and ate them as fast as I could. There were fourteen of those pancakes.

Smutje was still whistling. "Ah, but just wait, you old sea cook, and see what kind of a bechive your heart is in a few minutes!"

Two arms were thrust out of the galley; and very carefully, so the flapjacks might not slide off, the empty platter was lowered. Next, a long shrill whistle and then a smothered cry:

"My flapjacks!"

Smutje came climbing to the roof of the galley, thinking that perhaps with the rolling of the ship the flapjacks had slid off the plate. Then he roared, cursing:

"Damned pack of thieves."

I called down from aloft.

"Who is a thief, Smutje?"

"Not you," he replied, "because you are working up there. But did you see anybody take my flapjacks?"

"No, I haven't been looking that way, Smutje."

I slid down to talk with him, still amazed at the phenomenon of encountering fresh, hot—very hot—flapjacks on the high seas.

"What was that you were talking about, Smutje? Flapjacks, how can that be?"

"I will tell you, Phelax. You are the only honest fellc *v* aboard."

"I know that, but go ahead."

"It is the captain's birthday to-day, Phelax. Nobody aboard can make him a present except me. I fixed fourteen flapjacks for him. Is that too much for the captain's birthday?"

the mates out first, so that they would not have a chance to snatch a drumstick; and before he left the cabin he had Smutje take the ducks away to the pantry. Nauke and I watched all *this from the skylight. There was no chance for us to use our* boat hook.

The pantry, however, could be reached from the bull's-eye. We waited till Smutje had gone to his bunk and then stole our way to the bull's-eye. I reached in. Good luck! The pantry was open. Smutje must have forgotten to close it. The unfortunate part of it, however, was that it was the *captain* who had left the pantry door open. He had stolen down to have his fill of ducks and, at this moment, was sitting at a table with a bird before him. His back was turned to the pantry.

I fished around and first got a big handful of plum and apple stuffing, which I put in my pants pocket for safe keeping. I was very quiet about it and the captain heard nothing. I felt around again and found a whole, fine bird. It must have been my excitement and delight which caused me to make a slight noise. The captain looked around and saw the magnificent fowl suspended in midair and going away. With half a drumstick in his mouth he yelled:

"My bird!"

Then he jumped and grabbed my arm just as it was disappearing.

"Let go that bird," he howled, twisting my arm.

I let the bird go and kept silent in spite of the pain, hoping that he would let me go without learning who I was. He reached for a rope and spliced my arm to the brass handle of the drawer. Nauke reached into my pants pocket and took out the stuffing to save it from destruction during the coming licking.

The captain came out.

"Oh, it's you, Phelax. You don't like ducks, do you? But you like the rope's end."

With that, he gave me an awful beating with a rope's end. I howled, by Joe.

Limping and sore, I went forward to get my share of the stuffing from Nauke. He had eaten it all. That made me so angry that, in spite of my soreness, I passed a good share of my licking

"But don't forget to put on a white collar, Mate. It is the consul who is coming."

"Thank you, sir, thank you." And the first mate grinned all over his face.

Then the captain tackled the second mate.

"I invite you to supper to-night at eight bells. The consul is coming."

"Thank you, sir, thank you." The second mate wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

It was on a Saturday. I sat near the porthole of the galley, patching my trousers and very busy at it. All the while I kept an eye on Smutje preparing the ducks. They were roasted, stuffed with prunes and apples; and I do love them that way. I was waiting for the moment when Smutje would go aft to get something.

I didn't see the captain. He was sitting on the bridge reading his newspaper, apparently. He made a hole in the middle of the page, through which he looked down into the open door of the galley and kept his eye on the ducks. At first he did not see me. The mast was in the way. Then he happened to lean to one side and caught sight of me near the porthole, industriously mending my trousers.

Suddenly, a marlinespike came flying past me.

"You loafer, by Joe. What are you sniffing around the galley for? And so you brought your pants along for wrapping purposes!"

I promptly moved on.

At night the consul came. The captain and the mates were all dolled up. They had even cleaned their finger nails. In the cabin the consul was the only one who was given a napkin. On the skylight sat Nauke and I. We watched the ducks on the table. We had brought along a boat hook, waiting for the moment when the consul should leave.

The consul ate well, but the captain seemed to have very little appetite. He took only one small helping of the duck. The two mates held back out of politeness. It would have been bad manners for them to eat more than the captain.

When the duck course was done the captain would not let the birds be taken away but kept them in his sight. When the consul left the captain had to escort him to the gangway, but he ushered

bottle of the captain's red wine. The soup still tasted good and they said, "Phelax, you are a born cook."

At six bells the soda had done its work, and I was fired from the galley. The captain was sick for three days. Nauke was ordered into the galley and proceeded to do pretty well.

Four weeks after Smutje had left us, we got him back. The harbour police found him in a hotel where he had been hired as a chef. He should have waited for deserting until the last day before sailing time, as most men do when they clear out. There is less chance of recapture then.

After discharging cargo at Melbourne, we took on a shipload of Australian coal and set sail for Caleta Buena in Chile. I'll never forget that part of the voyage, because I managed to pass New Year's in a Chilean dungeon. After a spree ashore, I determined to go back to the ship in a certain particular direction. I went in that direction until I came to a wall. I climbed over it and fell into a pig-sty. Hearing the grunts of the porkers, the owner of the place, a very dignified gentleman, came out. I told him I wanted to go to my ship.

"I will escort you to your ship," he offered with grave politeness.

With no less politeness, I accepted his kindness.

He led me to a house, in front of which stood a police guard. I was astonished but he invited me to enter. I did.

"This thief has tried to steal my pigs," he told the police officers inside.

"I want to get back to my ship," I protested.

They threw me into a cell, where there were a number of others, sailors among them, who had been celebrating New Year's Eve too well. I fell asleep on a bench. I awakened. A woman was being hurled into the cell. I fell asleep, and when I became conscious again, I found that the new arrival had taken a place beside me and fallen asleep with her head in my lap. I raised her from my lap to place her on the bench. She yelled, *"Robadores! Caramba!"* The guard came in, and the señora, still shrieking, told him that I had beaten her. They seized me and threw me down a dark stairway into a dungeon. I fell over a mule harness into a

on to him. Smutje shook his head and remarked sadly that the society of thieves had corrupted the only honest fellow aboard.

We took on a supply of sausages made out of pemmican that were to be sewn up in canvas and whitewashed so they would keep. For this work younger seamen are used, they being considered more honest and unspoiled than the older hands. I was not in line for the job. However, we slipped appropriate advice to the yeomen on the sly. Broomsticks were cut up in lengths a trifle shorter than the sausages. The two ends of sausages were cut off and spliced to the ends of the pieces of broomstick. The dummies were then tied up in sail cloth in such a way that the ends could be inspected. After this they were whitewashed.

When the captain carefully counted the one hundred and sixty sausages and inspected the unmistakable sausage ends of each one, he said, "Thank God, boys, that you are still honest."

Later on he stormed and raged when he had to revise this good opinion.

We contrived to swipe a number of hams out of the galley. The captain accused Smutje, which made that honest sea cook so indignant that he deserted the ship at Newcastle. Now there was no cook, no Smutje. The captain asked for volunteers, but none came forward. Ships' cooks as a rule think themselves indispensable and irreplaceable, and make the sailors think so, when in fact they often cannot do more than cook pea soup and fry doughnuts.

"If nobody wants to be the cook," said the captain, "I shall have to commandeer one. Phelax, can you boil water?"

"Yes, sir."

"Into the galley, then, and beware if you burn the peas."

I did not know how long my new job would last; so I immediately began to eat until I was ready to burst. My first pea soup was a great success. I took care and, to make myself popular, put in a hambone and half a bottle of the captain's red wine. The captain and the crew all said, "What a soup, Phelax! You are a master cook."

The next day the bean soup burned. I had heard that in a case like that the thing to do was to put some soda in. I didn't know how much; so I tried two handfuls and then added half a

it had burst upon us, the wind shifted eight points, and soon we were out of the hurricane.

We reached Plymouth after one hundred and twenty days, and only the older mate, Nauke, and I remained aboard for another voyage. Smutje left, but before going ashore said to me, "Phelax, God knows whether we will ever see each other again. We have been good comrades ever since that scoundrel stole the flapjacks. You are an honest fellow. Therefore, let us go ashore and have a 'pain expeller.'"

"All right, Smutje," said I, and we went ashore.

At a bar the cookie ordered up two big 'pain expellers.' The glasses had just been put in front of us, when I thought to myself, "Phelax, if you are an honest fellow, surely this is the time to show your honesty."

"Smutje," I said, "I know who took your flapjacks."

"You know? Who was it?"

"Me."

"You?"

"Yes, me."

He took his stick, took his hat, turned his back on me and walked right out, never touching his 'pain expeller.' I looked at the two glasses and thought to myself, "Phelax, it is the reward of your honesty. First, for your honesty you get the compote of cranberries. Now you get two 'pain expellers' instead of one—for your honesty."

Eleven years later, as an officer in the Imperial Navy, I went from Kiel to attend a dinner in Hamburg. At the Hamburg railway station, as I called for taxi, I heard a voice quite close to me.

"Hello there, Phelax."

"Hello, Smutje."

"How you have changed, Phelax! Are you an officer in the Imperial Navy?"

"Yes, Smutje."

"How you have changed, Phelax! Do you still remember your old cookie?"

"You bet I remember you, Smutje."

"Well, how you have changed, Phelax!"

pile of saltpetre dust. I put my head on the harness and fell asleep again.

I stayed there, in the company of many very tame rats, for three days. Then the mate came and got me out. The captain had been informed on the first day that I was in the calaboose, but he said, "Oh, Phelax! We have three days in port, and it won't hurt him to be by himself a little until we sail."

With a cargo of saltpetre we headed for Plymouth and off the Falkland Islands were caught in a dreadful hurricane. At first we were able to run before the wind. The *Caesarea* was good at scudding, a fast boat with the wind behind her. The pull of the water at the stern varies greatly with different ships. With some it drags back heavily. With others it falls readily away. On the other hand, you must not run before the wind too long, or you may be overwhelmed by seas overtaking her from astern and raking her deck from stern to bow. Well, aboard the *Caesarea* we were caught in just this peril. The seas were breaking over her. We hung out all the hawsers we had to catch the waves astern.

Then we reached the centre of the storm. From that howling hurricane of wind and rain we passed suddenly into a deathly calm. In the sky above the stars gleamed down. The sea was like a kettle of boiling water. Stirred up from the outer edges it came pouring in toward the centre. The danger is greatest in the vortex of a hurricane. The water rushes upon the ship from all sides. Lacking wind, the vessel cannot be steered. It lies helpless and tossing. The rigging cannot forever bear the strain of the tremendous and convulsive jerking and rolling. We lost our topmasts and topgallant masts. They had stood in the blasting wind and the head-on plunging of the ship, but could not sustain the dizzy reeling at the centre. For a full half hour we stayed in that circle of death, with its peaceful air and starry sky. It seemed as though the ship were turned inside out. Then, with a sudden blow, we were in the rush and wild fury of the wind again. The remainder of the rigging, now thoroughly weakened, came down, except the mainmast and its lower yards. The wreckage fell over the stern and tangled with the rudder. The deck was flooded; and there seemed little hope of our riding the storm, when, as suddenly as

the hurricanes. But we had storm after storm from the first day out and could make scarcely any headway at all. With our worthless crew it was particularly miserable and trying. Christmas came and with it the first fine weather and a fair wind. After a long time we could set the topgallant sails again. It was fine to see the deck dry once more. The captain said:

"This is a sign from God. Let us celebrate Christmas properly."

So thankful was he that the old skinflint gave orders for Christmas cheer regardless of expense. In sailor fashion we made a Christmas tree out of a broomstick and decorated it with coloured paper. The captain sent down a ham and a bowl of punch. When the candles were lit, a committee called on him to wish him a Merry Christmas and invite him to look at the tree. He accepted and came down jovial and merry. Our new Smutje brought the flowing bowl, and we stood in line, each glass in hand, ready to toast the captain.

Then a white squall struck us.

A squall is called white when you have not seen it coming. It hit us square on the bow. The ship shivered from one end to the other and was pushed sternwise. The foremast went overboard. Its yard smashed upon my bunk. The main topmast followed. Everything went to pieces. Only the lower masts remained. We tumbled on deck. The captain ran to the steering wheel, where the helmsman had been knocked down and could not get up. (He died two days later.) The combers were sweeping over the ship. With axes we cut away the wreckage. The sails on the lower yards, the only ones that were in place, had to be braced into the wind. In four hours we had the ship under control again. The green crew had hidden themselves below. We were so enraged with them now that they did not dare to show their faces.

The storm turned into a hurricane. It blew throughout Christmas night and the next day. On the second afternoon of the storm, at eight bells, the steerage deck broke under the heavy load of arsenic. That broke several rivets and the ship began to leak. We hurried to shift the barrels. Several had burst. We did not realize our danger from the arsenic dust. It produced terrible inflammation, and after several days most of us were badly swollen and bloated. Nevertheless, the arsenic was stowed again.

"By Joe, Smutje, I have an invitation to dinner; but I'd rather have dinner with you. Come along."

I took him in the taxi to Hotel Atlantic, the finest in Hamburg. Bellboys came to open the door and usher us in. Cookie looked around.

"This too, Phelax?"

"Yes, Smutje."

"How you have changed, Phelax!"

I ordered champagne and cigarettes brought to a private room. There Smutje and I sat talking over old times The waiter brought the wine. Cookie looked at the waiter's evening clothes in awe and then looked at me.

"How you have changed, Phelax!"

He essayed to grow friendly with the waiter and ventured a familiar, joking remark. But the pompous waiter disdained to talk to such a fellow, ignored him and turned to me.

"Do you wish anything else, Count?"

"Hey, Phelax, did you hear what he called you? Count! Are you a count?"

"Yes, Smutje."

"How you have changed, Phelax!"

He thought for a while and then gave me his two hands.

"You swiped my fourteen pancakes, Phelax. I haven't forgotten it. I shall be proud all my life that a count swiped my pancakes."

The *Caesarea* took on a cargo for New York. It consisted chiefly of chalk packed in barrels. Abaft we had a load of arsenic, three hundred tons packed in small barrels, which, because of its great weight, took up little room. It was a badly stowed, ill-balanced load. Of our new crew, some were sent from Hamburg and some were signed in England. These latter were stokers and trimmers who had never been on a sailing ship before. They could neither steer nor set sails. They received higher wages than we and yet we had to do all the work. As a consequence, we treated them pretty roughly. Even our Hamburg cabin boys, whose duty it was to clean the sailors' quarters, were loath to do this for the green hands, who knew less than they.

The captain had hopes of a fast run to New York, which certainly seemed an easy jump after our trip through the latitudes of

"We have lost seven men," he said, "and we cannot afford to lose another. Carpenter!"

The tied me to one wall and fastened a block and tackle to the drawer of the sideboard. They hitched the tackle to the foot of my broken leg and pulled slowly until the leg was straight and the bones in place. By Joe, it hurt. The carpenter measured me and made a pair of splints, which they fastened tightly to the leg. The splints were long enough to act as a wooden leg; and I could walk around, painfully, but enough to be of some use.

The *Caesarea* was sinking now. We cleared the lifeboats. But first we poured out oil to calm the sea. The boats were swung overboard and lowered into the water with long ropes attached to them. A man tied a rope around his body, jumped overboard and swam over to the boat and climbed in. The next one followed and was hauled in by the first one. They tied a rope to me and threw it to the men in a boat. Then they threw me overboard and the men pulled me to the boat. One boat was under the command of the captain. The first mate had the other. We could make no headway rowing; so we simply held the boats against the heavy sea to keep them from overturning. In spite of my broken leg I did my share of the work. The boats drifted apart. I was in the captain's boat. The mate's boat was lost and never seen again.

The storm lasted for four days. We had a little hardtack soaked with salt water and a small supply of fresh water. It was bitterly cold. What wood we might have burned was soaking wet. It was almost impossible to sleep. On the fourth day we sighted a steamer. Its course would take it some distance away from us, but we were certain that we could hail it. With great jubilation we hoisted a pair of pants on a mast as a signal. We were certain we saw the vessel change its course. We were overjoyed. Nevertheless, the steamer gradually disappeared.

All our food was gone now; and only a very little water was left, which the captain, with an inflexible will, doled out in minute quantities. The weather was fair now and we could sleep. Our thirst increased. We sucked our hands to start the spittle in our mouths. We wanted to drink sea water, knowing that it would hasten our end. The captain encouraged us:

The ship started going down at the bow and the carpenter reported three feet of water in the hold.

"Clear the pumps!"

We pumped, by Joe. The water in the hold grew deeper. We pumped until we grew weak. They gave us liquor to strengthen us. When we felt we could go on no longer, the cry went up:

"Grog ahoy!"

The grog made us pump again although we doubted that we would win out.

A breaker came over the deck and swept away the galley. The cookie was making coffee for us and warming himself at the fire. He went overboard with his stove, pots, pans and the coal box. He hung for a moment on the chimney, crying out for help at the top of his voice. There was no chance to save him.

An old sailmaker next to me shouted, "Smutje, you're all right. You've got plenty of coal for your trip to the devil."

That joke in the teeth of death made me shiver, since death was so close to us all.

We worked at the pumps for forty-eight hours. The water in the hold rose higher and higher. We were at the end of our rope. The constant drink, too, had worn us out. We could pump no longer.

The captain, harpoon in hand, threatened, "The one who stops pumping, I'll harpoon him."

A voice from abaft sang out, "Look out! Breaker!"

At the pumps we could not see the comber, but we heard it roaring. It broke over us. Six men were swept away from the pumps. Two were washed straight overboard. A third was thrown against the shrouds. His arm was smashed, and then he was washed overboard. Another's skull was fractured. Still another was left on the deck in a heap with several broken bones. I was lucky. There were several timbers on the deck. I braced myself with one foot between two of them. The wave drove them together and pinned my foot. I fell and my leg snapped. The timbers still held my foot, while the swirling water tugged and twisted me as though it were determined to carry me into the sea.

The mate released me with a crowbar and the captain had me taken to his cabin. My leg was bent like an L.

"Don't throw away your young lives. Look at me, an old man. I won't give up."

On the sixth day we decided to draw lots to determine which one should be sacrificed so the others might drink his blood. No one proposed a start of the drawing of lots, each afraid that he would draw the fatal number. The authority of the captain still preserved a remnant of drinking water to be doled out. Late in the afternoon, we defied him, seized the water and drank the last drop.

The next morning we sighted a steamer. We waved feebly and she bore down upon us.

At that moment our last strength left us. We were delirious with joy but we could not move. We lay slumped in our boat. The ship, the Italian steamer *Maracaibo*, came alongside and dropped rope ladders. We were as though asleep. The *Maracaibo* had to get its cranes out and hoist us aboard like pieces of freight. Afterward, we were unable to remember how we had reached the steamer's deck. We slept for sixteen hours. When we awakened all the doctor would give us was a little milk. Three of our men died. In New York, where we arrived the next day, they went ashore and gorged on ham and eggs. It killed them.

I was taken to the German hospital. My leg was in such condition that at first they thought they would have to amputate it, but finally the head surgeon decided that he might be able to save it, and he did save it. After eight weeks I left the hospital and was ready to go to sea again.